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THE ETERNAL CITY

By
Walter Taylor Field

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Preface

SO much has been written of Rome that it would seem presumptuous to add another book to the literature upon this subject unless there were in it a distinct purpose not found in other volumes. But though scholars have written exhaustively and poets and litterateurs have written charmingly about the seven-hilled city, the tourist will perhaps find use for a book which is not so technical as the former class, and yet more systematic than the latter, — a volume which will tell him of the really important things to be seen in Rome within the limits of a brief visit, — a something not as barren as a guide-book nor as discursive as an essay, but helpful in showing what is most worthy of appreciation in the monuments, the churches, and the galleries of the most interesting city in the world.

While the pilgrimage described in the following chapters crowds the sightseeing into

Preface

a shorter space of time than is really desirable, the hurried traveller can, if he must, cover the city within the time allotted, and get a quite just and appreciative idea of it. It were far better if he could devote two days instead of one to each of the rambles here described, or, better still, if he could proceed without thought of the time at all, only going so far each day as his strength and inclination might carry him, and taking up his pilgrimage afresh on the succeeding morning at the point where he stopped the night before. It is partly to assist the traveller in his sightseeing, and partly to give to that greater company who may never see the Roman city a glimpse of its charm and its mystery, that these pages are written.

Acknowledgment is made to the distinguished scholar, Professor Rodolfo Lanciani, whose works have been freely consulted in all statements relating to Roman archæology; also to Professors Frank F. Abbott and George C. Howland, of the University of Chicago, for helpful suggestions made during the revision of the manuscript.

W. T. F.

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ROME, THE ETERNAL CITY

In Two Volumes

Vol I. The Rome of the Ancients

Rome, The Eternal City

VOLUME I

CHAPTER I.

THE APPROACH TO ROME

ROME may be seen in two ways, by the "personally conducted" method and by the slower process of absorption. The former plan is preferred by the average American tourist, who, in haste to get home, and anxious to see the greatest number of things with the least possible expenditure of time, follows the crowd at the heels of an encyclopedic conductor, covers the city in from one to three days, and is off for Florence. When asked for details, he is somewhat in doubt as to whether the Arch of Titus stands in the Baths of Caracalla, or is among the antiquities of the Vatican Museum, but is quite sure that he saw it,

and thinks he climbed to the top of it. He has seen nothing. He has a confused impression of ruins, statues, paintings, churches, and cabmen, — an impression which becomes more misty as the months roll by, until he falls into the habit of speaking of certain of these things because he has spoken of them before. He does not attempt to reach back to the original impression, for that has long vanished.

The second method is far more satisfactory, for to understand Rome one must remain long enough to assimilate what he receives — to spend a morning where the guide-book demands a half-hour, and to take time to idle. One cannot see the "Eternal City" merely with the eyes; he must take it into his heart. Thus appropriated, it weaves a spell about him, and he comes to love it as he loves few spots on earth.

Rome is a city of contrasts and contradictions. At first sight it seems a hopeless mingling of incongruous elements, — modern wine-shops in the shadow of imperial ruins, stately palaces jostled by squalid tenements, statues of Christian saints mounted on pagan columns. But a closer study reveals a historic

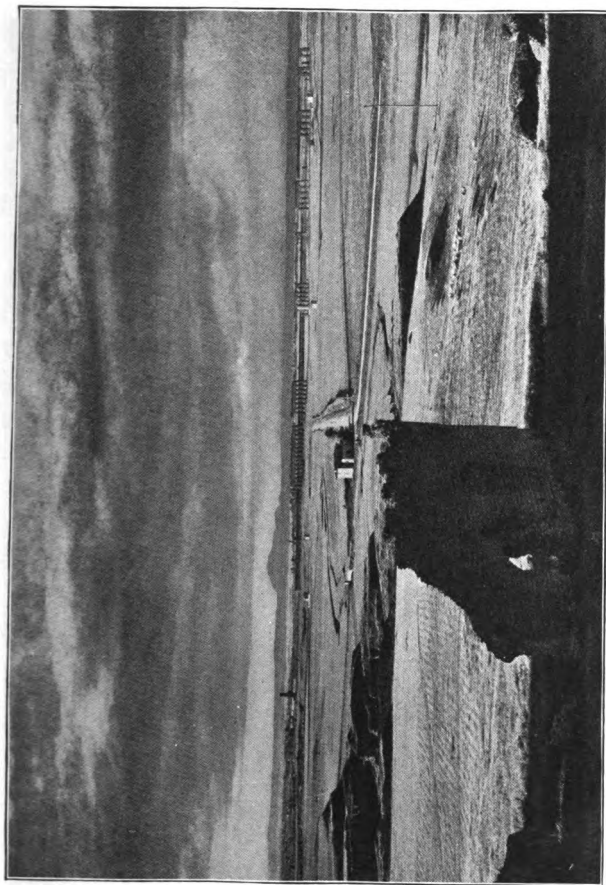
order running through all, and discovers the existence of successive strata, by means of which we may read the story of past ages, as the geologist reads the story of the rocks. The surface is this mushroom growth of pretentious modern buildings lining the Via Nazionale and the Via Cavour, standing stiffly upright, and struggling to appear Parisian. Then come the characterless houses of the period preceding the unification, — before Rome awoke from her sleep and put on the life of a modern capital. Next are the Renaissance palaces and, contemporary with them, the older Christian churches. Then appear the towers and battlements which tell of the wild days of the Middle Ages, and farther still, a stratum of imperial remains reaching from the Column of Phocas back to the Mausoleum of Augustus, — with a multitude of Greek statues and Egyptian obelisks, carried hither from other lands by those great triumphal robberies which brought to Rome all that was rare or excellent in the ancient world. Below the imperial ruins are the monuments of the Republic, — the foundation walls of the Tabularium, the platform of the Temple of Concord, and other interesting

ruins. Then comes the great Cloaca, built by the elder Tarquin, and finally the fragments of the wall of Romulus on the Palatine. They are all there. We need only to ignore present associations, and restore to each ruin, so far as possible, its true historic setting.

When one becomes sufficiently acquainted with the city to begin to classify his material, he finds that, aside from the modern life, which may be studied equally well in any of the Italian cities, Rome presents three distinct faces: there is the Rome of the Ancients, found in the ruins and in the museums; there is the Rome of the Popes, saturated with mediæval traditions and monkish legends, and defined by scores of churches stretching from the Vatican to the Lateran; and there is the Rome of the Artists, with its paintings, its statues, and its memories of Michelangelo and Raphael and the other great ones who lived and wrought in the high noon of the Renaissance.

It was in the twilight of an afternoon in early May that, incarcerated in an Italian railway carriage, we jolted along through the Campagna, and drew near to Rome. The train

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THE CAMPAGNA, SHOWING THE CLAUDIAN AQUEDUCT

TO THE ABORIGINAL

was designated on the time-card as the *accelerato*, which to the Italian means "fast," but to the American means very slow indeed. There was ample opportunity to view the landscape. Long stretches of green, broken here and there by masses of volcanic rock, marshes whence the wild fowl flew up and away as we passed, occasional patches of cultivated ground, with peasants taking advantage of these cooler hours of the day, and making the most of the waning light, — all this was visible, but seldom a human habitation, for malaria is abroad in the Campagna, and the peasants who cultivate the lowlands build their cottages, for the most part, upon the higher levels. The curses pronounced against the Imperial City seem to hover around her still. Death lurks in the stagnant pools, and the plain is desolate.

Looking across this stretch of country toward the Alban Hills, we see a vision which quickens the pulse, and makes us feel that we are indeed on historic ground. A line of broken arches gleams white through the dusk, cutting the plain in two, and pointing away to the highlands, whence of old it carried the water-supply to the Roman city. These frag-

ments of the aqueducts are among the most impressive sights of Rome, both by reason of their immensity and of their setting, for there are no mean surroundings to detract from their dignity, as in the case of nearly every other Roman ruin. The desolate Campagna adds a touch of pathos to their melancholy grandeur as they stand alone dreaming of the past.

We rattle on, a timid lady in the opposite corner of our railway compartment meanwhile holding her handkerchief to her nose in an effort to strain the malarial influences out of the night air, whilst a robust English tourist takes sundry draughts from a flask in his breast-pocket, probably to fortify his system against the same insidious power.

At length lights twinkle through the dusk, dark walls surround us, our train rolls into a great modern railway station, the guard cries "*Roma*," an army of porters and cabmen assail us, and we find ourselves in the Eternal City.

CHAPTER II.

THE PINCIAN HILL AND THE CAMPUS MARTIUS

OUR first morning in Rome dawns bright and beautiful. A soft breeze wafts the fragrance of roses and heliotrope in at the open window, and we look out over an old stone wall into a garden where the sunshine dances on the dark leaves of the laurel, and glints upon the marble parapet of a mansion almost lost in foliage.

After breakfast, going out into the Piazza della Trinità de' Monti at the head of the Spanish Stairs, we look down upon the modern city. It is a panorama of red-tiled roofs, struggling roof-gardens, iron balconies, clothes drying in the sun, plaster walls of pink and saffron with indented patches of red brick, church domes rising on every side, and towering above all other domes, white in the distance

against the deep blue of the Italian sky, the superb outlines of St. Peter's.

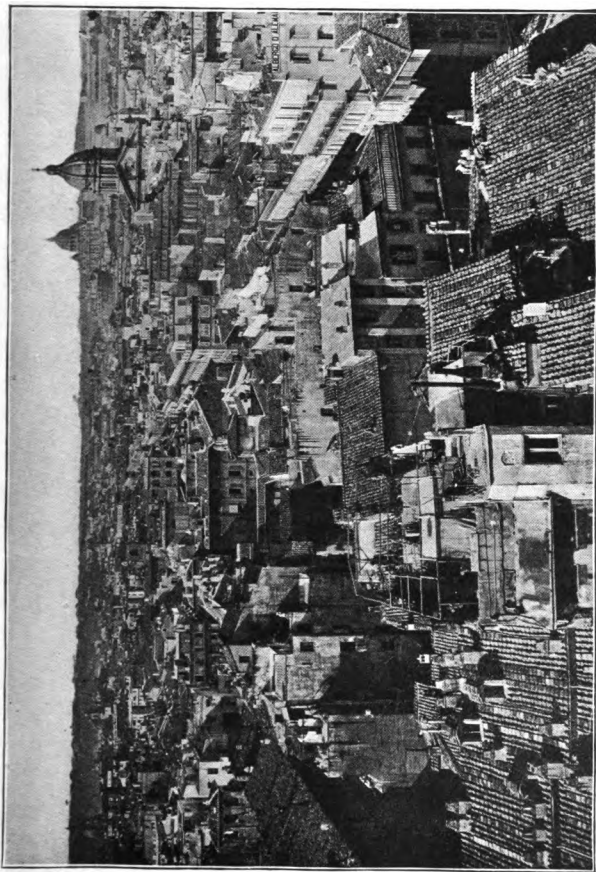
Looking down over this varied picture, your attention is, perhaps, suddenly distracted by a voice behind you saying very gently and in quite good English, "Good morning, sir." You turn, and see a little Italian maiden, of some six summers, holding out a tray of flowers. She is dressed in the picturesque costume of the Roman peasantry, with the white napkin folded upon the head, and extending down over the neck and shoulders. "Where do you get your flowers?" you ask. "Good morning, sir," she naively replies. "A good morning to *you*," you reply, "and many of them. You speak English well. Who taught you?" She stands on one bare, brown foot, and rubs the top of it reflectively with the other, while she gazes at a group of sparrows chattering on the parapet. Then she looks up at you again, smiles coquettishly, holds out a flower, and says, "Good morning, sir." You now perceive that her knowledge of English is limited to this phrase, which is as much a part of her stock in trade as are the flowers in her tray. It serves its purpose in the present case. You

take the flower, and drop a coin into the little brown hand. It is not a large coin, but it produces astonishing results. At least a dozen small girls have been silently watching the transaction from within the shadow of the obelisk in the piazza. They now descend upon you in a body. Escape is impossible. They cling to you, thrusting their flowers into the pockets and buttonholes of your coat, if you are a man, — and they usually attack men with more confidence and determination, knowing the weakness of the sex. Meanwhile, all shout in chorus the salutation which they fancy will unlock your store of *centesimi*. After progressing in this manner for perhaps a hundred yards, and affording infinite amusement to the passers-by, you finally capitulate, and meet their demands. They then spy another victim coming down the Via Sistina, and rush upon him in a body, leaving you profusely adorned and embellished, to go about your sightseeing.

You look down once more upon the city. These buildings, which seem to crowd and jostle one another in their effort to find room, are, for the most part, the product of mediæval times. A few are modern, and a very few

date from the empire, but the mass of them came into being after Ancient Rome, beyond the Capitoline, had been destroyed, and the central power transferred from emperors to popes, — from the Palatine to the Vatican, across the Tiber. In ancient times all this was open country, the Campus Martius, — field of Mars, — shut in by the Quirinal and Capitoline hills on the east and southeast, by the Pincian on the northeast, and by the winding Tiber on the south, west, and north. Here, in the early dawn of legendary history, were the grain-fields of the Tarquins. When the people had risen in their might, and driven the last of that hated race across the Tiber, into exile, they thronged out from the city gates, found the harvest already ripe for the sickle, and, scorning to take for themselves what had been the property of the tyrant, they cut down the yellow grain, tossed it into the Tiber, burned the stubble with purifying fire, and reconsecrated the ground to Mars, the war god, from whom the Tarquins had impiously taken it. Just across the Tiber, where now stand those stiff, square, boxlike, modern buildings, was the farm of Cincinnatus, and

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GENERAL VIEW FROM THE PINCIAN HILL

TO THE
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Pincian Hill and Campus Martius 15

there that famous old Roman left his plough standing in the furrow, at the call of the Senate, and took command of the army against the Æquians.

Under the Republic, the Campus Martius became the athletic field of Rome. Here Roman youths were taught to run and wrestle, to hurl the discus, to handle the short, thick sword, and learn the art of war. Here, too, the citizens came out to vote, which they did in wooden booths called "sheepfolds," — a particularly appropriate title in the later days of the Republic, when political bosses drove their followers hither in herds, — bought with a price, — somewhat after the manner of city elections which have occurred elsewhere in the world in these early days of the twentieth century.

On the Pincian, overlooking the Campus Martius, wealthy patricians had their villas. It was not then the Pincian, but the *Collis Hortulorum*, — the Hill of the Gardens. The spot where we now stand was a part of the Gardens of Lucullus, where toward the end of the Republic the luxurious epicure whose name it bore squandered in revellings the booty

he had seized in Asia when he conquered Mithridates. He was a strange compound — that Lucullus — a mingling of the tragic and the ridiculous. A soldier under Sulla, and later a commander in his own name, he entered upon what seemed to be a great career, and ended it like a comic opera. At the close of his life, his chief claim to greatness lay in the fact that he could get up a better dinner than any other man in Rome. Here, in his villa, he feasted Cicero and Pompey with a feast which has passed into history, and here the most celebrated Romans of his day were glad to while away an afternoon under the shade of the ilexes, drinking his rare old Massic wine, and admiring the gems of Greek sculpture, which stood out in white relief against the dark green laurel hedges.

After Lucullus had left this world of feasting, the villa fell into the hands of Valerius Asiaticus, who held it until the beautiful but atrocious Messalina, wife of the Emperor Claudius, saw and wanted it. For an empress to want anything in those days was equivalent to her getting it. Asiaticus was troublesome, and it became necessary for Messalina to bring

Pincian Hill and Campus Martius 17

charges against him, which she did through Silius, one of her paramours. Asiaticus was promptly convicted, and after the manner of the nobles of his time, when he had bathed and supped and critically inspected his funeral pyre, he opened his veins, and the villa belonged to the emperor, for Messalina's use.

Do you feel that this is enough of bloodshed? When you go back to your hotel, take out your Merivale, and read what followed. Claudius is away in Ostia and Messalina at her suburban villa, with Silius, is abandoning herself to disgraceful orgies. But news of it reaches the emperor's ears, and he returns. Silius and his associates are put to death, and Messalina returns here to her Pincian villa to despatch letters of supplication to her husband. I will read you the rest, for, though not a pleasant picture, it is an instructive commentary on those times:

"The emperor still paltered with the treason. He had retired to his palace; he had bathed, anointed, and lain down to supper; and, warmed with wine and generous cheer, he had actually despatched a message to the *poor creature*, as he called her, bidding her come

the next day and plead her cause before him. But her enemy Narcissus, knowing how easy might be the passage from compassion to love, glided from the chamber, and boldly ordered a tribune and some centurions to go and slay his victim. 'Such,' he said, 'was the emperor's command;' and his word was obeyed without hesitation. Under the direction of the freedman Euodus, the armed men sought the out-cast in her gardens, where she lay prostrate on the ground, by the side of her mother Lepida. While their fortunes flourished, dissensions had existed between the two; but now, in her last distress, the mother had refused to desert her child, and only strove to nerve her resolution to a voluntary death. 'Life,' she urged, 'is over; nought remains but to look for a decent exit from it.' . . . Suddenly the doors were burst open, the tribune and his swordsmen appeared before her, and Euodus assailed her, dumb-stricken as she lay, with contumelious and brutal reproaches. Roused at last to the consciousness of her desperate condition, she took a weapon from one of the men's hands, and pressed it trembling against her throat and bosom. Still she

Pincian Hill and Campus Martius 19

wanted resolution to give the thrust, and it was by a blow of the tribune's falchion that the horrid deed was finally accomplished. The death of Asiaticus was avenged on the very spot; the hot blood of the wanton smoked on the pavement of his gardens, and stained with a deeper hue the variegated marbles of Lucullus."

Tradition has it that this Church of Santa Trinità de' Monti, with its adjoining convent where high-born nuns now teach young Roman girls to read and write and compose Latin verses, stands on the spot where Asiaticus suffered and where Messalina paid the penalty of her crime. This cannot be proved, but it is safe to say that the scene of the tragedy was at least not more than a stone's throw distant from where we are now standing.

We will pass the church this morning, but may return some evening at the Ave Maria, and hear the singing of the nuns, for in the dim stillness of the twilight, amid the fragrance of incense and the shadows of the dark old church, the music generally finds a place in one's heart, though it is doubtful whether at

any other time and place it would be regarded as at all remarkable.

We now stroll north, or slightly west of north, — for nothing in Rome is laid out squarely with the points of the compass, — and follow the shaded *Passeggiata del Pincio* along the crest of the Pincian Hill. Some prefer this promenade in the later hours of the afternoon, when gay equipages, charming ladies, military music, wealth, fashion, and pleasure are all abroad, — but it is quite as attractive in the early morning. Then the crowds are not here, but the flowers and the fountains are; the dew lies on the grass, and the city which unfolds itself below looks fresh and clean, — an illusion which, alas! will soon be dispelled as we go down into its narrow streets.

We soon reach the Villa Medici, with its casino, built in the middle of the sixteenth century from material stolen, for the most part, from the Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus. The Medici family came into possession of the estate, greatly extended the limits of the casino, and gave it the name by which it is still known. Galileo was kept here for a time in semi-con-

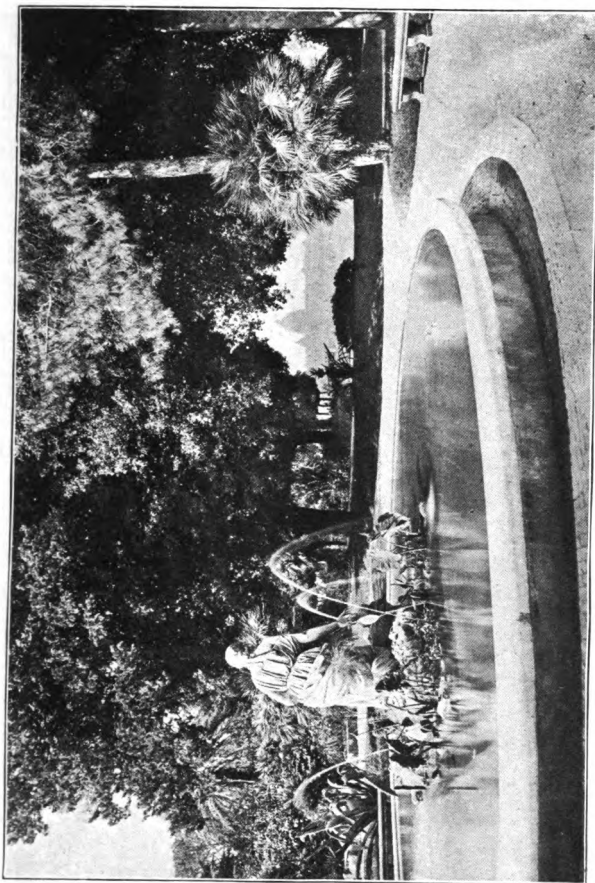
Pincian Hill and Campus Martius 21

finement after his absurd trial for upsetting the universe. The last interesting event in its history occurred when the first Napoleon seized it, together with such other Roman property as pleased his fancy, and bestowed it upon the French Academy, in whose possession it still remains. If it is a Wednesday or a Saturday, we may enter the gardens, and, passing over the ridge of the hill, secure a magnificent view, away from the city, over the Aurelian wall and the beautiful Villa Borghese and the wide Campagna beyond, toward Tivoli and the Sabine Hills.

If we may not visit the garden, we may stroll farther, and enter the Pincian gardens, which lie just to the north. Here is a public park, where the aristocracy of the city come to drive and loiter, and with them also the people. Let us sit down on a bench under these fine old ilexes, and again take our bearings.

Imagine yourself, then, back in the second century of the Christian era. Antoninus is now emperor. Rome is at the height of her power, and is enjoying that peace which comes from conquering all that can oppose her. The spot where you are now sitting is a quiet nook

in the gardens of Manius Acilius Glabrio, consul. Behind you rise the palace walls, and, back, upon the summit of the hill, stands a great nymphæum with fourteen fountains, from which gush streams of water, dancing in the sunlight and tumbling in cascades over the terraces, down into a marble basin at your feet. Huge umbrella pines cast their solemn reflections in the pool, and mottle the green-sward with a darker hue, while a score of rare Greek busts, on fluted marble pedestals, stand out in bold relief against masses of trimly kept bay. Acilius Glabrio is one of the noblest of Roman nobles, with a lineage stretching back to the days when his ancestor, Acilius Glabrio, also a consul, defeated Antiochus the Great in one of the battles of the Asiatic War, whilst later another of the same name commanded the forces against Mithridates, and as *prætor urbanus* presided at the trial of Verres, when Cicero made his famous plea for civic purity. The Acilian Gardens are among the most beautiful in Rome, but Acilius himself is no voluptuary, as Lucullus was. Having attained high honours and acquired great wealth, he has not been spoiled by them, but has turned from



THE FOUNTAIN OF MOSES, ON THE PINCIAN HILL

TO THE ABORIGINAL

the sensuality into which the worship of the pagan gods has fallen, and has embraced the faith of the lowly Man of Galilee, becoming one of the first Christians of high social rank and patrician blood, whose name we find recorded upon the ancient monuments of the church. The proof is a vault in the Catacombs of Priscilla, and a stone inscribed with the names of his son and daughter. As to his villa here on the Pincian, fragments of the walls of reservoirs may still be seen, and under the casino in the Pincian Gardens is a great double cistern, which marked the centre of the Acilian Palace, and in which now the gardeners keep their tools. But the splendour and the stress of those times are long past. This fountain, in which a marble Pharaoh's daughter is finding the little Moses, has displaced the ancient Nymphæum of Acilius. Its symbolism, though unconscious, is none the less significant. The God of this Hebrew child has overthrown the old Roman deities, and the Acilian family who dwelt here in the dawn of the Christian era were among the first Romans to acknowledge him.

Here in the Pincian Gardens we reach the

northern limit of the present city, and look down into the Piazza del Popolo, a wide, elliptical space, with an Egyptian obelisk in its centre, with fountains and foliage, beggars and *contadini*, carriages and market-carts. This great central obelisk, one of many to be found in Rome, was discovered by the first of the Roman emperors standing before the Temple of the Sun at Heliopolis. When Octavius had conquered Egypt, and brought about the destruction of Antony and Cleopatra, he brought the mighty shaft to Rome to grace his triumph, and set it upon the *spina* of the Circus Maximus. It has looked down upon three great civilizations. Inscribed with the names of Seti the First and his son Rameses, it stood for ages by the Nile, pointing solemnly upward to the Egyptian sky. Moses may have stood beneath it, and the captive Israelites passed within its shadow. Again in the Roman Circus it saw the chariot-races, heard the shouts of the victors, and looked down upon other captives than the Israelites, — this time the strange new sect called Christians. But the Circus passed away, and the obelisk went down with all the other pomps and shows

of pagan Rome. A thousand years elapsed, and, too great to be destroyed, it was reset where it now stands, by the Christian popes, and surmounted by the symbol of the cross. What other monument in the world has covered such a span of years and seen so much of history?

There, at the northern gate of the city, where the Church of Santa Maria del Popolo now stands, was once the tomb of Nero. Over it grew a great walnut-tree, and in its branches multitudes of crows were wont to caw and chatter, unmindful of the travellers who passed in and out through the gate below. In the closing days of the eleventh century, Pope Paschal the Second had a dream, which told him that these evil-omened birds were demons, waiting upon the detested spirit of the Roman emperor, who came out at night and wandered on the Pincian, attended by the unclean brood. To lay Nero's uneasy ghost, the Pope tore down the remnants of the tomb, scattered his ashes, and built upon the spot a church to the Blessed Virgin, with money collected from the common people, hence "del Popolo," — of the people, — a name which has since been given

to the piazza and the gate as well. But the demon crows, driven from Nero's walnut-tree, moved higher up the Pincian, and it is supposed that Nero's ghost still wanders here, for the crows are yet in evidence, and why should they remain if their master spirit has departed?

The Piazza del Popolo, as I have said, stands at the northern extremity of the city. From this point radiate the principal streets of that portion of modern Rome included in the Campus Martius. The Corso, with its handsome shops and fashionable shoppers, follows the line of the old Via Flaminia to the Capitoline Hill, beyond which lie the Forum and the Colosseum. The Via Ripetta and the Via Tor di Nona follow the Tiber, and lead to the Castle of St. Angelo and to St. Peter's. The Via del Babuino, at the base of the Pincian, and the Passeggiata, upon the brow of the hill, run almost parallel until reaching the Spanish Stairs, thence are continued, above, by the Via Sistina and the Via delle Quattro Fontane over the Quirinal, Viminal, and Esquiline Hills, past Santa Maria Maggiore, and into the new quarter of the city, which is built

Pincian Hill and Campus Martius 29

upon the site of the ancient gardens of Mæcenas and of Lamia.

We may now descend to the Piazza, and enter the Corso, passing between the twin churches of Cardinal Gastaldi, erected, it is supposed, upon the site of the tomb of Sulla. Let us shut our eyes to the modern shop windows, where are displayed suits from London, and jewelry from Paris, and try to imagine ourselves in the first century of the Christian era, when this street was the Flaminian Way, with the public playgrounds spreading out on either side and the city gates before us.

The Campus Martius, as has been already said, was first a grain-field and next a training-ground for the Roman soldier. Later, under the Empire, it became a playground for the people. There were gardens surrounded by shady colonnades and beautified by fountains; there were theatres and athletic fields, and race-courses, and temples to the gods, — who were supposed to be as fond as men of the sports of the arena. There were even tombs, which did not detract from the cheerfulness of the scene, but insured for their occupants a sort

of connection with the delights of the world which they had left behind. Here upon our right stood the Mausoleum of Augustus, and just beyond was his great sun-dial, made by an obelisk casting its shadow upon the marble floor of the piazza. Beyond the obelisk rose the gilded dome of the Pantheon, and, to the left, the Sæpta Julia, or voting-booths of the tribes, surrounded by a pillared colonnade a mile in length, — an improvement upon the wooden “sheepfolds” of the Republic. Adjoining this was the Diribitorium, where the votes were counted, and the Villa Publica, at once a park and an official lounging-place. Then came the Flaminian Circus, — the scene of many a chariot-race and gladiatorial fight, — and around it the club-houses of the charioteers, — the Reds, the Blues, the Whites, and the Greens. Then came the Theatres of Marcellus, of Pompey, and of Balbus; the Odeum, with seats for ten thousand spectators; the Stadium of Domitian, another of the great arenas of imperial Rome; the porticoes of Octavia, of Pompey, and of the Argonauts, where the populace might walk, protected alike from the summer sun and the winter

Pincian Hill and Campus Martius 31

blasts of the Tramontana; the Temples of Neptune, of Isis and Serapis, of Hercules, and of a host of other divinities to whom these shows were not displeasing; and lastly, the luxurious Baths of Agrippa.

We have spoken of the Mausoleum of Augustus upon our right. Let us leave the Corso, and, turning into a narrow street, visit the site of this important monument. It was once a gigantic mound of earth, encircled with a girdle of gleaming white marble, and crowned with a grove of cypresses, in the midst of which rose a heroic statue of the emperor.

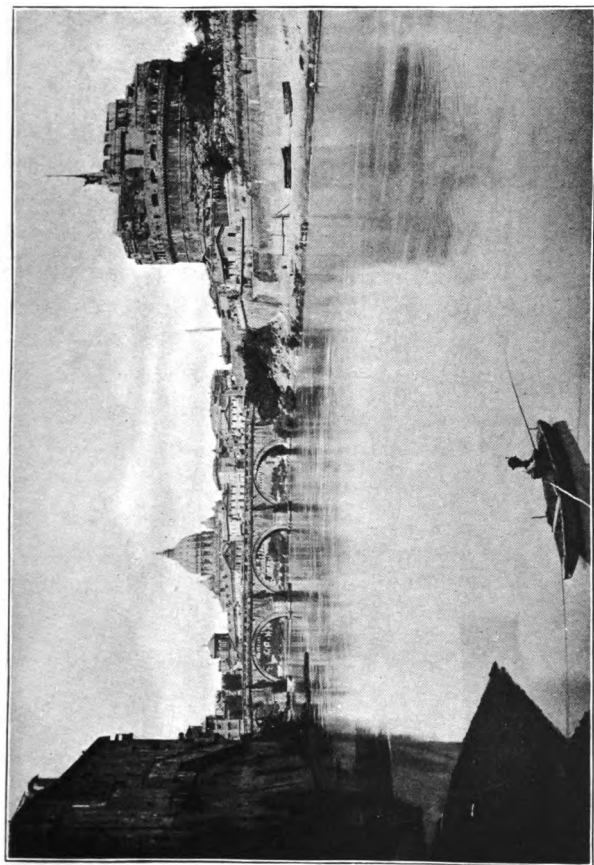
It contained the ashes not only of Augustus, but also of Tiberius, Caligula, Claudius, and others of the Julian family. But Alaric plundered it, and Robert Guiscard harried it with his Norman marauders when he entered Rome, bearing fire and sword to "defend" the city against the German emperor, Henry IV. Then it became a fortress of the Colonna, and in 1167, when the Count of Tusculum and his German allies had conquered and destroyed all of it that was destructible, the thick, circular walls were used for a bull-ring. In the last century they enclosed a theatre where Sal-

vini and Ristori won their early triumphs. Now the ruin is covered with a cheap metal roof, and used as a circus, — a typical example of the degradation which Rome allows her noble monuments to suffer.

Just beyond the Mausoleum we cross the Via Ripetta, and find ourselves upon the bank of the historic “yellow Tiber,” at the Ponte Ripetta. It is a muddy stream, and at times not positively fragrant. The elder Romans, who took their morning plunge in its waters, would seem to have gained little in the way of cleanliness, for the yellow clay was probably as sticky then as now. One is reminded of Coleridge’s little skit upon the Rhine:

“The River Rhine, it is well known,
Doth wash your city of Cologne;
But tell me, nymphs! what power divine
Shall henceforth wash the River Rhine?”

To appreciate the Tiber one must look at it not as mud, but as colour. Seen thus, it takes on a new face. The rich ochre tint, with the blue Roman sky above it, the red roofs and mellow, time-stained walls of the opposite buildings, form a colour scheme that charms



THE MAUSOLEUM OF HADRIAN

to you
ABORIGINAL

the artist, and attracts even the unimaginative tourist. The Tiber has, however, been disgraced with all the other ancient institutions of Rome. The barges with silken awnings, which once floated here, the galleys and the triremes, have given place to a few steam-launches and river tugs, and to an overplus of flat-boats, which carry stone and mud.

Just across the river, Cincinnatus ploughed his fields. Blocks of distressingly modern houses now occupy the site, but in Rome there are many things that we must not see if we expect the imagination to do anything for us.

Returning now to the Via Ripetta, which runs parallel with the river, we proceed until we see another good opportunity to approach the shore, and here at a bend in the stream we look down and see the Mausoleum of Hadrian, a tomb similar to that of Augustus, but far better preserved. Perhaps you have known it as the Castle of St. Angelo. When Hadrian had occupied it for several hundred years, and had really taken his full measure of satisfaction in it, it became a mediæval fortress. State prisoners languished in its dungeons. Cellini, the sculptor, was shut up here for a time be-

cause he could not keep his temper in the august papal presence. Unhappy popes took refuge here, and at last Victor Emmanuel's soldiers found it a most excellent barrack, and enjoyed it, perhaps, quite as much as ever Hadrian did. Its name, St. Angelo, or the Castle of the Angel, comes from a legend that, during the plague in the pontificate of Gregory the Great, the Archangel Michael came in response to prayer, and stood upon the summit of the citadel, sheathing his sword as a sign that the ravages of the disease should be stayed.

A short walk now takes us to the Bridge of St. Angelo, where we may cross the river, and inspect the mausoleum more closely. The bridge itself is a work of Hadrian, and is now decorated by statues of Sts. Peter and Paul and of ten angels, set up by one of the modern popes. The mausoleum had originally a square basement of considerable height, upon which rested the round superstructure. We may enter the building, and may explore the corridors and crypts of this family tomb, which held not only the remains of Hadrian, but also of Antoninus Pius and Faustina, his wife; of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, their gifted son;

Pincian Hill and Campus Martius 37

of various brothers, sisters, and poor relations, who never wore the imperial purple; also of Verus and of Commodus. We shall find little else of antiquarian interest beyond the Tiber, and may as well recross the bridge. The Trastevere quarter, or Transtiber, as the Romans called it, was divided into two portions; the upper, lying upon the slopes of the Janiculan and Vatican Hills, was devoted to a series of parks and gardens, in one of which was Nero's circus, now covered by St. Peter's Church; the lower, along the riverside, constituted the slums of ancient Rome, a resort of sailors, wharfmen, and characters of doubtful reputation.

Leaving St. Peter's for a later visit, when we shall make our tour of Ecclesiastical Rome, we recross the Bridge of St. Angelo, and, turning back toward the Corso, pass on the way a sort of mediæval watch-tower, which looms up quite grandly on a little opening upon our left. It is called the Tower of the Monkey, on account of the rather doubtful story that a monkey once snatched a child from the street, and climbed with it to the summit of the tower, but came down again with his burden, upon

hearing the child's parents register a vow to establish a shrine to the Virgin if the child were spared. The confirmation of this story is shown you in the shrine upon the face of the building, where a little lamp still burns each night from twilight until dawn. The interest of the tower, however, lies not in the monkey story, but in the fact that Hawthorne made it the residence of his gentle heroine of "The Marble Faun," and ever since that time it has been known as Hilda's Tower.

Continuing eastward, we soon see, rising on our left, the Palace of the Monte Citorio, a work of Bernini, — now occupied by the Chamber of Deputies of the Italian government. It is built upon the site of the Temple of Marcus Aurelius, before which stretched a forum similar to that of Trajan, extending into what is now the Piazza Colonna. We shall go thither in a moment, and see the Column of Aurelius, but we must stop on our way before this old obelisk, which was the index finger of Augustus's famous sun-dial. Like the obelisk of the Piazza del Popolo, it was brought by Augustus from Heliopolis, and dates from the reign of the Egyptian king,

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THE TOWER OF THE MONKEY

TO THE
LIBRARY

Psammetik the First, more than six hundred years before Christ. The characters upon it are singularly clear and crisp, and have proved of exceeding value to scholars, from the light they throw on Egyptian history.

A little more than nineteen centuries ago, this shaft, already venerable, stood in the centre of a wide pavement of white marble, midway between this spot and the Mausoleum of Augustus. The Church of San Lorenzo in Lucina now marks its site. Around the edge of the great marble dial were inlaid figures and celestial signs of gilt bronze, marking the hours, — and the summer sun, falling upon it, told the gay youths who loitered there that it was time to dine, or to meet their appointments at the Circus. For at least eight centuries it stood there, — possibly longer. Then it went down, and was buried under the mediæval city. A barber, digging in his garden, in the sixteenth century, came upon it, and reported the find to Pope Julius the Second. Julius was slow; he had a war on his hands. As for the barber, his leeks must be planted; he could not wait. So the hole was filled up, and the obelisk forgotten for

nearly three centuries more, when it was finally raised, patched together as we now see it, with pieces of granite from the column of Antoninus Pius, and set up here in Monte Citorio.

We now step into the Piazza Colonna, which adjoins Monte Citorio on the east, and where stands the Column of Marcus Aurelius. This column rises somewhat more than 130 feet above the piazza, and is a close copy of the Column of Trajan, which we shall visit later. We may ascend it by an interior staircase, if we wish, but this climbing is wearisome business, and we here have an opportunity to refrain from it without losing anything. Let us then content ourselves with examining as well as we can from the piazza the sculptured deeds of the emperor, which we find upon the spiral frieze that winds itself about the column. Originally, Marcus Aurelius himself, in bronze, stood upon the summit, but when the Roman Church came into power he was removed, and St. Paul took his place. The idea of making the Christian apostle to the Gentiles crown an emperor's triumphal column seems a trifle incongruous, but it is

BOOK OF COLUMBIA



THE COLUMN OF MARCUS AURELIUS

To Will
Memorized

no more so than many other things that we see in Rome.

The name Colonna, as applied to this piazza, and also to the *regio*, or ward, in which it lies, has no connection with the famous Colonna family whose name is perpetuated in other mediæval monuments of Rome. It is simply "the Square of the Column," referring, of course, to the Column of Marcus Aurelius. The Colonna family derived their name from quite another column, which figured on their escutcheon, and which stood in the market-place of a little town in their ancestral estates among the hills near Tusculum.

It is now nearly noon, and, being again on the Corso, which here forms one side of the Piazza Colonna, we find not far distant a modest café, where we lunch in an open doorway, and observe the efforts of a huckster to dispose of a tray of gingerbread cows, which he insists, in a very loud tone of voice, are "*buona, eccellente, squisita*." As the noon hour passes, the street becomes deserted, and when we arise at length to continue our pilgrimage, there is neither man, woman, nor dog, as far as the

eye can reach. Rome is taking her noontide siesta, and the wheels of traffic are stopped.

It was at this hour of my first day in Rome that I stepped into a hatter's on the Via Condotti to see what I might find to replace certain winter headgear brought down from the north. The door was invitingly open, and the merchant's stock was well displayed, but the merchant himself was not to be found. After calling loudly and repeatedly, and getting no response, I heard a peculiar snorting in a back room, and, passing through another open door, found the proprietor leaning back in a chair, with his head inclined at a sharp angle to his body, eyes closed, and legs widely extended, fast asleep. Seeing that he was dead to the world, I examined his stock carefully, and, finding nothing desirable, went out, leaving a number of hats so disposed as to remind him, when he returned to business, of Saul's experience in the cave of En Gedi, if he was at all familiar with the Scriptures. I repeat the story, not because it is at all remarkable, but because it illustrates a peculiar characteristic of Roman business life. The average Roman

rarely kills himself with overwork or worry, and the noon hour is sacred to repose.

Turning westward again, we pass through the narrow Via di Pietra into the Piazza di Pietra, where we find the remains of the Temple of Neptune, and are taken back at once to the first century before Christ, when Agrippa, to commemorate his naval victories at Mysæ and at Actium, erected here a group of buildings surrounded by a colonnade. In the centre stood this temple, dedicated to the god of the sea, — a temple which, after varied experiences of fire and flood and rapine, is represented to-day by eleven almost perfect Corinthian columns supporting a broken entablature, part of which has been restored. Like many other noble ruins, it has been walled in with brick, and made to answer a useful purpose, serving now as the Roman Chamber of Commerce.

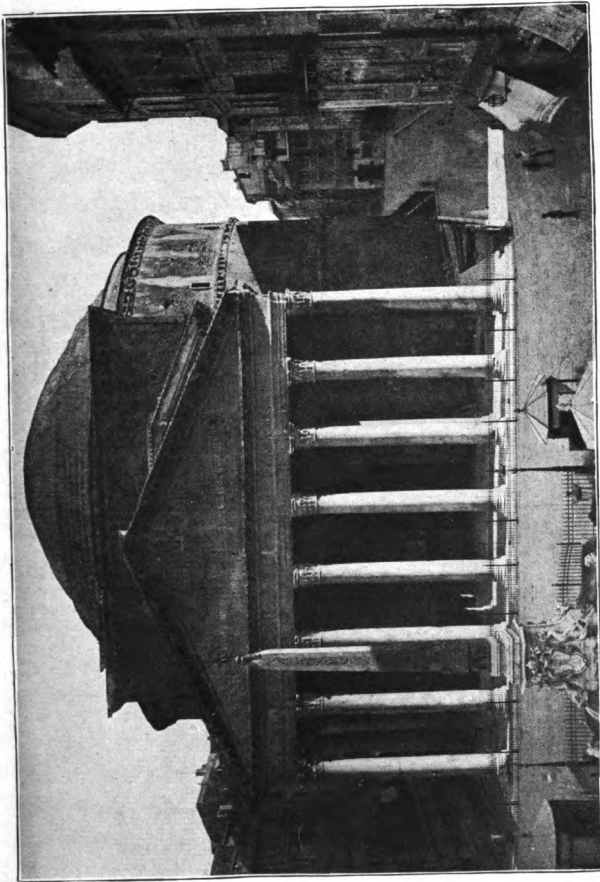
We leave with regret this beautiful remnant of the Augustan age, and, passing through another short and narrow street, come out into the Piazza della Rotonda, where we are face to face with one of the greatest and best preserved of all the monuments of ancient Rome,

—the Pantheon. This work was long attributed to Agrippa, and was claimed by some to have been originally a portion of his baths, but the best modern scholars unite in believing that it was never anything but a temple, and in awarding the honour of its construction to the great builder, Hadrian, who probably erected it to take the place of an older structure of Agrippa's. Its name indicates its dedication to the worship of "all the gods" (*πάν θεων*). It has given rise to much discussion among archæologists, and has been called the Sphinx of the Campus Martius.

Without going into a further discussion of its date and purpose, let us enter through the grove of columns which support the portico. The great dome is above us with its central eye, through which the sun looks down by day and the stars by night. Across the dome it is nearly 150 feet; and some thirty feet across this circular window toward the sky.

The Pantheon was a new conception in architecture. It was the first dome, the parent of the Santa Sofia at Constantinople, of the Duomo at Florence, of the great St. Peter's, which now looks down upon it from across

THE CITY OF WASHINGTON



THE PANTHEON

TO THE ABORIGINAL

the Tiber, of the Panthéon at Paris, of St. Paul's at London, of the Capitol at Washington, and of numberless court-houses and city halls from Russia to Brazil. But as it was the first, so also is it the greatest. Not like modern domes, a shell of iron girders covered with slate or tiles, but built of solid masonry, and depending for its support wholly upon the principle of the arch, — an experiment in architecture, but an experiment so successful that it has withstood the attacks of invading foes, of iconoclastic popes, and of consuming time, and remains intact to-day, when almost every other building contemporary with it is in ruins.

The Pantheon has had a history. It is the oldest building in the world which has seen continuous use, and its usefulness has extended over a period of nearly two thousand years. When Christianity took the place of paganism at Rome, it was transferred from the service of "all the gods" to that of "all the saints," and filled with the bones of the martyrs from the catacombs. This reconsecration was the occasion of adding a new festival, "All Saints'

Day," to the calendar of the Roman Catholic Church.

Without, the walls of the Pantheon were covered with marble, and its roof was bright with gilded tiles. Within, it was ceiled with plates of bronze, and faced with marble slabs of varied colours. Beautiful caryatids supported the architrave, and a mosaic floor reflected the sunlight which streamed down through the opening above. But it has been stripped of all this decoration. One of the Barberini popes converted the bronze ceiling into the canopy that stands in the centre of St. Peter's, and what was left was moulded into a few score cannons, with which to shoot down heretics and heathen. His sacrilege is piously recorded in the following inscription, which we may still read upon the wall:

"Urban VIII, that the useless and almost forgotten decorations might become ornaments of the apostles' tomb in the Vatican temple and engines of public safety in the fortress of S. Angelo, moulded the ancient relics of the bronze roof into columns and cannons, in the twelfth year of his pontificate."

This suggests the witticism of Pasquino,

Pincian Hill and Campus Martius 53

who, mourning over the loss of these and other ancient relics, suggested that the destruction which had been left undone by the barbarians had been accomplished by the Barberini. ("Quod non fecerunt *barbari*, fecerunt *Barberini*.") Whitewash now covers the walls and ceiling of the Pantheon, and the only suggestion of the old magnificence is in the columns of beautiful yellow marble with white marble bases and capitals. A few bits of porphyry and verde antique cling also to the walls, making more pitiful the contrast with the lime, the cheap ecclesiastical paintings, and the tawdry decorations of the shrines.

But in spite of its mutilation and abuse, the Pantheon stands there with an air of conscious dignity, scorning the loss of these external trappings, proud of its past, superior to its present, — a noble in rags, but noble still. Raphael sleeps there, Annibale Carracci, Victor Emmanuel, the late King Humbert, and a score of artists, poets, and statesmen. The martyrs sleep there. They sleep well, and do not see the whitewashed walls. If thought and feeling could ever come back to that sacred dust, there might well come also satisfaction

in having for a sepulchre a monument which so closely links the ages, and which has stood so long superior alike to the wrath and to the greed of men.

This circular form of building, of which the Pantheon is so perfect an example, was peculiar to the Romans, and appears also, as we have seen, in the mausolea of Augustus and of Hadrian. We shall also see it in the Tomb of Cecilia Metella on the Appian Way, and in the beautiful little Temple of Mater Matuta in the Forum Boarium. For the present, however, we must confine ourselves to the buildings of the Campus Martius.

Behind the Pantheon are certain ruins, supposed to have belonged to the Baths of Agrippa. A large vaulted hall is shown, probably the frigidarium, containing niches and the remains of a beautiful frieze. Fragments of ruin are also to be seen on the Via dell' Arco della Ciambella, but the whole plan of the baths is as yet so conjectural, and the ruins so far concealed by modern houses, that in this cursory ramble it is hardly worth while to investigate them. The same is true of certain fragments of ancient masonry in a neighbour-

Pincian Hill and Campus Martius 55

ing alley behind the Church of Santa Maria sopra Minerva, belonging probably to the Temple of Minerva Campensis, over which the modern church was erected, and from which it takes its name.

Turning westward, and picking our way through an intricate maze of streets and lanes, we soon emerge into the Piazza Navona before an Egyptian obelisk, which once stood in the Circus of Maxentius, but which now looks down upon a cool, tinkling fountain. The base of the obelisk is the work of Bernini, and represents — reclining about a mass of rock — symbolic figures of the four “greatest rivers of the world,” — the Nile, the Danube, the Ganges, and the La Plata. Modern geographers would scarcely make this selection, but the geography of the seventeenth century was more or less vague, and this was the best that could be done at that time. The Nile, it will be observed, is veiling his head, — to shut out, Bernini said, the hideous sight of the façade of St. Agnes’ Church, just opposite, which was designed by his rival, Borromini. Bernini was something of a wit, if not much of a sculptor. He is said to have explained, also, that

the terror expressed in the face of the Danube was caused by fear that the tower of St. Agnes might fall upon it.

This Piazza Navona, sometimes known as the Circo Agonale, is laid out upon the lines of the old Stadium of Domitian, the houses which line the modern piazza having been built upon the foundations of the ancient banks of seats, where thirty thousand Romans of old were wont to witness chariot-races and gladiatorial shows. No ruins are visible above ground, and not having time or a *permesso* to explore the surrounding cellars, we move on.

As we leave the Piazza Navona, we may look down a little lane at its southern extremity, and note the location of the shop where one Pasquino, in the fifteenth century, made doublets and epigrams for the Roman youth. Pasquino, though a tailor by trade, was a wit by nature. His bright sayings, called after his name, *pasquinades*, were inscribed upon the base of a mutilated statue which stood just opposite his shop, and which we may still see there at the corner of the Braschi Palace. A statue of Marforio, the river god, there at the foot of the Capitol, was made to

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STATUE OF PASQUINO

TO THE
ALBANY

reply to the witticisms of Pasquino's statue, and as the conversation was carried on during the night, each morning brought great numbers of the populace to discover what oracular utterances these rival pieces of sculpture had produced while honest citizens had been asleep.

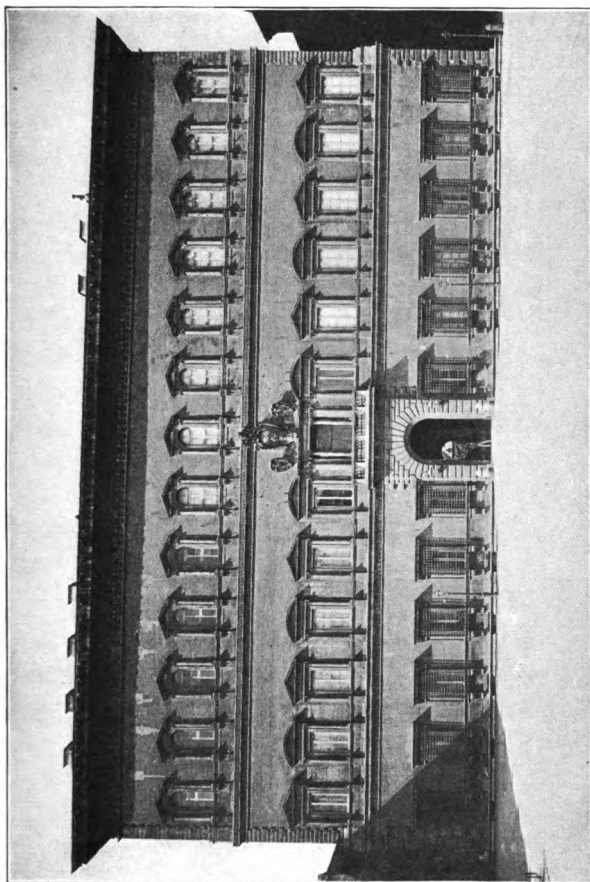
Pasquino, like other mortal men, soon went to his reward, but his spirit haunted the neighbourhood of the battered statue for several centuries, and dictated satirical remarks against church, state, and society. When the miserly Pope Innocent the Tenth was on his death-bed, his sister-in-law, Olimpia Maldachini, remained with him, ministering to his needs. But she, too, had the lust for gold, and finding two small chests of money under his pallet, she was tempted, and helped herself, not waiting for the Pope's demise. News of her action spread abroad, and on Pasquino's statue appeared this Latin play upon her name: "*Olim pia; nunc impia*" (once pious; now impious).

When Napoleon Bonaparte invaded Italy, and robbed the cities of their choicest art treasures, Marforio asked one day if the French were *all* robbers. Pasquino's statue

replied the next morning, " Not all, but a good part of them " (" Non tutti, ma *buona parte*.") A pun is never translatable, but in Italian this is not bad.

We now pass the Church of Sant' Andrea della Valle, built upon the ruins of Pompey's Senate House, where the first Cæsar fell, pierced by the daggers of the conspirators. A few steps farther on, a row of modern houses stands upon the foundation-wall of Pompey's Theatre. A little beyond, we enter the Spada Palace, and in the vestibule of one of the courts behold the Statue of Pompey, which stood in Pompey's Senate House, and at the foot of which, says Plutarch, Cæsar fell, dyeing the marble with his blood. The stains are not now visible, but the presence of the statue takes us back into another world, and makes us feel the reality of history as we have never felt it before. To touch the stone which witnessed Cæsar's death is almost like being face to face with Cæsar.

The Spada Palace has other treasures which belong to the realm of art rather than of history, and which we must to-day pass by. The palace itself is worth noting as an excellent



THE FARNESE PALACE

१० मूल
अध्यायः

specimen of mediæval architecture, but a few steps away is a much better one, the Farnese, which we must stop for a moment to admire.

The Farnese was built in the sixteenth century, by Paul III., out of stone and marble filched from the Colosseum, and though we may not approve of the robbery, we are forced to admit that good use was made of the material. The palace is massive, dignified, imposing, — an almost perfect specimen of the best architecture of the Italian Renaissance. We may enter its court and walk within its corridors, but as we have no *permesso* and little time, we will not enter the building itself, which is now occupied by the French embassy, and is carefully guarded from the attacks of tourists.

We are in a region of mediæval palaces. Just across the river, on the slopes of the Janiculum, are the Corsini and the Farnesina, with their well-kept gardens and their galleries of paintings; a few squares to the northeast is the Cancelleria, with its columns from the portico of Pompey's Theatre and its travertine from the Colosseum; we have already passed the Spada, and in a few minutes are before the Cenci.

This shabby relic of departed grandeur is rendered forever infamous by the tragedy of incest and murder which occurred within its walls during the dark days of the Middle Ages. Shelley has told the story in his drama of "The Cenci," and Guido Reni was supposed to have painted the wronged and desperate daughter in the celebrated canvas known as the "Beatrice Cenci," though it has now been proved that Beatrice was put to death some sixteen years before Guido ever saw Rome. The name Cenci means, in the Italian, "rags," and the Palazzo Cenci, or "Palace of Rags," is a most appropriate title for this decaying structure, which always has a line of clothing fluttering from its windows to exhale the mildew, or recover from the wash.

These old palaces remind us of another Rome, whose history we have not yet touched upon, — the Rome of the Barons, which came into being when the Empire had passed away, and which continued well into the Renaissance. It is, however, only another name for the Rome of the Popes, for the daily question in mediæval times was whether pope or baron was the master. Terrible characters we have to

Pincian Hill and Campus Martius 65

deal with in those days, and their story is intensely dramatic. We shall speak of a few of them again in connection with our rambles in Papal Rome.

We are now on the edge of what was once the Ghetto, that quarter of the Roman city in which the Jewish colony was confined for centuries within a half-acre of shabby buildings, despised and shunned, but patiently displaying second-hand bargains and plying their trade. The history of this Hebrew colony is pitiful enough. Made the plaything of brutal emperors and still more brutal popes, driven out of the city again and again, and afterward penned up like animals in this Ghetto, with gates across the streets through which they were forbidden to pass after nightfall, upon pain of death, compelled during the Carnival season to run races naked in the Corso with ropes around their necks, driven each Sunday with whips into a Christian church that they might hear their ancient religion insulted, forced continually to wear the badge of their humiliation, — the men a yellow hat, the women a yellow veil, — forbidden all intercourse with Christians, shut out from all trades

except the buying and selling of second-hand articles, exorbitantly taxed, and refused the means of earning money with which to pay their taxes, — they have had a sorry time indeed, and, although enjoying brief glimpses of sunshine under certain of the popes, they have not, on the whole, been treated like human beings until during the last century.

The Roman Ghetto is now a thing of the past. In the early nineties it became such a hotbed of disease and contagion that the government determined to destroy it. At present much of it is a ruinous waste which will some day, if the royal treasury admits, be transformed into a city park. It is much more sanitary than of old, but to one who has seen it as it was in the pride of its dirt and picturesque decay, there will come a feeling of regret, which reason and philosophy cannot entirely put to rest.

There is still, however, about the Portico of Octavia a suggestion of the old Hebraic environment. Let us go thither, and we shall find before us an antique pediment and columns supported by a later arch of masonry. This has long been, like the Cenci Palace, a favourite

place for the drying of clothes, — and all sorts of raiment swell and flap in the breeze, from the iron fence beneath the arch, and from the windows of the adjoining houses. Can you shut your eyes and your nostrils for a moment, and imagine what this was in the first century? If you can, the splendid Portico of Octavia will rise before you, with its colonnades, its temples, its libraries, its curia, its seventy-five bronze statues by Lysippos, and its Cupid of Praxiteles. Over us stretch silken awnings, around us we hear the plashing of the fountains and the hum of conversation as the luxurious Romans walk and talk and idle here. Do you smell the faint perfumes which are thrown into the air through a hundred little jets along the colonnade? No, odours quite other than those assail our nostrils and arouse us to the present. The Portico of Octavia is now only history.

A hundred yards or so away, another magnificent ruin breaks upon our sight. It is the Theatre of Marcellus, beautiful with its antique columns, and filthy with its dirt. Mean little shops grovel beneath the Doric capitals of the lower story; brick walls, pierced here

and there with grated windows, fill the great arches, where once a cleaner, if not a nobler, race of Romans were wont to assemble. It stands there like a proud but disgraced patrician, its head in the sky, and its feet in the mire. Julius Cæsar designed it, Augustus carried out the plan, and gave to the completed structure the name of his beloved son-in-law, Marcellus. It was dedicated a few years before the birth of Christ, and the opening ceremonies included the butchery of six hundred wild beasts from the Libyan deserts. It furnished the suggestion for the exterior architecture of the Colosseum nearly a century later. During the Middle Ages it became a castle and a fortress for the princely families of the Pierleoni, the Savelli, and the Orsini, and is to-day still in the hands of the last named family, who reserve its great chambers for their palace, and rent these squalid little holes in the wall to a very humble class of tradesmen. The columns of the lower story are buried fifteen feet in dirt and débris. We can really get but little idea of their magnificent proportions until some modern Hercules turns a river or a hose

Pincian Hill and Campus Martius 69

upon them, and washes away the accumulation of twenty centuries of dishonour.

Passing around the curved front of this impressive ruin, we emerge into the Piazza Montanara, which we find crowded with peasants from the Campagna. To-day happens to be a *fiesta*, or holiday. There are not quite as many *feste* in Rome as there are days in the year, but it is almost impossible to visit the city and fail of seeing one. The peasants have come here to gossip and to make small purchases. Yonder is a lusty fellow with a sack upon his shoulder which he brings full of onions, but which he will carry back to his little farm in the Campagna with perhaps a package of flour in it, a piece of cloth for a dress for Pippa, and a cake with red cherries upon it for Giuseppe. This last named luxury costs him twenty *centesimi* (or about four cents) in good copper, but he does not care for expense. A boy of some fifteen summers is hurrying away, hugging in his arms a long, mysterious parcel which probably also represents days of hard labour. The *contadine* gossip over their fruit-stands, and the men talk together about the high price of barley, the prospects of rain, or

the prize that Giovanni drew last week in the lottery.

Here on the pavement near the corner of the piazza at a little wooden table sits a letter-writer, and beside him a comely *contadina* dictating in his ear, with an occasional blush and sidelong glance to see whether any of the surrounding crowd may by any possibility overhear her. The letter is to her lover in the Maremma, and when she gets the answer she will bring it to this old man to read for her. Many a secret is dropped into his ear, but he is a discreet person and never tells. He knows that his business would be ruined if he did, and that his customers would go to another old gentleman, not nearly so great a scholar as he, be it said, who keeps a stand under a blue cotton umbrella over in Trastevere.

Such is the modern Piazza Montanara, a square which was once the Forum Holitorium, or vegetable market of ancient Rome. It has changed its dress, but not its vocation. Cabbages and leeks were sold there twenty centuries ago, as they are to-day; but then the square was larger and surrounded by a portico and stately buildings, — the Theatre of Mar-

Pincian Hill and Campus Martius 71

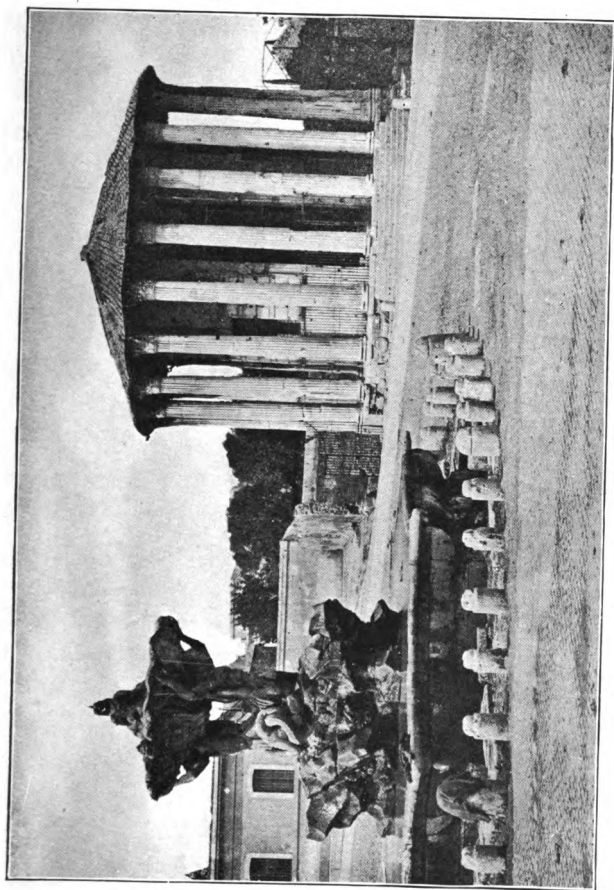
cellus, which we have just passed, the Portico of Minucia, the Temples of Apollo, of Janus, of Juno Sospita, of Hope, and of Piety; to-day it has about it only a line of ill-kept shops. Its former grandeur has forever departed.

CHAPTER III.

ALONG THE TIBER

AFTER a good night's rest and the usual Continental breakfast of coffee and rolls, to which you have probably by this time accustomed yourself, and upon which you can now do a half-day's sightseeing, we return to the Piazza Montanara which we left last night on completing our survey of the Campus Martius. We will now follow the course of the Tiber south of the point where it approaches the Capitoline Hill, and will pass into the commercial quarter of ancient Rome, which lined the river from the vegetable market to the Ostian Gate.

Not far from the vegetable market we enter what was in olden times the cattle market, or Forum Boarium, and find before us that little round temple which is so variously named and



THE TEMPLE OF MATER MATUTA

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so beautiful by whatever designation. With its red-tiled roof and its circle of nineteen creamy Corinthian columns, mellowed by as many centuries, it has become a favourite study for artists, and you will find in the Roman shop windows frequent representations of it. It was long called the Temple of Vesta, and later the Round Temple of Hercules. Lanciani and other recent authorities have identified it as the Temple of Mater Matuta, an old Italic goddess of the dawn, whose shrine is mentioned by Livy as being here in the cattle market. It was built probably during the Augustan era, upon the foundations of an earlier temple which dated from the time of Servius.

Before this temple stands one of the Roman fountains, about which may usually be seen cattle from the Campagna standing where, two thousand years ago and more, their ancestors were bought, sold, and exchanged for Roman wares to furnish the peasant cottages beyond Alba Longa and Præneste. These fountains are one of the marked characteristics of the Roman city. We see them in almost every public square, — in the great circle before St.

Peter's, in the Piazza del Popolo, in the Piazza di Spagna at the foot of the Spanish Stairs, in the Piazza della Rotonda opposite the Pantheon, in the Barberini and the Navona and the Farnese, — wherever one goes there is the sound of running water and the glad vision of mounds and columns of spray catching and reflecting the sunlight in a thousand rainbow tints, and breathing coolness and health over the blistering stones of the piazza. From mossy grottoes, from the shells of Tritons, from the mouths of lions and dolphins, issue the streams whose murmur soothes the stranger to rest at night, and awakens him in the morning from dreams of summer showers. At these fountains gather man, bird, and beast, — peasants from the Campagna, with their long-horned cattle, statuesque Roman girls, with their water-jars, ragged street urchins, cooing doves, and disconsolate dogs. Occasionally in an open courtyard you may see a crowd of women gathered about a huge stone basin, each scrubbing and beating her linen on the smooth stones and chattering the gossip of the neighbourhood.

Just across the piazza from the little round



SANTA MARIA IN COSMEDIN

TO THE
LIBRARY

temple stands the Church of Santa Maria in Cosmedin, built in the ruins of an ancient temple which, a legend tells us, Aulus Postumius, the dictator, vowed to Ceres, Bacchus, and Proserpina, in the fifth century B. C., when his provisions were running low during the war with the Latins. It is said to have been built a few years later by Spurius Cassius, and restored by Augustus. If we wish, we may see in the crypt under the church, and also in the courtyard of the sacristy, fragments of the original temple wall. The Corn Exchange of ancient Rome and offices of the Prefect of Public Supplies also occupied part of the space covered by this church, and many of the old pillars have entered into the construction of the modern building.

Within the portico of Santa Maria in Cosmedin is the curious Bocca della Verità, — Mouth of Truth, — which has given the modern name to the piazza and the street that leads to it. It is a grotesque mask, probably first used as a gargoyle for some ancient building. Into this mouth, during the Middle Ages, persons suspected of crimes were obliged to place the right hand while testifying. If they should

err by a hair's breadth from the truth, it was declared that the stone jaws would immediately close down upon the hand and amputate it with neatness and despatch. So great was the fear of this catastrophe that witnesses invariably told the truth, and it is not recorded that the jaws were ever required to perform their function.

Coming out again into the piazza and passing just beyond the little round temple of many names, we see what is left of another temple, also variously designated according to the taste and erudition of the beholder, but perhaps most generally known as the Temple of Fortuna Virilis. It is older than the little round temple, — older, in fact, than any other temple in Rome, and probably dates from the reign of Servius Tullius, 557 years before Christ. The building material is stone, — the native stone of Italy, such as was used before the introduction of marble for building purposes. It was injured by fire, restored, and coated with stucco.

Beyond, we catch a glimpse of the so-called House of Rienzi, or House of Pilate. It is not probable that either Pilate or Rienzi ever

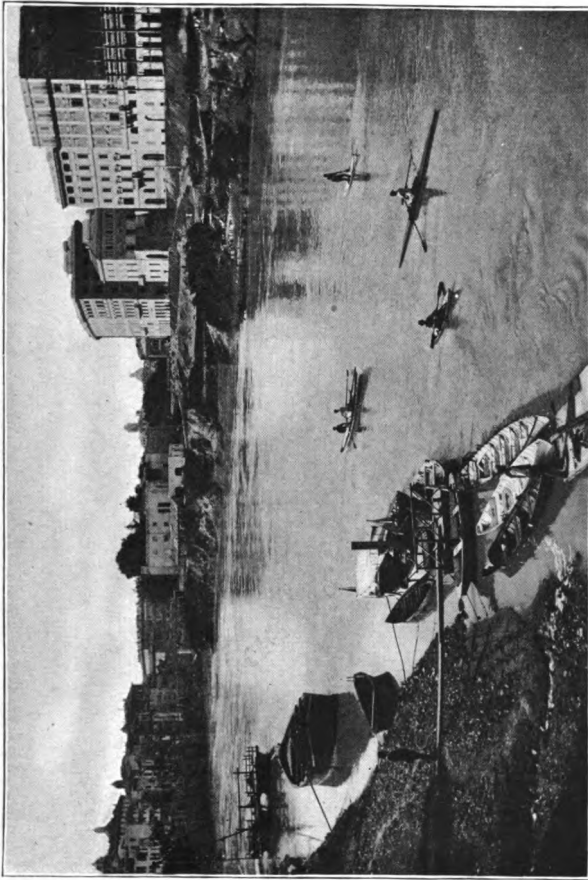
inhabited it, as it seems to have been built from the remains of one of the mediæval towers that were so common in Rome during the troublous times which preceded modern history, — probably the property of the terrible Crescenzi family.

Only a hundred yards or so up the stream stands the ancient Æmilian Bridge, or Ponte Rotto. A single span of the original structure is all that now remains. Below is the modern Ponte Emilio, or Ponte Palatino, which has taken the place of the ancient structure as the southern route to Trastevere. Standing upon this bridge in midstream and looking up the river, we get an excellent view of the island which we are told came into being when the people ravaged the grain-fields of the Tarquins in the Campus Martius after the expulsion, and threw the harvest into the Tiber. Plutarch tells us that the floating sheaves lodged here upon the shallows, accumulated sediment, and finally assumed the proportions of an islet. The story is probably apocryphal, but as the island is of alluvial origin, and as no one has been able to prove that the Tarquins' corn is not at the bottom of it, we may feel justified

in accepting the legend until some iconoclast happens along with a sledge-hammer argument and shatters it.

At some time during the period of the Empire — it is almost impossible to say just when — a certain fanciful builder was seized with the idea of converting this island into the semblance of a great stone ship, with an Egyptian obelisk for a mainmast, and of erecting upon the island — or the ship, if you please — a temple to Æsculapius. What connection Æsculapius is supposed to have had with maritime affairs is not clear, but the temple was erected, and fragments of the stone facing and sculptures of the ship may still be seen here and there close to the water's edge.

From our point of vantage on the Ponte Rotto we may turn from the island and look in the opposite direction, down-stream, toward the Aventine Hill, where once stood the old Sublician Bridge, celebrated in fable as having been kept by Horatius and his two comrades "in the brave days of old." This primitive structure was of wood, fastened with wooden pins, a form of construction which justifies,



THE TIBER

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if indeed it did not give rise to, the legend of the destruction of the bridge, when —

“ . . . with a crash like thunder
 Fell every loosened beam,
 And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
 Lay right athwart the stream;
 And a long shout of triumph
 Rose from the walls of Rome,
 As to the highest turret-tops
 Was splashed the yellow foam.”¹

It will well repay us to cross here to the Trastevere shore for the sake of the view which we get of the little round Temple of Mater Matuta, or Vesta, or however it may be called. Its red tiles glisten in the sun against the white background of plastered walls and houses, while a mass of dark green foliage in a little garden just before it forms a most attractive setting. Nor is the yellow Tiber at our feet an unpictorial foreground. The mouth of the sewer which yawns at us just opposite, though it may not enhance the beauty of the picture, is of vast interest, for it is supposed to be the outlet of the Cloaca Maxima of the Tarquins. We shall speak of this great engineering work

¹ Macaulay: “Horatius.”

again in connection with the remains of it in the Forum.

Before recrossing the bridge we must examine a piece of ruin a few streets back from the river, — almost the only interesting antique remnant that remains in Trastevere. It is a part of the guard-house of the Seventh Battalion of Police, and was in the heart of the slums of ancient Rome. On the walls are nearly a hundred rudely scratched autographs, which show that the ancients were as fond as the moderns of this cheap sort of immortality. One policeman, after a night of hard work attempting to keep order in this tenderloin district of the ancient city, writes, "I am tired; let some one else take my place" (*Lassus sum; successorum date!*). Another congratulates himself by saying, "All safe" (*Omnia tuta*), with the addition of his name and the date.

We leave the mosaic-paved court of this ancient police-station, with its fountain and its chapel, and recross the Ponte Rotto. As we return to the other side of the river, we are attracted by a square, towerlike ruin which lifts itself above the surrounding buildings a

few streets distant. Investigation proves it to be the Arch of Janus, a clumsy structure of the fourth century, built probably as a shelter, or arcade, for the tradesmen and money-changers of the cattle market. Each of the four piers supporting the quadriform arch is indented with niches for statues, and a door leads up into a gloomy chamber above.

Far more attractive than the Arch of Janus is this little Arch of the Silversmiths just opposite. It is really no arch at all, consisting simply of a square lintel supported by two rectangular piers, one of which has been built into the adjoining Church of San Giorgio in Velabro. The sculptures are interesting, and an inscription tells us that the structure was erected in honour of Septimius Severus and his family, — Caracalla, Geta, and Julia Domna, — “by the silversmiths and cattle-dealers who transact business in this place.” The association of trades in this inscription strikes one as somewhat incongruous, but it indicates that we are now on the border-line between the cattle market and the quarter devoted to the jewellers — for each trade had its own particular quarter in the imperial city.

We are now almost at the base of the Palatine Hill, and but a stone's throw from the northwestern end of the Circus Maximus, the greatest of the race-courses of ancient Rome. It was three and a half stadia, or somewhat more than three-eighths of a mile in length, and about four hundred feet in width. A legend says that Tarquin laid out the course and surrounded it with seats, but, however that may be, the Circus did not reach its full glory until the age of Augustus, when it was enclosed by a three-storied portico, in front of which ran a canal some ten feet wide, to separate the audience from the contestants. The semicircular end at which the turning was made was toward the Cœlian Hill: the start and finish took place at this end, near where we now stand.

Can you imagine the excitement of a Roman crowd in the Circus Maximus when the chariot-race was on? Can you see the brilliant scene, the awning of Tyrian purple, the richly caparisoned steeds, the gala dress of the multitude, the glint of the sunshine on the helmets of the guards? Can you see the signal to the charioteers? Can you feel the mad rush, as

the horses, four to each chariot, abreast, with muscles tense, nostrils dilated, eyes red and swelling, plunge madly down the course, — and behind each four a chariot of gold and ivory, upon the swaying floor of which stands the charioteer, decked with the colours of his order, holding the reins in one hand and with the other throwing the lash in snakelike convolutions above his steeds? Now the Blue is ahead! Now the White! Can you see them as they turn the goal? Ah, that is the crucial point! Wheels clash, horses become unmanageable, — a charioteer is down! Over him roll the chariots that follow fast behind. . A crash, a cry, — and out from the struggling, writhing mass a single chariot emerges, and flies down the return course to the finish, amid such a babel of shouting as would make a modern Derby seem cold-blooded indeed.

Where now are the Circus Maximus and the crowds that filled it? On its site is a gas-house and a garden in which we see an old man leisurely scratching the ground with a rusty hoe. After all, he is doing a more useful, and certainly a far less dangerous, work

than his predecessors of the Whites and the Blues.

We will not attempt to visit to-day the Palatine Hill and the Forum, which lie before us, but, returning to the Piazza Bocca della Verità, we will rather continue our stroll southward down the thoroughfare which follows the river. All along this shore were the wharves and warehouses where once the produce of the world was handled. Corn from Africa, oil from Andalusia, wine from the northern Adriatic, rare fabrics and spices from the East, — each commodity was unloaded from the ships at its own particular wharf, and stored in an adjoining warehouse. The modern street which we are now following offers in its various names a hint of this allotment of the wharfage. For a short distance it is known as the Via della Salara; here were the salt wharves, — for the Romans consumed vast quantities of salt, making it in the marshes near the mouth of the Tiber, and bringing it up the river in flatboats. Farther on, the street becomes the Via Marmorata. This we know was one of the centres of the marble trade, where were received the building stone and

precious marbles which came from all quarters of the known world to enrich the palaces of Roman emperors and nobles. Then there were warehouses for brick and lead, grain, oil, and wine. The lower portion of this district, below the Aventine, was surrounded by a wide portico, and known as the Emporium, a word that has entered into our English speech as a synonym for the mart of trade.

Back from the river at this point is an elevation somewhat more than a hundred feet in height, — the Monte Testaccio, or “mountain of pottery,” — composed of fragments of terra-cotta covered loosely with accumulated soil. Its history is interesting. Shipments of wine, oil, and even grain were made in the olden time in terra-cotta jars (*amphoræ*), some of which were of great size. The porters of those days were not more careful than their modern counterparts, and it happened that many of the jars were broken. The harbour regulations required that the fragments should not be thrown into the river, but into an enclosure made for the purpose, and the result is this crockery mountain, a monument to the destructiveness of the ancient roustabout, and

a source of emulation to modern housemaids and expressmen. It is conceived to be an excellent place for the storage of wine, and you will find it honeycombed with wine-cellars and *osterie*, where the Romans come to drink and gossip of an afternoon.

From the Monte Testaccio, we will go over toward the opposite slope of the Aventine, where we shall find a well-preserved fragment of the Wall of Servius Tullius, which has stood more than twenty-five hundred years with no trace of mortar or cement. It is built of a yellowish tufa, the blocks being two feet in height, perfectly squared, and laid in alternate courses, lengthwise and crosswise. The section which we now see gives evidence of restorations in the upper courses, which probably date from the time of Camillus.

The Wall of Servius was the second fortification which surrounded the Roman city, — the first being the Wall of Romulus about the Palatine. The Servian Wall encircled the seven hills, and was built against the side of the cliffs, about two-thirds of the distance from the plain below. Where it crossed the table-land behind the spurs of the Quirinal,

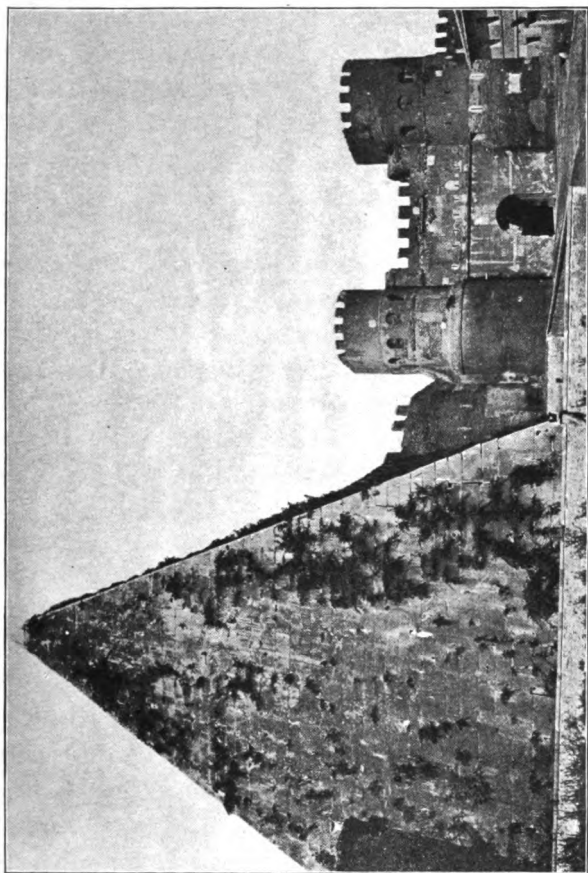
Viminal, and Esquiline, it was raised upon an *agger*, or embankment, faced by a ditch. During the prosperous days of the Republic and of the early Empire the wall was overrun by buildings, and almost forgotten. As the Roman power declined, however, and inroads by the barbarians became imminent, Aurelian, in the third century, thought it necessary to protect the city by a new and more extended fortification, which followed the city limits of that time, and was between eleven and twelve miles long. This Aurelian Wall was restored by Honorius and supplemented in the ninth century by the Wall of Leo IV., which surrounded St. Peter's and connected it with the city. Eight centuries later, Urban VIII. enclosed with still another wall all Trastevere to the ridge of the Janiculum.

We are now but a short distance from the Porta San Paolo, or Ostian Gate, which pierces the Aurelian Wall on the road to Ostia. Let us make our way thither, and, passing outside, examine a portion of this third great line of defence, thrown up as the last effort of a waning power to protect itself against its foes. The top is a battlemented terrace, with towers

at intervals of about a hundred feet. In each of the towers a flight of stairs connects the terrace with a corridor built in the thickness of the wall below. We cannot obtain access to the interior of the wall at this point, but elsewhere — notably in the Vigna Casali, at the eastern end of the city — it may be seen, and is well worth a visit. In some portions of the wall there seem to have been two parallel corridors, one at the outer side, and one at the inner, the outer passage pierced with narrow embrasures overlooking the Campagna; the inner, somewhat more open, toward the city. As the wall was thirteen feet thick, there was ample room for these two corridors and a heavy mass of masonry between. The structure has been kept in comparatively good repair until recent years, but the government, having no further use for it, is now allowing it to fall into ruin.

Just outside the Gate of San Paolo stands the Pyramid of Gaius Cestius, built some twenty years before Christ as a tomb for one of the wealthy Roman nobles. It is constructed upon the Egyptian model, and, though much smaller, — measuring about 115 feet in height,

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THE PYRAMID OF GAUS CESTIUS, AND THE OSTIAN GATE

TO MY
ABBA

with a base of less than a hundred feet, — it gives a good idea of the appearance of the great pyramids of the Nile before the facing which covered their sides had disappeared. This monument to Cestius has within it a burial-chamber which is entered from inside the wall, for Aurelian made the pyramid a part of his line of city fortifications, and to this fact we probably owe its preservation during the time when popes and nobles were pulling down every available monument for building stone.

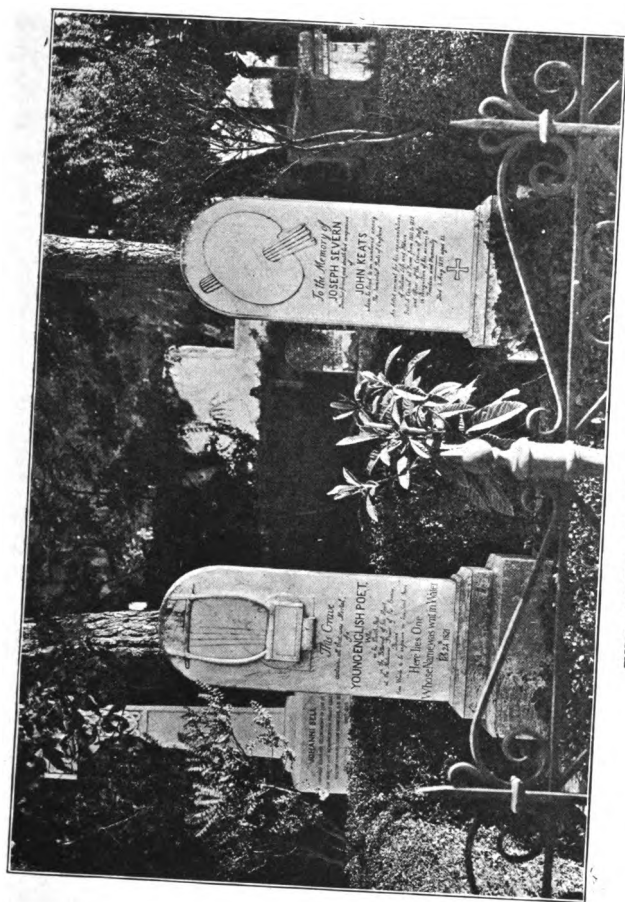
Just off the highway, inside the wall and under the shadow of the pyramid, is one of the loveliest and saddest spots in Rome, the little Protestant Cemetery, filled with the graves of wanderers who have died here, far from home and native land. The names upon the stones are of all nationalities, and the inscriptions are peculiarly touching. The interest of the traveller, however, centres at the graves of Keats and Shelley, who, with their friend Severn, lie buried here. In deference to Keats's own request, no name appears upon the simple stone that marks his grave, but, instead, the melancholy designation which he

dictated during his last illness. The whole inscription reads :

" This Grave
 contains all that was Mortal
 of a
 YOUNG ENGLISH POET
 who
 on his Death Bed
 in the Bitterness of his Heart
 at the Malicious Power of his Enemies
 Desired
 these Words to be engraved on his Tomb Stone,
 ' HERE LIES ONE
 WHOSE NAME WAS WRIT IN WATER '
 Feb. 24th, 1821."

Upon Severn's tombstone are the words: " Joseph Severn, devoted friend and death-bed companion of JOHN KEATS," followed by a catalogue of Severn's public honours and virtues. In this inscription, the name " John Keats " occupies a line by itself, and is very prominent, — so prominent, indeed, that certain careless but effusive travellers, looking for Keats's resting-place and seeing this name, have been known to become confused, and shed tears over the wrong grave.

Shelley's drowned body was burned on the shore of the Mediterranean, near Lerici, where



THE TOMBS OF KEATS AND SEVERN

To my
dear
friend

it had been thrown up by the waves. The heart, however, was unconsumed, and with the ashes was brought here and interred near Keats. Upon the flat stone which lies imbedded in a mass of English ivy, above these fragments of mortality, we read, "Percy Bysshe Shelley — Cor Cordium," followed by that peculiarly appropriate stanza from "The Tempest," in which Ariel sings:

"Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange."

Shelley, during his life in Rome, loved to frequent this little cemetery, and once wrote, "It might make one in love with death to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place."

We have now extended our saunterings from the northern to the southern gate of the city. The sun is low in the west, and it is time for us to turn backward. Will you disdain the aid of a street-car in this city of classic memories? Perhaps I should say "tram," for the English designation of it has passed bodily into the Italian vernacular. If then you do not object, let us take the tram at the Os-

tian Gate, and ride back over the ground we have traversed, along the Via Marmorata and della Salara, through the cattle market, past the ruins of temples and storehouses, to the Piazza Montanara, whose crowds of peasants are not so great as when we saw them yesterday. Here, by your leave, we will take another sacrilegious vehicle unknown to the Cæsars, — a commonplace omnibus, — and, seating ourselves between a Franciscan brother and picturesque matron in a red shawl, will rattle over the stones and find ourselves at last in the Piazza di Spagna, at the foot of the Spanish Stairs. This is the rendezvous of English and American residents. Here are your banks and hotels, the hospitable bookseller Piale, and the ubiquitous Cook, protector of tourists. When you reach this haven you feel as much at home as you are ever likely to feel in a foreign city. Let us ascend the great stone staircase, and near the top we shall find our hotel, where we straightway forget the commerce which the Romans carried on some twenty centuries ago and apply ourselves to the more pressing business of a dinner and a night's repose.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CAPITOLINE HILL

EVERY traveller to Rome feels an impulse to go straight to the Forum. We have restrained this feeling long enough to get a general idea of the topography of the city and to follow the course of the Tiber from the northern to the southern wall. This has well prepared us for a day in and about the birth-place of Roman law, among the most important historic memorials that this most historic city in the world can offer us.

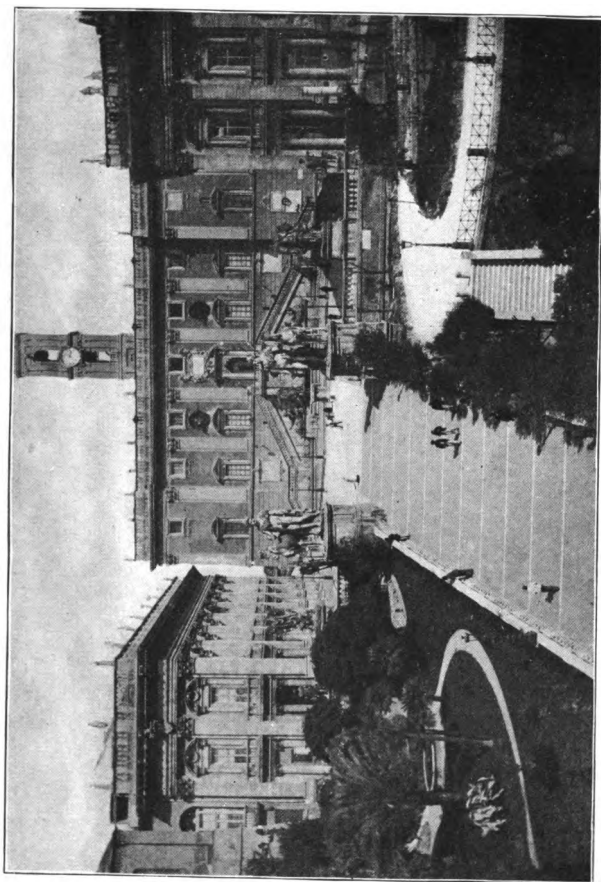
Descending once more the Spanish Stairs, and taking a short walk down the Via Condotti, we come out upon the Corso, where, if you wish to save your strength, we will step into a passing omnibus and roll down this street of shops, passing on the way a half-dozen or so of churches and the huge Doria

Palace, which glooms upon our left. We disembark in the busy Piazza Venezia, at the corner of which stands the palace of the same name, and a few minutes later find ourselves at the foot of the long, sloping stairs which lead up to the Capitoline Hill.

A modern statue of Rienzi stands in a little parkway on our left, not far from the spot where the "last of the tribunes" fell, — but farther up, on a balustrade at the top of the hill, we see a row of antique sculptures which make Rienzi's story seem like contemporary history. Those colossal figures of Castor and Pollux at the top of the stairway date back to the early days of the Empire, whilst the mythical story which they celebrate stretches still backward into the dawn of legendary history, more than five centuries before the Christian era.

The stairs lead us to an open square, the Piazza del Campidoglio, surrounded by Renaissance buildings and adorned in the centre with a bronze equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius. The statue stands there like a thing of life, — the horse fiery and impetuous, the rider calm, serene, — a fitting monument to the imperial

Italy, or Campania



PIAZZA DEL CAMPIDOGGIO

TO THE
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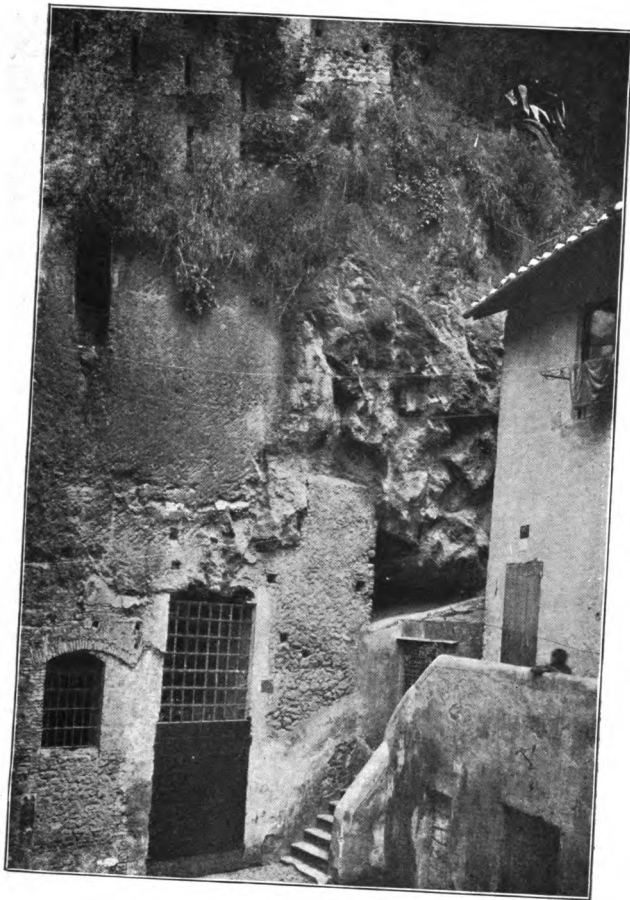
philosopher who preached the curbing of the animal passions, saying, "Do not disturb thyself. Does any one do thee wrong? Pity him. He wrongs himself rather than thee. Be calm."

It was a strangely incongruous as well as a fearful sight when, eight centuries after Marcus Aurelius, the afternoon sun, gilding the dark façade of the Lateran Palace, shone on the murdered figure of Peter the Prefect, hung by his hair to the head of this noble bronze steed, which then stood before the Lateran. Otto the Great had hung the body there, as, wrathful and relentless, he swept down from the north, to crush the people and avenge the Pope. Peter the Prefect was seized as the people's representative, stripped of his clothing, seated backward on an ass, and made to ride through the city with an earthen pot over his head, while the soldiers beat him and finally slew him, hanging his mangled body at the Pope's door, upon the first convenient object that presented itself, — which happened to be this bronze of Aurelius.

The Capitoline Hill of ancient times was what is known in New England as a "saddle-

back." It had two summits. Upon the eminence to the right, or southwest of us, as we stand facing the statue of Aurelius, rose the Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus; to the left or northeast, somewhat higher, stood the Arx, or citadel. Warring archæologists will give you different plans of the hill, but this is the one adopted by the best modern authorities. The Capitoline was first called the Hill of Saturn, and upon it, in a grove almost on the spot where we are now standing, Romulus is reputed to have established an altar, the Asylum, where outlaws might make expiation for their crimes and thence be received blameless into the little city on the Palatine. The name has become to-day a part of our English speech. A legend tells us that during the period of the kings, Tarpeia, daughter of the commandant of the Arx, betrayed the defences of the hill into the hands of the Sabines. She was murdered for her pains by the soldiers she had admitted, and her infamy was perpetuated in the name, Tarpeian Rock, applied to a cliff upon the Capitoline from which thereafter all traitors, as well as common malefactors, were hurled down to their reward. The guide-books

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THE TARPEIAN ROCK

TO THE
ALBANY

point out to you a spot on the southern side of the hill which is said to be this Tarpeian Rock. Byron visited it and described it in "Childe Harold":

"The promontory whence the traitor's leap
Cured all ambition."

Hawthorne also introduces it in his story of the "Marble Faun." But it is very doubtful whether the thing which the poet and the novelist saw was the Tarpeian Rock at all. Lanciani and other recent archæologists believe that this historic spot was at the other summit of the hill, and until we know definitely it will perhaps be unwise to waste much sentiment upon it. The Tarpeian Rock of the guide-books is neither high nor imposing. A vigorous, athletic traitor could leap from it and suffer no great inconvenience.

I have said that the Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus was upon a platform to our right. But there were several successive temples of that name erected here. The first was a low and heavy building, of pure Etruscan architecture, which, tradition says, was designed by

the elder Tarquin, and built by the younger, some five centuries B. C. A legend tells us that when the foundations were being laid the builders unearthed a human head, — whereupon they immediately consulted the oracle, and learned that the spot where this head was discovered should one day become the head of the world. The name Capitoline (*caput*, a head) was accordingly given to the temple and to the hill itself. Four times was the Temple of Jupiter destroyed, and three times rebuilt; the last and most splendid restoration having been made by Domitian and ruined by the Vandals of Genseric, who were attracted by the brilliance of its gilt tiles. A lofty flight of stairs led to it from where we stand — and up these stairs the Cæsars climbed upon their knees to do homage to the national deity of Rome.

The Arx, upon the other height, contained the Temple of Juno Moneta, — Juno the adviser, — in which, on account of its secure and impregnable situation, the national mint was established. Another interesting word-development is here found, — our English “money,”

"monetary," "mint," from this old Roman coinage-room in Juno Moneta.

Facing us, and separating the Capitoline Hill from the Forum, stood the Tabularium, in which the records of the state were filed away, engraved on tablets of bronze. On the side of the Capitoline it rose to the height of an ordinary building; on the side of the Forum, below, its height was increased by the elevation of the hill.

The present aspect of the Capitoline is very different from that of Cæsar's time. The temples which rose on either hand, and the frowning battlements of the citadel, have left behind nothing but a few foundation-stones, scarcely more than enough to puzzle the traveller, — not enough to tell him of the architectural beauty which they once supported. Where the great marble staircase led the way to the Temple of Jupiter upon our right, is now the Museum of the Conservatori; where the approach to the citadel rose upon our left, now stands the dingy Church of Ara Coeli and the Capitoline Museum; where the Tabularium lifted its walls and arches just before us, is the Municipal Building with its offices,

resting upon the old foundations, which, honeycombed with vaults and passages, reach down to the Forum, as strong and firm to-day as when they were laid there in the consulship of Quintus Catulus in the first century B. C.

The two museums and the superstructure of the Municipal Building are Renaissance creations, designed by Michelangelo. They are neither better nor worse, architecturally, than many other Italian palaces, and are interesting not for their architecture, but for what they contain, the museums being filled with gems of antique sculpture and architectural fragments gathered from all quarters of the Roman city and Campagna, torn from their proper setting, it is true, and losing thus somewhat of their significance, yet eloquent of the greatness of those builders and sculptors of old who taught us nearly all that we know to-day of art and architectural design.

We must step into these museums and see a few of the great works which they contain. In the court of the Capitoline is Marforio, the river god, who used to bandy jokes with Pasquino; and near him the two Egyptian lions of black basalt, which formerly guarded

the foot of the steps leading to the Capitol, and by one of which Rienzi fell.

If pressed for time, we will pass the rooms on the ground floor, which are filled with sarcophagi, inscriptions, and statues, and will at once ascend the staircase by the side of which we find the fragments of the *Forma Urbis*, or "Marble Plan," a diagram of ancient Rome carved upon slabs of marble which originally covered a portion of the outside wall of the Temple of the Sacred City. It affords the most important clew which we possess to the topography of the Rome of imperial times.

At the head of the stairway we enter a hall in which are two noble works of sculpture, the Dying Gaul and the Faun of Praxiteles. Study carefully these statues, for we shall refer to them again when we take up the history of art as exemplified in the Roman galleries (vol. ii., 157). The so-called Antinoüs, the head of Bacchus, and several other sculptures in the same room are also worthy of your thoughtful notice. In the adjoining chamber we find the Faun with the Bunch of Grapes, of rosso antico, discovered in the Villa of Hadrian at Tivoli; in the room beyond, a fine pair of cen-

taurs wrought in dark marble, also a Jupiter, a Hercules, an Æsculapius, and a number of other beautiful works.

Still farther on, we enter the Hall of the Philosophers, and beyond that the Hall of the Emperors, each lined with nearly a hundred portrait busts, furnishing a rare commentary upon Roman character and Roman history. These two rooms give us a clearer conception of the sort of men who governed the ancient world, and of that other class who gave to it its intellectual greatness, than could be gained by reading pages of biography.

From the Hall of the Emperors we pass into a corridor also lined with busts and statues, among the best of which are a beautiful youthful head of Marcus Aurelius, an infant Hercules strangling a serpent, a satyr playing on a flute, and an exceedingly realistic old woman in a high state of intoxication. Upon the corridor open two rooms, the first of which contains the mosaic Doves found in the ruins of Hadrian's villa at Tivoli, and described by Pliny; the second has as its chief attraction the beautiful Venus of the Capitol, probably a copy of a work by Praxiteles. It

was originally in the Subura, and was built into a wall for safe-keeping, — a fact to which we owe its preservation during a period when works of this class were handled rather roughly by the early Christians.

Descending into the court and crossing the piazza, we enter now the Palace of the Conservators, and find another collection of antiques quite as interesting if not as famous as that of the Capitoline Museum. The entrance court contains among other things fragments of two colossal statues of Apollo, a colossal head, — probably Domitian, — and a pedestal from the Mausoleum of Augustus with an inscription which shows us that it originally supported the cinerary urn of Agrippina the elder, mother of Caligula. During the Middle Ages it was hollowed out and used as a measure for corn. Here also is a restoration by Michelangelo of the historic Columna Rostrata which stood in the Forum to commemorate the naval victories of Duilius.

Ascending a staircase lined with antique inscriptions and reliefs, — some of them from the Arch of Marcus Aurelius, which was destroyed by one of the mediæval popes, — we

enter a series of halls frescoed with scenes in Roman history, by d'Arpino, Volterra, Annibale Carracci, and other painters of less repute. These halls contain statues of popes and generals, some of them nobly executed and others not at all worth your notice. In the fourth room are the *Fasti Consulares*, a series of inscriptions upon marble, which once lined the interior of the *Regia*, or House of the High Priest. These inscriptions formed a series of official records giving the names of public officers from the earliest times to the beginning of the empire. They are to the scholar one of the most important memorials of ancient Rome, being to Roman history what the "Marble Plan" is to Roman topography. In the midst of the *Fasti* is a restoration by Michelangelo of the *Regia*, as it is supposed to have appeared when these marble inscriptions covered the walls of its central chamber.

Returning now toward the staircase through a corridor, and turning to the right, we enter the rooms devoted to the new collection, comprising the antiques which have been found since 1870. Here are more recently discovered *Fasti*, and a long corridor of busts; then two

rooms of bronzes and coins; then a great octagonal chamber containing the statues recently found in the Gardens of Mæcenas on the Esquiline. Here are many beautiful and interesting works of art,—an exquisitely draped Polyhymnia, a dancing Mænad in relief, and here, too, a bust of Commodus as Hercules, when that insane emperor was masquerading like a boy and murdering like a fiend. Here is the monument of that precocious boy, G. Sulpicius Maximus, who died at the age of eleven and a half years from overwork during the composition of certain Greek verses which won him a prize but cost him his life. The verses which killed him are inscribed upon the stone.

Next we enter a room devoted to urns and various ornaments of terra-cotta, then a room of bronzes containing the famous Bronze Wolf of the Capitol. This is supposed by some to be the figure which was set up by the ædiles Ogulnii in 297 B. C., but the identification is very questionable. The infants Romulus and Remus, who are deriving nourishment from the bronze animal, were added in early modern times, and do not add at all

to the dignity or artistic value of the statue. In the same room with the Wolf are several other interesting sculptures, the best of which is the boy extracting a thorn from his foot, sometimes called the Shepherd Martius, and familiar to us through casts and photographs.

Before leaving the museum, we may, if you wish, ascend another flight of stairs and pass through the Picture Gallery, which consists of eight rooms well filled with paintings dating from Francia to Poussin. There is nothing really remarkable in the collection, however, and we shall see in the other galleries of Rome better works of nearly all the artists here represented.

Let us now descend to the piazza and turn to the Municipal Building. This has a tower which we may ascend upon paying a half-lira to a sombre-visaged guard at the door, and from the summit we get our first view of the "Cradle of Roman Liberty." It were better for us if we could come to this scene without preconceived notions — if we could come without imagining how it would look, only remembering that great deeds have been wrought here and that the ground is holy. But no, — we

have been nourished in our childhood with pictures of the Arch of Titus overgrown with shrubbery and clinging vines; of the three fluted columns of the Temple of Vespasian lifting their heads in melancholy grandeur from heaps of broken frieze and ruined capitals. True, the arch is there; so, too, are the columns of the Temple of Vespasian and of Saturn and of Castor and Pollux, and the Arch of Septimius, and the Column of Phocas, but a painted wooden fence surrounds the Forum; the pick and shovel of the excavator have made a chaos of pits, crumbling walls, and rubbish heaps; red-trousered soldiers patrol the Sacred Way and keep the marbles of the Basilica Julia from finding their way into the pockets of the too enthusiastic tourist. Yonder is a little modern sentry-box where you pay your lira, and go down to inspect the curiosities. It is a museum, interesting to the antiquary, but disappointing at first sight to one who has about him any trace of sentiment.

CHAPTER V.

THE FORUM

THE Forum of the legendary age was a swampy lowland upon which traders from the little Roman city on the Palatine came down and built a group of huts. Here they carried on a business of sale and barter with the Sabines from the Quirinal and with other neighbouring tribes. After the war with the Sabines, Romulus and Tatius are said to have met here and concluded their treaty of alliance and consolidation, naming the spot where it was ratified the Comitium (from *coire*, to assemble). Tullus Hostilius, the third king of the united people, raised a rude stone building upon one side of this Comitium as a meeting-place for the senators, and called the structure after his own name, the Curia Hostilia. The Tarquins drained the region by diverting into the Cloaca Maxima an unruly little river which

meandered here across the bog, and the Forum assumed its present shape, the open space measuring some 530 feet in length by 150 feet in width at the northwestern or Capitoline end, and 120 feet in width at the southeastern end. The shops and stalls which surrounded it gradually gave way to the more noble buildings of the republic, and later to the magnificent marble temples and assembly-halls of the empire.

We will make a circuit of the Forum, and pass in review the most interesting of the ruins which surround us. Turning first, then, toward the western corner, where we came down from the Capitoline, we mount the lofty platform of the Temple of Saturn, which here lifts its eight Ionic pillars high above the surrounding ruins, forming one of the imposing features of the ancient place. This temple has been twice rebuilt. The last restoration was probably made during the fourth century, and, like much of the other architecture of that period, was a patchwork affair. Some of the pillars are of red granite and some of gray. Their bases are not all alike. The sculptured frieze is evidently stolen from some other building.

But the temples which preceded it were doubtless of a purer order. The first of them was built here almost five centuries before Christ, when the Capitoline was still the Hill of Saturn and the Roman republic was in its infancy.

Just beyond the Temple of Saturn the Vicus Jugarius led west to the vegetable market, and beyond this street rose the majestic outlines of the great Basilica Julia, or Court of the Emperor, — now only a restored pavement with sundry fragments of pillars stretching in parallel lines along its surface. This was the largest and perhaps the finest of the buildings in this quarter. It was begun by Julius Cæsar and finished by Augustus upon the ruins of the old Basilica Sempronia of Gracchus. It was occupied by the high Court of Appeals under the emperors. Pliny the Younger describes an important trial held here, at which eighty judges sat upon the bench, while the most noted lawyers of the realm stood on either side arrayed for the prosecution and defence, and the great hall and galleries were scarcely able to contain the crowd which thronged them.

Beyond the Basilica Julia, the Street of the

Tuscans (*Vicus Tuscus*) led from the Forum around the Palatine to the Circus Maximus. Cicero, in his oration against Verres, says that this street was paved so badly that Verres himself, who was the contractor for the job, would never walk upon it.

While standing here we cannot fail to take note of the isolated column which rises before us in the middle of the Forum. It is the

“ . . . nameless column with the buried base ”

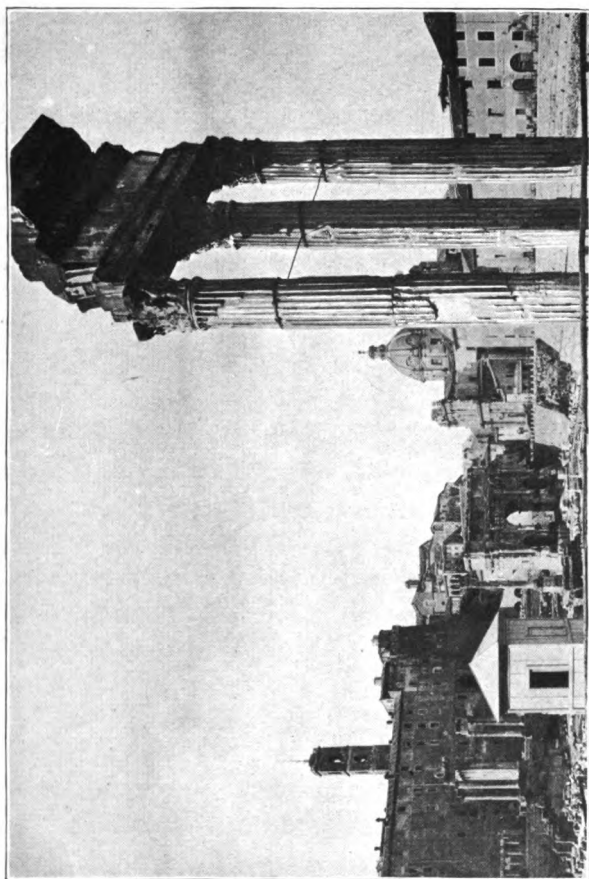
which Byron celebrates, though now no longer buried, and no longer nameless, since it has been excavated and an inscription found which reads: “ Zmaragdus has placed a gilt statue of his emperor upon the top of this lofty column.” The emperor referred to was Phocas, and the date 608 A. D., proving this to have been the last monument of any sort raised in the Forum before its abandonment during the Middle Ages. It is too good a column to have been made at that period, and was doubtless taken from some ruined temple.

Returning to the buildings upon the south side of the Forum, we see beyond the Basilica Julia, and just across the Street of the Tus-

cans, the three beautiful Corinthian columns of the Temple of Castor and Pollux, with their bit of ruined frieze still clinging to them. They are part of a restoration made in the decade before the birth of Christ. The original temple was then five centuries old, having been erected in the early days of the republic, to commemorate the fabulous visit of the twin gods and to render an acknowledgment of the help which they were supposed to have vouchsafed the Romans at the battle of Lake Regillus. When the victory had been won, the legend tells us, these celestial visitors hastened to Rome, announcing the tidings as they rode, and before departing stopped to water their steeds at the Pool of Juturna here in the Forum, just beside the little round Temple of Vesta.

“ When they drew nigh to Vesta,
They vaulted down amain,
And washed their horses in the well
That springs by Vesta’s fane.
And straight again they mounted,
And rode to Vesta’s door ;
Then, like a blast, away they passed,
And no man saw them more.”¹

¹ Macaulay : “ The Battle of Lake Regillus.”



THE TEMPLE OF CASTOR AND POLLUX

70. 1910
1910. 1910

Cicero, in the oration against Verres, brings to light another bit of jobbery connected with the care of this Temple of Castor and Pollux, which might well have occurred under a modern city government in the enlightened twentieth century A. D. It seems that a certain L. Rabonius had been employed to take care of the temple and to see that it was kept in repair. Verres, then prætor of the city, was greatly incensed that so little money was being spent for the maintenance of an important public building, and arranged with Rabonius to take down a number of pillars and put them up again at an expense of 560,000 sesterces, which was to be divided between Rabonius and Verres. Such incidents as this seem to blot out the centuries that separate us from the past.

We have now reached the southern limit of the Forum as it appeared at the time of the emperors. The Forum of the republican period extended about two hundred feet farther, but this space—nearly one-third of the entire length of the Forum—was cut off by the construction of the Temple-tomb of Julius Cæsar, raised by Augustus upon the spot where Cæsar's body was cremated. In front

of it was the Rostra Julia, made in imitation of the older rostra at the other end of the Forum, and used by the emperors when they desired to address the people.

At this end of the Forum there stood in the days of republican Rome a line of booths or stalls, one of which, tradition tells us, was occupied by the butcher shop where Virginius slew his daughter. The guides go so far as to point out a bit of masonry which they insist are the remains of the identical stall.

“Straightway Virginius led the maid a little space aside
To where the reeking shambles stood, piled up with
horn and hide,

Close to yon low, dark archway, where in a crimson
flood

Leaps down to the great sewer the gurgling stream of
blood.

Hard by, a flesher on a block had laid his whittle down;
Virginius caught the whittle up and hid it in his gown.

And then his eyes grew very dim, and his throat began
to swell,

And in a hoarse, changed voice he spake, ‘Farewell,
sweet child! Farewell!’”¹

Instead of completing at once the circuit of the Forum, we shall proceed to cover the

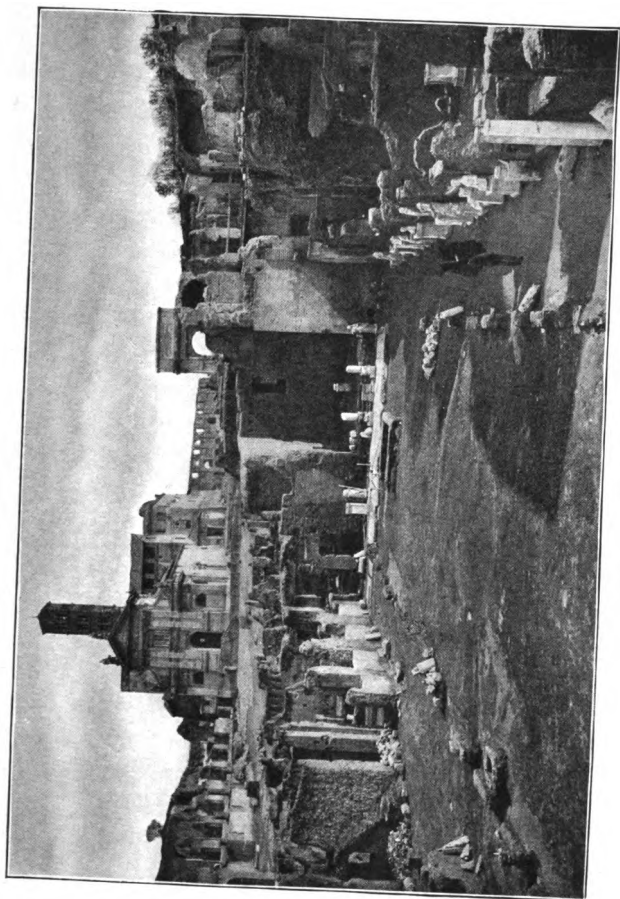
¹ Macanlay: “Virginia.”

entire rectangle formed by the excavations, continuing our walk as far to the southeast as the Colosseum. First, then, beyond the Temple of Castor and Pollux lay in ancient times the Pool of Juturna, or Curtian Lake, fed by a spring upon the side of the Palatine, and its overflow drained by a channel into the Cloaca Maxima, — a channel which in later times became covered and lost to view, but which by its erosion of the soil occasionally made its presence known in a somewhat startling manner. As late as 1715 an observer writes, "I remember to have seen in my early youth the ground open and sink into a chasm fifty cubits deep near the Three Columns, and a mass of water rush at the bottom of it." One of these manifestations probably furnished the basis for the legend of Marcus Curtius, who, when the Romans were in great distress because of a portentous chasm which had opened in the Forum, — a chasm which the oracle had declared could be closed only by the sacrifice of a Roman youth, — mounted his horse and plunged into the gulf, yielding up his life and thus propitiating the gods, who immediately closed the abyss.

The new excavations which have been made since 1899, under the intelligent direction of Signore Boni, and which are still being pursued, have disclosed the Fountain of Juturna, walled in with masonry and lined with slabs of marble. Stone steps lead down into the rectangular basin, at the bottom of which lies the pool, still fed by its ever-living spring. Beyond this pool is a well with an inscription which tells us that it was consecrated to the nymph by Marcus Barbatus Pollio, and before it is a small altar, attesting its religious character. Beyond the well we find another little shrine, its front decorated with two marble columns, upon which rests an architrave.

The most recent of the discoveries in this neighbourhood is an opening in the pavement lined with twelve large stones, roughly sculptured, and, near at hand, an altar with a pit containing the remains of sacrifices. It is believed that this was the altar dedicated to Marcus Curtius, and that the stone-lined opening may have been fitted up at a later date and preserved as the mouth of the chasm into which he leaped.

The new excavations on this side of the



THE HOUSE OF THE VESTALS

70 1941
1941 1941

Forum have also unearthed the splendid remains of a church, which is identified by an inscription as that of Santa Maria Antiqua, established in an inner hall of the Temple of Augustus, and dedicated in the fourth century to the worship of the Virgin, as a sort of offset to the Temple of Vesta which stood just across the Nova Via.

But we are already wandering up the slope of the Palatine, and must leave that venerable neighbourhood for another ramble. Returning, then, toward the Forum and crossing the Nova Via, just mentioned, we come upon the House of the Vestals. This was the dwelling-place of the six priestesses who took care of the sacred relics and who kept the holy fire burning. Not being allowed to go abroad and be seen of men, they were given a large and airy dwelling, where they might have room and exercise. This central space in which we stand was the atrium, an open court surrounded by a two-story colonnade, or cloister, from which opened the various apartments, — those on the lower floor used probably for official purposes, and those above for bedrooms. The pavement beneath our feet and the outer

walls upon our right are double, containing spaces through which hot air was made to circulate, — for the Romans of the time of Hadrian, by whom this house was built, used furnaces to temper the chilly January winds, while their successors, at the beginning of this twentieth century A. D., sit in their cheerless palaces, and shiver until the sun comes out. The traveller who is unfortunate enough to visit Rome in winter is always impressed with the persistent way in which the people refuse to recognize the cold, and is lost in chilly admiration for the fortitude with which they refuse artificial heat upon a rainy day, and wait for the sunshine. The Vestal Virgins certainly enjoyed more “modern conveniences” nineteen centuries ago than do the Roman girls of to-day.

Amid these ruins were found a great number of honorary pedestals with inscriptions referring to the Vestals. Nearly thirty such inscriptions have been discovered here, besides several in other parts of the city. One of the most interesting is that referring to a Vestal of distinguished piety and virtue, whose name was erased from the pedestal because of some

great offence. Perhaps she broke her vows, or became converted to Christianity. We do not know. The inscription only tells us that, because of her purity, modesty, and remarkable knowledge of ritualistic and religious matters, the high priests erected to her this monument in the magistracy of Macrinus Sossianus, — but where her name once appeared is now a blank. “Ob meritum castitatis, pudicitiae, atque in sacris religionibusque doctrinae mirabilis — virgini Vestali maximae, Pontifices viri clarissimi, pro magistro Macrinio Sossiano viro clarissimo, pro meritis.” Prudentius mentions a distinguished convert to the Christian faith from among the company of the Vestal Virgins, and it is quite possible that this honoured woman was the one.

The ruined house with its beautiful fragments of frieze and capital and column, with its grave and silent statues of the Vestals ranged about it as if watching to see that we preserve inviolate the sanctity of their abode, makes us wish to linger, but we realize that the day is waning and that we have yet other ruins to explore.

The original Temple of Vesta is supposed

to have been built just to the north of this spot by Numa a few years after the founding of the city, and it was probably little more than a hut of clay and wood covered with a thatch of straw. The sacred fire was established here, and kept ever burning by the Vestal Virgins, though the temple was several times rebuilt around it. The last temple was of white marble, circular in design, and very beautiful. Nothing now remains of it except a shapeless mass of masonry which probably formed its foundations.

We need not stop to examine this ruin nor the Regia, the house of the high priest, which once lifted its exquisite white marble façade upon our left, still north of the Temple of Vesta. The Regia remained almost intact until the sixteenth century, and was sketched at that time by artists, but the rapacity of the papal builders of those times converted it into stone with which to build St. Peter's, and what could not be used for stone was burned to make lime. Nothing now remains of it save its crumbling foundations, and the celebrated inscriptions known as the Fasti Con-

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THE COLOSSEUM, SEEN THROUGH THE ARCH OF TITUS

THE NEW ALPHABET

sulares, which we have seen in the Museum of the Conservators.

Turning now toward the Arch of Titus, which looms above the surrounding mass of ruins to the eastward, we observe between it and the House of the Vestals a partly excavated space which was occupied by the Arcade of the Pearl Dealers (*Porticus Margaritaria*), a building erected in the second century A. D., and devoted to the shops of goldsmiths, jewellers, perfumers, and florists. It was about the size of the House of the Vestals or the Basilica Julia, and was, hence, one of the largest buildings in the neighbourhood of the Forum. That portion of it which has been brought to light yields little return to the antiquary, for, like the Regia, it was almost razed to the ground by the spoilers of early modern times.

We have now reached the Arch of Titus, and, climbing out from the excavations to the level of the modern soil, we see, beyond the Arch, the Colosseum and the pink mass of brick and mortar which marks the site of the Temple of Venus and Rome. This Arch of Titus was built to commemorate the conquest

of Jerusalem, and is decorated with appropriate sculptures. On one side we see the emperor in his chariot drawn by four horses, slightly the worse for wear, but still in vigorous action; on the other side, the seven-branched candlestick and other holy Jewish relics, borne away to Rome by the conquerors in triumphal procession. This sacred candlestick had a checkered career after its seizure in the holy city. Brought to Rome and placed in the Temple of Peace, it was captured nearly four centuries afterward by the Vandals and taken to Carthage; then recaptured within another century by Belisarius and sent to Constantinople; then, as is supposed by some, restored to Rome, and finally lost in the Tiber, where the Jewish legend tells us it is still lying imbedded in the yellow clay, some time to be restored to its holy office, — when the Jews regain their lost estate and come into the possession of their kingdom.

It is not strange that the Jews whom Titus brought to Rome, driven as they were each morning from their filthy quarters in the Ghetto, past this monument which celebrated their degradation, to their daily task upon the

building of the Colosseum, — came to detest the arch so cordially that not one of them would pass beneath it except upon compulsion. Nor was their dislike made less when it was decreed by the Church that, upon the elevation of a Pope, the Jewish residents in Rome should decorate with tapestries and sumptuous hangings, at their own expense, this hated monument, beneath which the papal procession passed in its circuit of the city.

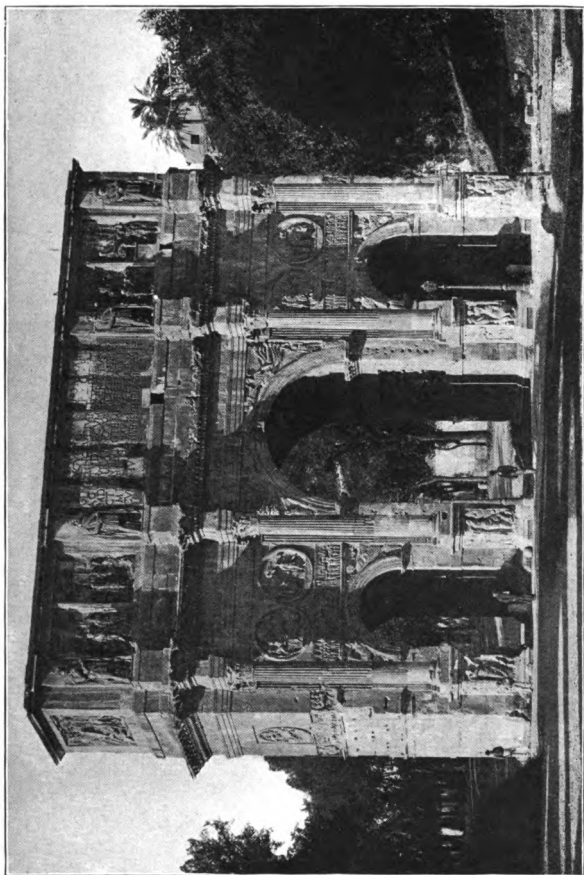
As we look back at the Arch of Titus, boldly outlined against the ruin-strewn slopes of the Palatine, we recall that just beside it stood the Temple of Jupiter Stator, which tradition says was vowed by Romulus to the Father of Gods and Men if he would but stay the flight of the Romans when the Sabine warriors were pursuing them. It was in this temple that Cicero thundered his first oration against Catiline when the arch conspirator appeared at a meeting of the Senate convened here in special session to consider his crime: "*Quo usque tandem abutere, Catilina, patientia nostra?*" — Every one who has ever studied Latin remembers the first lines of it by heart.

We can proceed but a few rods farther east-

ward before we reach the end of the Sacred Way, with the Colosseum before us and the Arch of Constantine upon our right, spanning the modern Via San Gregorio. We notice before the Colosseum a peculiar conical mound of brickwork known as the "Sweating-goal." All sorts of theories have been advanced to account for this name. The most probable of them is that the "goal" was a fountain, shaped like the goal of the Circus, and emitting water through a great many small apertures, from which the old Romans conceived the idea of sweating. Seneca mentions this goal as a place where people were fond of trying new flutes and bugles, "making an unbearable noise." Perhaps there was a music store near by, in the Arcade of the Pearl Dealers.

The Arch of Constantine is a curious mixture of good and bad sculpture, the good pilfered from the Arch of Trajan on the Appian Way, the bad made to order by fourth-century stone-masons especially for this work. It is difficult for the uninstructed to see just how the statues of Trajan's Dacian prisoners above the columns of the arch, or the reliefs of Trajan's bear-hunt, can redound greatly to

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THE ARCH OF CONSTANTINE

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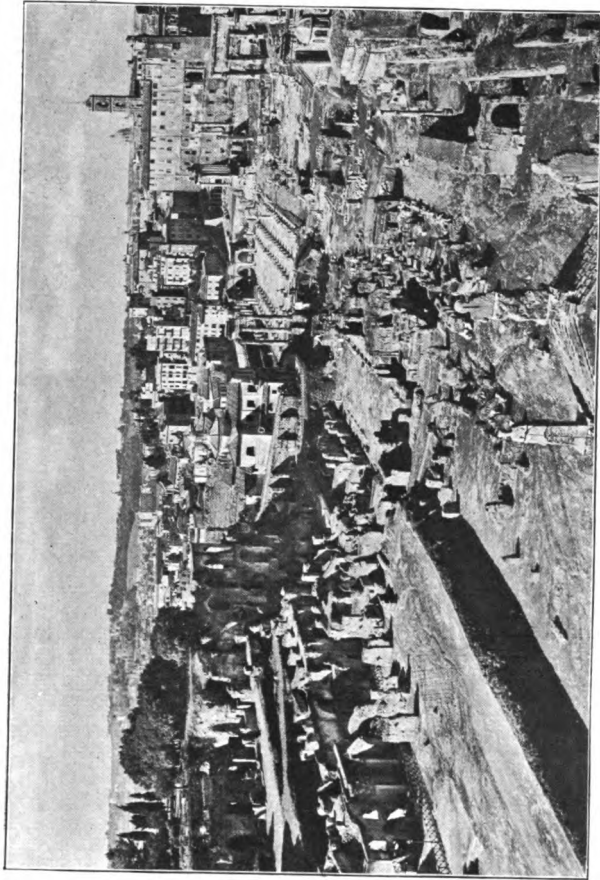
the glory of Constantine, but when we look at the later reliefs which represent Constantine in the act of doing various things, we cannot but praise the wisdom of the builders for using so large a portion of Trajan's cast-off sculptures, and only wish there had been enough of them to go around. After all, it makes little difference to us now which of the two emperors gets the most triumph out of this arch.

As there is not time to-day to explore the Colosseum, we leave that for another ramble and retrace the Sacred Way, examining the ruins which line its northeastern side. First, then, is the pile of masonry which was once the Temple of Venus and Rome. This great building — the largest in the neighbourhood of the Forum — was twice the size of the Julian Basilica, and extended from the Colosseum to the Arch of Titus. It was in reality two temples, back to back, one facing the Colosseum, the other the Forum. They were under one roof, and surrounded by a peristyle composed of granite columns six feet in diameter. The plans were made by Hadrian, and a story is told therewith which is worth repeat-

ing. Hadrian was something of an architect, and was quite fond of making his own designs for the great public buildings which were constructed under his reign. When he had completed his plans for the Temple of Venus and Rome, he submitted them to Apollodorus of Damascus, the greatest architect of his time, and asked advice. Apollodorus ventured to say that the foundations of the temple were not high enough, and that the statues were so disproportionately large that if they should wish to get up and walk out they would not be able to get through the doors. Hadrian was hurt, but he soothed his sorrow, in a measure, by having Apollodorus beheaded. It was never quite safe to be frank with a Roman emperor.

Upon the ruins of the western peristyle of the Temple of Venus and Rome, stands the seventeenth-century Church of Santa Francesca Romana. Let us climb to the tower of this building, for the view will well repay the effort. Looking toward the Capitoline, we now see the most interesting part of the ancient city spread out below us. This is on the whole a more comprehensive view than that which we gained from the opposite tower upon the

VIEW OF ROMA



THE FORUM, FROM SANTA FRANCESCA ROMANA

THE WORLD ABANDONED

Municipal Building, though the one is the complement of the other. Just at our feet the Sacred Way, paved with rough blocks of stone, pursues its course toward the Capitoline Hill. It has already turned at the Arch of Titus, and resumed a northwesterly direction at the door of the Temple of Venus and Rome, beneath where we now stand. Upon its right, below us, are the Basilica of Constantine, the round Temple of Romulus, the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina; the broken piers of the Basilica Æmilia and the platform of the Comitium; upon its left are the Arcade of the Pearl Dealers, the House of the Vestals, the Regia, the Temple-tomb of Cæsar, and the open Forum. At the farther end of the Forum it passes beneath the Arch of Severus, and turns eastward into the Clivus Argentarius.

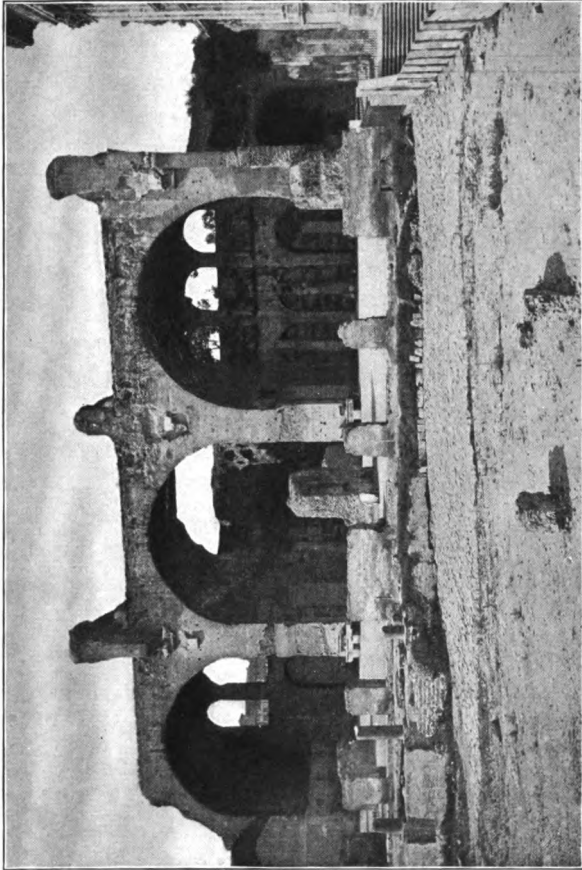
This was the route which Horace took one morning when that pestilent fellow whom he has described in his ninth satire overtook him and fastened upon him, promising to spend the day with him. The poet resisted, made excuses, pleaded an engagement with a man who lived "a great way off across the Tiber, just by Cæsar's gardens." Excuses were in vain.

The fellow would go with him. Fuscus Aristius passes; and instead of helping his friend, laughs at his predicament and passes on, but beyond the Temple of Vesta the fellow's adversary at law luckily appears, and summons him to attend a case in the Julian Basilica. "Thus," says Horace, "Apollo preserved me." You can almost see the scene as you look down, and reconstruct in imagination the surroundings, — the temples, the Sacred Way, and the gay Roman crowd which filled it, while the great poet of the Augustan age strolls idly along, thinking out an ode to Mæcenas, until interrupted by this celebrity hunter, who is determined to get acquainted with the greatest literary lion of his times.

But how small the Forum seems! An open square, scarcely larger than a half-dozen city building lots, paved with slabs of travertine, and made to appear still smaller by reason of the space taken from it by the bases of a score of honorary statues!

We can see from this lofty vantage-ground more than the Forum and the Sacred Way. On our left rises the Palatine, girt about with the ruined arches of the Palace of the Cæsars,

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THE BASILICA OF CONSTANTINE

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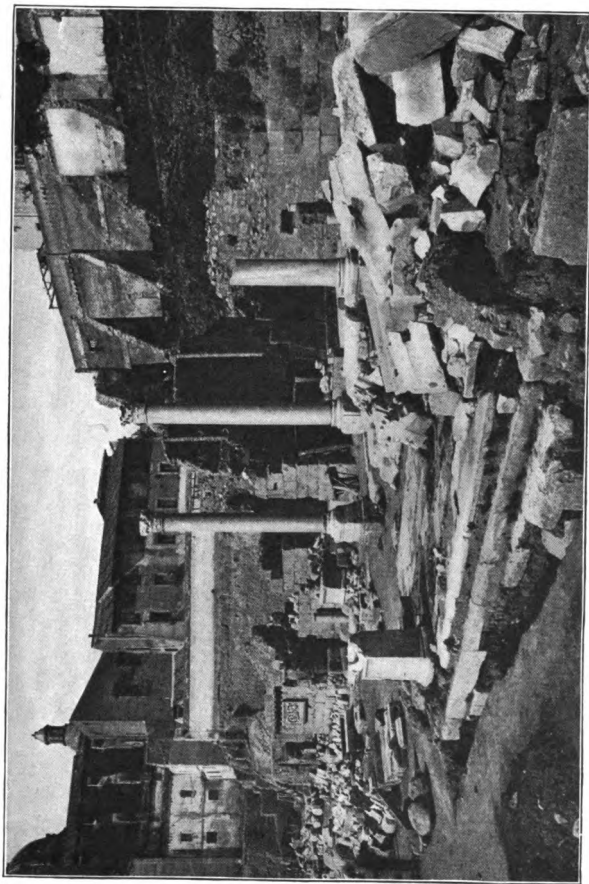
and crowned with gardens. In the distance, across the Tiber, swell the softly rounded outlines of Mount Janiculum, beautiful with its mansions and villas, while to the right upon the green edge of the Vatican Hill, visible just over the summit of the Capitoline, the dome of St. Peter's shimmers like an opal in the afternoon sun.

Descending again to the level of the Sacred Way, we find upon our right, rising nearly a hundred feet above the ground, the three great vaulted arches of the Basilica of Constantine, otherwise known as the Temple of Peace. They formed one side of a temple built by Maxentius, and appropriated by his conqueror, Constantine, just in time to add the finishing touches and give to it his name. Important buildings erected under the emperors were generally, like this basilica, of solid masonry, the roof being simply an extension of the walls, upheld by the arch. We have seen the perfection of this in the Pantheon, and shall see it again in the great imperial Baths of Caracalla.

Beyond the Basilica of Constantine we find the odd, little round temple, or heroon, built and dedicated by Maxentius to his son Romu-

lus, a youth who bore the name, but not the attributes, of the founder of the city, and who died before his expectation of becoming an emperor could be realized. Behind it is the Temple of the Sacred City — *Templum Sacræ Urbis*. The two were connected in the sixth century, and dedicated to the worship of Saints Cosmus and Damianus, Christian physicians and martyrs. The Temple of the Sacred City, which was built by Vespasian, had two entrances, one upon this little street to the right, which separates it from the Basilica of Constantine; the other to the north upon the Forum of Peace, where it was decorated with the celebrated "Marble Plan" of Rome, the fragments of which we have already seen in the Capitoline Museum.

Passing a few unimportant fragments of masonry, we come upon another parasitic church, — that of San Lorenzo in Miranda, which inhabits the shell of the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina. The temple was erected during the life of the emperor Antoninus Pius, to the worship of his noble wife, Faustina, who died before her husband, and who, according to the good old pagan custom, was apotheo-



THE BASILICA AEMILIA

TO THE
LIBRARY

sized and added to the company of gods and goddesses. When Antoninus had made his last voyage, with the grim boatman, he too was invited to join the company of the Roman deities, and his name was placed above that of his wife upon the portico of her temple. This deification has its amusing side and its touch of pathos as well. A respectable Roman emperor in those days was such a rare and beautiful thing that it is small wonder the people wanted to make a god of him.

Beyond this temple, the Basilica Æmilia, with its columns of Phrygian marble, faced the upper end of the Forum, while still beyond, and somewhat back, rose the Temple of Janus, whose doors were never closed except in times of peace, — which was seldom, indeed, in ancient Rome. The Basilica Æmilia is represented by a ruined wall of tufa, a line of columns, and a marble pavement strewn with fragments of frieze and capital, which have been laid bare by recent excavators.

Between this basilica and the Temple of Janus ran the street of the booksellers, the Argiletum, connecting the Forum with the Forum Transitorium. Horace, Martial, and

other Roman poets and writers refer to this classic locality, which was a rendezvous for the Roman *literati*. The booksellers were publishers as well, and often paid an author of note for the privilege of copying his book. The origin of the modern copyright thus dates back nearly twenty centuries, to the Roman publishers, whose slaves copied manuscripts on vellum, and who sold them here in this little street just off the Roman Forum.

A Roman volume was usually a long strip of parchment or papyrus closely written by the publishers' slaves, rolled sometimes upon sticks of wood or of ivory, and bound often with illuminated parchment. A less common form was the tablets, fastened together at the back, more like our modern book. Cicero writes to Atticus, the bookseller, asking him to send over two bookbinders with a supply of parchment upon which to engross in colours the titles of his books. The bookbinders were sent, and Cicero was so pleased with their work that he wrote to Atticus a letter of commendation, — a sort of testimonial as it were, which Atticus could hardly have suspected would be

read by American college youths twenty centuries after his death.

An average literary work required many volumes. A volume discovered in the Island of Philæ is eight feet long by ten inches wide, and contains between six hundred and seven hundred verses of the Iliad. The entire Iliad in this edition would thus require some forty or more volumes. Usually, however, a Roman volume consisted of a canto or a chapter.

The demand for books was very great. There were in Rome twenty-nine imperial public libraries from which responsible citizens were probably allowed to draw books as in our circulating libraries. Private individuals also had large collections. Sammonicus Serenus, the tutor of Gordian, had in his library sixty-two thousand volumes. Hence it will be seen that the Argiletum was the centre of a busy trade during the golden age of Roman literature.

Beyond the Argiletum, spreading out to the right, is the paved platform of the Comitium, somewhat higher than the Forum. The Comitium was, in fact, but an extension of the

Forum, having been reserved in the early days of the republic for civil and political business, while the Forum itself was made the people's market-place. Later, however, the markets were crowded out into fora of their own. In the midst of the Comitium stood the miraculous fig-tree of Attus Navius, the augur; around it were the statues of Rome's greatest citizens. It was the favourite haunt of the patricians, and formed an esplanade before the most important building of the Forum, the Roman Senate House, to which it naturally leads us.

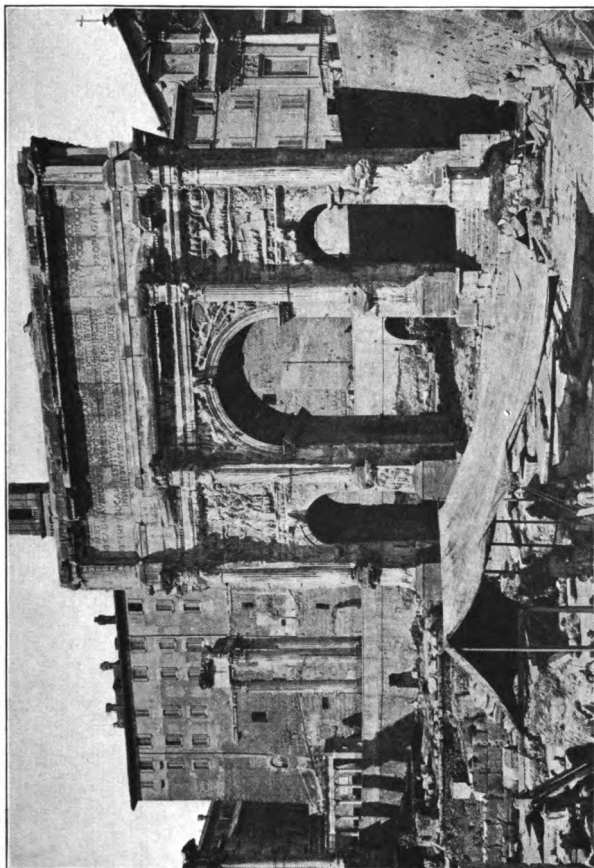
The importance of the Senate House lay not in any architectural beauty, for it was an unpretentious building, but in its historical and political significance as the birthplace of Roman law and the centre of Roman government. Mention has already been made of the first rude structure raised upon this spot by Tullus Hostilius, and called the Curia Hostilia. The Senators met there during nearly the entire republican period, seated upon hard benches in a hall warmed during the winter season only by the fitful sunshine that stole in through its southern door. In a civil brawl during the first century B. C., the building was burned by

the partisans of Clodius the tribune. After two attempts at rebuilding, followed by changes of plan, Julius Cæsar was commissioned to undertake the work. The building begun by him, under the name of the Curia Julia, was completed by Augustus, and used for three centuries by the puppet senators of the imperial government. It was destroyed in the fire of Carinus, rebuilt by Diocletian, and converted into a church about 630 A. D. Toward the end of the sixteenth century a Roman cardinal, Bonelli by name, conceived the idea of bisecting it, and thus making two churches of it instead of one. His street, the modern Via Bonella, runs through the midst, dividing the old building into the Churches of San Adriano and Santa Martina, which still stand on the edge of the recent excavations.

Across the Comitium, where it touches the Sacred Way, was discovered in 1899 a large slab of polished black marble, about nine by twelve feet in size, to which has been given the name of the "Black Stone" (*Niger Lapis*). Under it are a broken column, a pyramid inscribed with archaic Greek characters, a number of sacrificial remains, and two rectangular

piers, between which are an altar and a tomb. Boni, Lanciani, and other Roman archæologists believe these piers supported the two stone lions mentioned by Varro as standing over the Tomb of Romulus. The workmanship is old Etruscan, and the inscription upon the pyramid, while not entirely clear, seems to contain directions for the priests regarding the sacrifices. There is certainly ground for belief that we have found here what the ancients supposed to be the resting-place of the founder of the Roman city. It is at all events one of the very oldest of Roman memorials, and was held especially holy, as the sacrifices attest.

At the farther end of the Comitium, the Sacred Way, along which we have been wandering, passes under the Arch of Septimius Severus, — one of the landmarks of the Forum. It is rather too bad that of the four arches which once adorned the Forum — those of Augustus, Fabius, Tiberius, and Septimius Severus — the poorest of them is the one which has remained to our day. This Arch of Severus is imposing in the mass, but when we come to study the sculptures upon it, we shall see that they were the work of a third-rate



THE "BLACK STONE," AND THE ARCH OF SEPTIMIUS SEVERUS

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stone-cutter, who a century before would not have been allowed to make paving-blocks for the Roman streets. We will consider them more carefully when we take up the art history of Rome.

To the right of the Arch of Severus and at the northern corner of the Forum, beyond the churches which stand above the Senate House, we see another church, that of San Giuseppe de' Falegnami, under the shadow of the Capitoline. It is outwardly a quite mild and altogether ordinary church, but it covers the horrible dungeon of the Tullianum, established by Ancus Martius, fourth of the Roman kings, and used as the state prison of ancient Rome. It is perhaps better known to some by its mediæval name, the Mamertine Prison. At its bottom, twelve feet beneath the level of the Forum, water oozes through the walls, making the place damp and pestilential. Certain scholars advance the theory that this Tullianum was originally a well for the use of the garrison of the citadel just above it on the Capitoline, but that the water was found to be either unwholesome or insufficient, and was accordingly drained into the Cloaca. The well, they sug-

gest, was then roofed over with a heavy layer of masonry, leaving the small opening which we may now see, for the accommodation of the wretches whom the government thrust down to perish in the filth and darkness. Jugurtha, the proud Numidian king, went down into it, saying, with a shudder, "By Hercules, how cold is this bath of yours!" Lentulus, Cethegus, and others of the fellow conspirators of Catiline also descended into its noisome depths where they were strangled by a semiofficial ruffian employed by Cicero, then consul. Many a tale of crime and intrigue might be revealed if those dumb walls could speak. But we shall pass them by until we make our pilgrimage among the churches, — for over the Tullianum grew up a prison in which St. Peter and St. Paul are said to have been confined at a later time, when they dared to preach the word of Christ in this centre of a pagan empire.

We have now reached again the north-western end of the Forum. This was occupied by three temples, dedicated respectively to Concord, to Vespasian, and to the Twelve Gods, — built close against the walls of the

Tabularium, which covered the slope of the Capitoline.

The Temple of Concord, rising behind the spot now occupied by the Arch of Septimius Severus, was built by Camillus, the dictator, to celebrate the passage of the Licinian laws and the conclusion of peace between patricians and plebeians. The peace, however, was but a truce and "Concord" an empty name. Some 250 years after the erection of the temple, Opimius, the patrician, brought about the death of Gaius Gracchus and three thousand of the plebs, whereupon he felt constrained to restore and rededicate this building. The plebs were greatly incensed, and an unknown wit changed in the night his inscription upon the portico, making it read "Discord raises this temple to Concord." Tiberius, another most discordant person, again rebuilt it, but nothing now remains save the platform of masonry on which it stood. Its marbles are scattered throughout a half-dozen Roman museums and its glory is gone forever.

Next to the Temple of Concord was the Temple of Vespasian, raised by Domitian to the worship of his deified father. The three

fluted Corinthian columns, with a corner of the frieze resting upon them, are a most beautiful ruin. Though somewhat similar in style to the three columns of Castor and Pollux, they are easily distinguished by being triangularly placed, forming the corner of a portico, while those of Castor are in a straight line.

The Temple of the Twelve Gods, or Dii Consentes, is the last of the buildings in our circuit of exploration. It is not strictly upon the Forum, but back from it in the angle made by the Temples of Vespasian and of Saturn. Here we find a colonnade extending along the wall of the Tabularium and obliquely across the square to the retaining wall of the Clivus Capitolinus, forming the front of a triangular building with a triangular court before it. At what time the first building was erected is a matter of some doubt, but the present remains date from the fourth century, when one Prætextatus, a wealthy pagan of the old school, who grieved to see the worship of the gods declining, got together an even dozen of them, six of each sex, gilded them, and enshrined them here in a vain effort to keep his countrymen from accepting Christianity.

There are a few more ruins at which we have not glanced in this brief survey. Here before us, at the foot of the steps which led up to the Temple of Vespasian, is one of the most interesting of the recent discoveries which have come to light as the result of Commendatore Boni's excavations. It consists of five little vaulted chambers, built after the manner known as "*opus reticulatum*," — prisms of tufa laid obliquely in imitation of network. This ruin is supposed by some authorities to be the original Rostra, detracting somewhat from the importance of the piece of masonry just behind it, which long received homage as the birthplace of popular oratory, but which these scholars now declare to be a later platform used by speakers in the times of the Flavian emperors. The newly discovered but more ancient monument corresponds with the relief upon the celebrated Lollia coin, — a relief, by the way, which has greatly puzzled archæologists, until its subject now comes to light and claims identification. From this platform, Cicero and Hortensius, the Gracchi, and Cato the Censor spoke winged words to the people, setting models for that argumentative

style of oratory which has ever since been known as forensic, — “of the Forum.” We are told that the structure was ornamented with six brazen beaks from the ships captured at Antium, — hence the name Rostra, “the beaks,” — but in the later days of the republic, it was adorned with other trophies far less innocent. The heads of the victims of Marius’s and Sulla’s proscriptions were here exposed to view, and finally the head and hands of the aged Cicero were ironically nailed by his murderers to the platform which had been the scene of his triumphs.

Between the older and the later Rostra, just at the corner of the Temple of Saturn, was the Golden Milestone of Augustus, upon which were engraved the distances of principal stations on the military roads. This monument is made historic as the nocturnal meeting-place of Otho and his fellow conspirators of the Pretorian Guard, when they put Galba to death and raised the chief murderer to the throne. The marble base is still discernible above the stones of the pavement. At the other end of the Rostra toward the Arch of Severus is the round base of another ancient finger-post, the

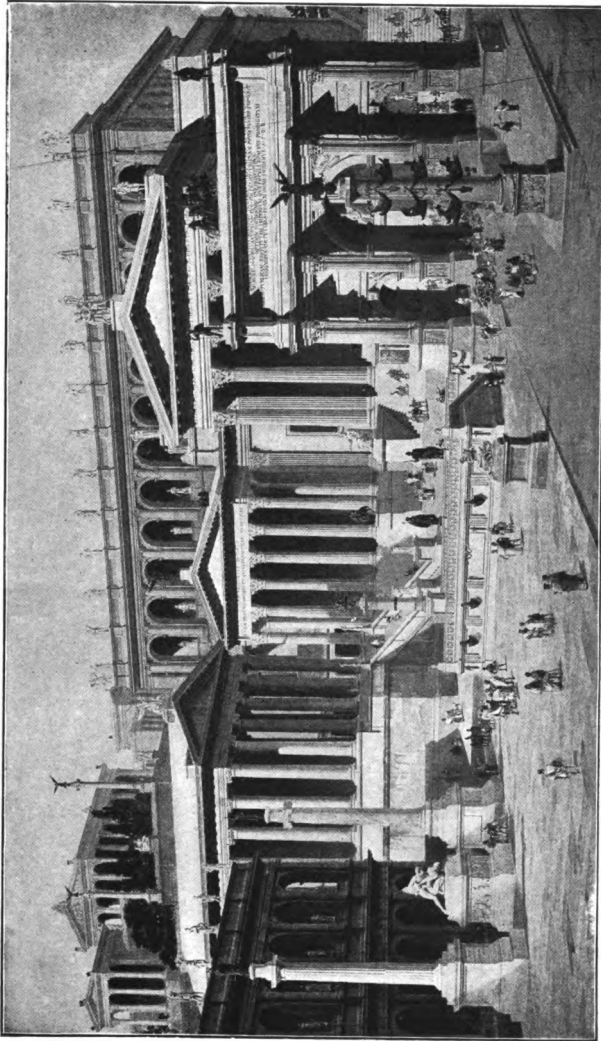
Umbilicus, which Diocletian raised to mark the centre of the Roman world.

The excavations that have been made in the Forum since 1899 have destroyed another illusion than that of the Rostra. A few years ago visitors were shown holes in the earth, near the Basilica Julia, which were said to descend into the Cloaca Maxima. True, there is here an ancient sewer, but it was built probably not earlier than the republican era. That really monumental creation of the Tarquins, mentioned so often in Roman literature, has been identified with a great channel descending from the Esquiline and crossing the Forum in the direction of the Vicus Jugarius. It is rudely but strongly built, of huge blocks of tufa squared with an axe, and seems in all probability to have been the sewer through which the ancient writers tell us a team of oxen and a load of hay could easily be driven, and through which Agrippa is said to have once made a journey in his barge. Fragments of archaic vases, sacrificial remains, and inscriptions in Greek and Etruscan characters prove the great antiquity of the structure.

Looking across the paved area of the Forum,

we may see beside the Column of Phocas a few broken pillars along the southeastern margin, which during the last decade have been raised again upon their bases, after perhaps ten centuries of neglect. The works which once adorned them are either destroyed or scattered among the museums. The bronze equestrian statue of Constantine or Domitian or Marcus Aurelius — no one seems to know with any certainty which of the three it represented — has also been wrested from its place near the centre of the Forum, and only a trace of its foundations are visible. The two marble Plutei, or screens, designed, doubtless, for some good purpose, and adorned with sculptures of sacrificial beasts and of a Roman crowd, are now interesting mainly for the various theories which have been manufactured to account for them. Whether a guard or screen before an altar, whether a gangway to keep Roman citizens from crowding when they went to vote in the Comitium, or whether something still other, is quite uncertain. We cannot reconstruct them, and can only guess what they were meant to represent.

The sun has been sinking behind the Pala-



THE ROMAN FORUM
(A Restoration by Professor E. Becchetti)
Courtesy of Ginn & Company

tine, and has thrown the Forum into shadow. We have become accustomed to the chaos which at first appalled us, and have been able to locate old landmarks which are dear to the heart of every student. Sitting now in the dusk upon a pile of masonry beside the House of the Vestals, we absorb the romance of the spot. The imagination sets to work, and out of these masses of brick and broken arches reconstructs the ancient temples, basilicæ, and palaces, with gilded roofs and marble façades, the statues, the fountains, the incense-breathing altars, and the shaded colonnades swept by the white togas of the Roman Senators.

The noonday sun is too bright to let fancy show us all that we should like to see, but in the dim twilight the ghosts of the buried past walk forth again. In front of those columns of Castor and Pollux yonder, the two mysterious horsemen bathe their steeds again in the Fountain of Juturna. By that crumbling mass of masonry which marks the shops of the Via Sacra, Virginius snatches again the blade that takes his daughter's life and saves her honour. At the farther end of the Forum rises once more the Rostra, and from its platform

Cicero speaks for the Manilian Law, or hurls his anathemas against Catiline.

But gradually a change comes over the scene. The Temple-tomb of Cæsar fills part of the space that had been the meeting-place of the Roman people. The great Basilica Julia overshadows it on one side, the Temple of Vespasian rises before it, the Palace of the Cæsars frowns down upon it from the Palatine, the Forum narrows with the narrowing liberties of the people, and instead of teeming with a busy multitude of free Roman citizens it is crowded with imperial arches and statues of deified emperors. The Pretorian Guards march grimly back and forth where once the tribunes spoke. Splendid processions, glistening uniforms, pomp and display attract the eyes of a people who have lost their souls. Force rules, Liberty is dead, and Corruption has sapped the foundations of ancient virtue.

Again the scene is changed. Long-haired barbarians are now thronging the Forum. Shaggy, blond beards, cold blue eyes, the bodies of giants and the hearts of tigers, — there is little hope for Rome when Alaric and his band of Goths have tasted blood. By night

the rude carts of the barbarians, lighted by blazing roofs, and piled with costly furniture and plate, are taking their way down the Via Sacra. They have gone, and with them passes the glory of the Forum.

The palaces and temples are in ruins. Three times has the Forum been swept by fire; again and again have floods from the Tiber left their deposits of yellow mud; dust has been blown hither by the winds; rains have washed down the soil from the slopes of the Palatine; refuse has accumulated, and the level is now thirty feet above the ancient pavement. The people still gather here to voice their grievances, but are scattered like dogs by the hired soldiery of the Colonna and the Orsini. Pillage, murder, rapine, are the daily order. The princely families quarrel with one another and butcher the populace. Rome is in chains. A light breaks for a moment as Rienzi breathes into these slaves thoughts of their glorious past, and makes them realize by his marvellous eloquence the heritage which their fathers have bestowed upon them. But in a few short months Rienzi pleads with them in vain. The same people who hailed him as their deliverer

stop their ears and rush on him with daggers because he has imposed a tax upon them to preserve their liberties. They have become paupers as well as slaves.

The air grows damp and chill. A white miasma rises from the mouldering masses beneath us, a miasma in which we see the ghosts of ancient pleb and senator, of imperial soldier and Gothic invader, of baron and monk and outraged citizen whose mingled blood has soaked this soil.

We turn suddenly as a trembling hand is laid upon our shoulder. A beggar stands there in the dusk with hollow eyes, and skinny palm stretched out for charity. "*Signore, datemi qualche cosa,*" whines the spectre. This is the modern inhabitant of the region. We leave him to his inheritance, and with a shudder start for our hotel, wondering if we have taken the Roman fever.

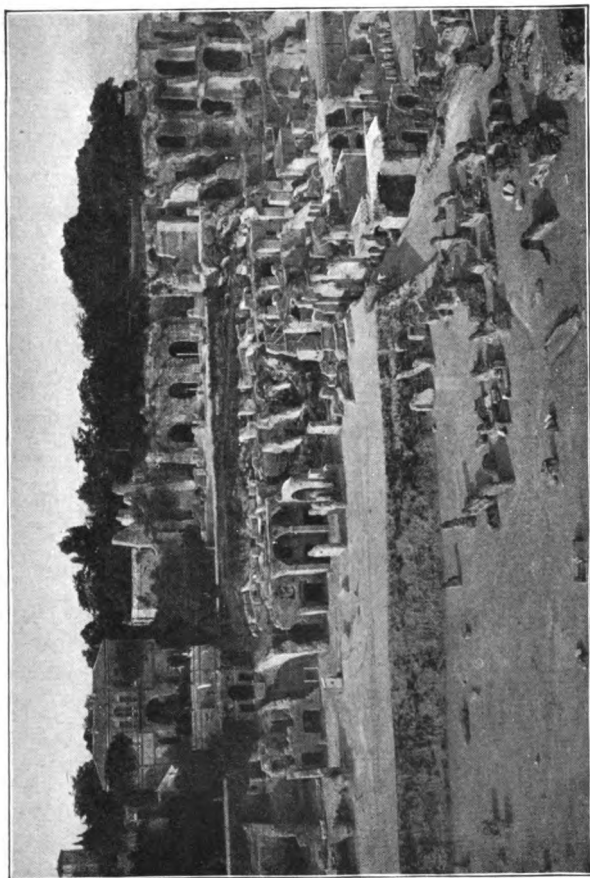
CHAPTER VI.

THE PALATINE AND THE ESQUILINE

IN our former excursions we have seen monuments of the empire, of the republic, and of the kings, but to-day we shall go back to the age in which Roman history loses itself in tradition, and visit the locality connected with the founding of the city.

Returning to the Forum, we look to the southwest toward the slopes of the Palatine. This was the hill upon which stood primeval Rome. Here, the legend tells us, Rhea Sylvia's twins, stranded by the subsiding Tiber, found shelter in the den of the she-wolf. Here Romulus, grown to manhood, built his wall and slew his brother Remus for jocosely trying to leap over it. To this place, when the Romans wanted wives, they carried off the Sabine women, and after the war which ensued had been satisfactorily fought out and the Sabines

had settled upon the Capitoline, the walls of Servius Tullius were made to include not only these two hills and the Forum lying between, but the five other elevations which made up the seven-hilled city, namely, the Aventine, the Cœlian, the Esquiline, the Viminal, and the Quirinal, — the last three being properly not hills at all, but spurs from the higher tableland which lay to the east. Thus did the seven-hilled city come into being. Here on the Palatine, during the republic, Drusus, tribune of the plebs, Quintus Catulus, the consul, Catiline, Hortensius, Cicero, and other famous statesmen and orators had their homes. Here, during the early empire, under Augustus, was begun that wonderful accretion of palaces known as the House of the Cæsars, the Latin name of the hill, *Palatium*, being applied also to the imperial residence, and afterward to all houses of royalty. In our English word, “palace,” is thus embalmed a fragment of the history of the Palatine Hill. Tiberius and Caligula, Domitian and Septimius Severus, all added to the original palace, and each strove to outshine his predecessor in the magnificence of his building.



THE HOUSE OF CALIGULA AND THE PALATINE HILL

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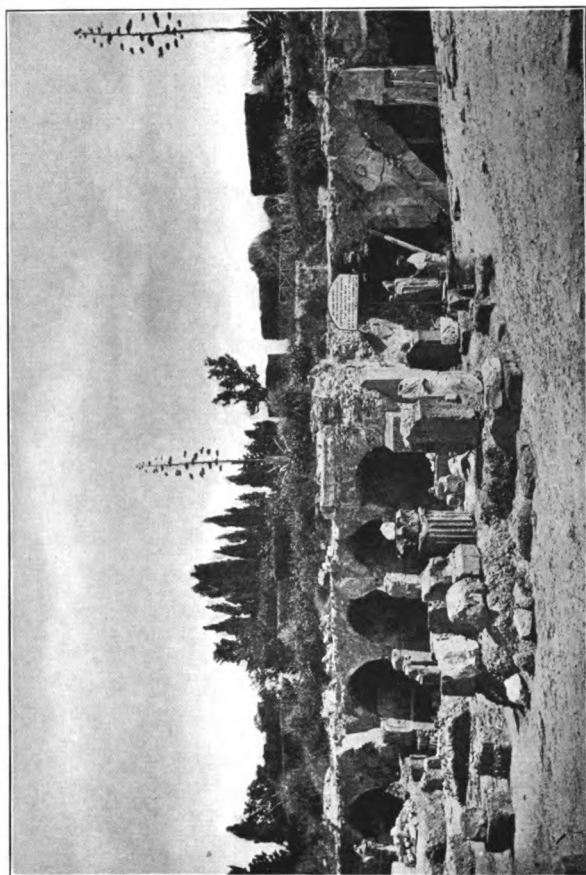
The Palatine and the Esquiline 185

These vaulted ruins which cover the north-eastern slope of the Palatine were the sub-structures of that portion of the palace raised by Caligula. They extended the available building surface of the hill to the very edge of the Forum, from which Caligula's walls rose perpendicularly to the height of the other imperial buildings upon the summit. Wandering among these great arches at the northern corner of the hill, we find the site of one of the original gates of Rome, the Porta Romana, in the Wall of Romulus. The chronological shaking-up to which we are subjected in examining Roman ruins is somewhat trying to the nerves, but the builders of the city when they did their work failed to regard the comfort of twentieth-century tourists, and we must take the ruins as we find them.

From the remains of the House of Caligula, we pass into the so-called Crypto-porticus, — a long and narrow passage connecting the part of the palace which we have just left with that erected by Tiberius. It was here that Caligula was murdered. Josephus tells us the story of this crime somewhat as follows: Caligula had spent the morning witnessing a series of

scenic plays which had been given before the palace. As the hour of noon approached, he retired within, passing through the several corridors which led to his private apartments, preceded meanwhile by his guard. Upon approaching this Crypto-porticus it occurred to him that a company of Asiatic youths who were in training for one of his theatrical spectacles were practising in a chamber to which it led. He therefore entered, leaving his guard, and talked for a time with the youths. As he returned through the Crypto-porticus, the conspirators, who had been watching for some such opportunity, advanced, and one of them, Cherea, the captain of the watch, asked Caligula the password. The haughty young emperor replied very profanely, and Cherea struck at him with a dagger, thus giving the signal to his confederates, who at once came up and finished the work. The conspirators fled through the corridor and concealed themselves in the House of Germanicus, into which it opened at the west.

This House of Germanicus is one of the best preserved specimens of a Roman residence which has come down to us. When Tiberius



THE HOUSE OF TIBERIUS AND THE TEMPLE OF CYBELE

To All
Persons

The Palatine and the Esquiline 189

had succeeded in putting his distinguished nephew, its owner, out of the way, he incorporated it into his palace, but left its plan and arrangement practically unaltered. It is approached from the Crypto-porticus through a vestibule paved with fine mosaic. The vestibule leads, on the left, into the atrium, or hall, in which are the remains of an altar to the domestic gods. Beyond are three reception-rooms, and at the farther corner, upon the right, a narrow passage leading to the bath, bedrooms, and private chambers. In the central room of the three opening upon the atrium are several frescoes which are worth our careful study, but which we must pass until we revisit the place in following the course of Greek and Roman art.

Leaving the House of Germanicus, we climb to the present level of the ground. Here we find ourselves in the midst of a wilderness of crumbling masonry and broken columns. To the right are the substructures of Tiberius's portion of the palace; to the left are the fragments of the Temple of Cybele, in which the sacred meteoric stone, set into the face of a silver statue of the Great Mother of the Gods,

was worshipped with noisy demonstrations; a little farther on we find square blocks of tufa, said to belong to the Wall of Romulus. Farther to the left is a narrow and precipitous path leading down the hill toward the Circus Maximus, — a path which was once a flight of steps, — the historic Steps of Cacus. Part way down the steps you may see the original she-wolf's den, in which the twins were nourished. At least, this is the story which the guides tell you, and there is nothing to prevent your believing it, if you choose. You are also shown the spot said to have been occupied by the miraculous tree into which the spear of Romulus developed when he hurled it from the Aventine and it struck here, upright, ready at once to bud and blossom. Here, too, we are told, was the hut of Faustulus, the shepherd, who cared for Romulus and Remus, — a shanty which the Romans renewed and re-thatched every few years during the imperial period until the fourth century A. D., proving that human nature is the same in all ages and that the art of deceiving tourists was not unknown to the ancients.

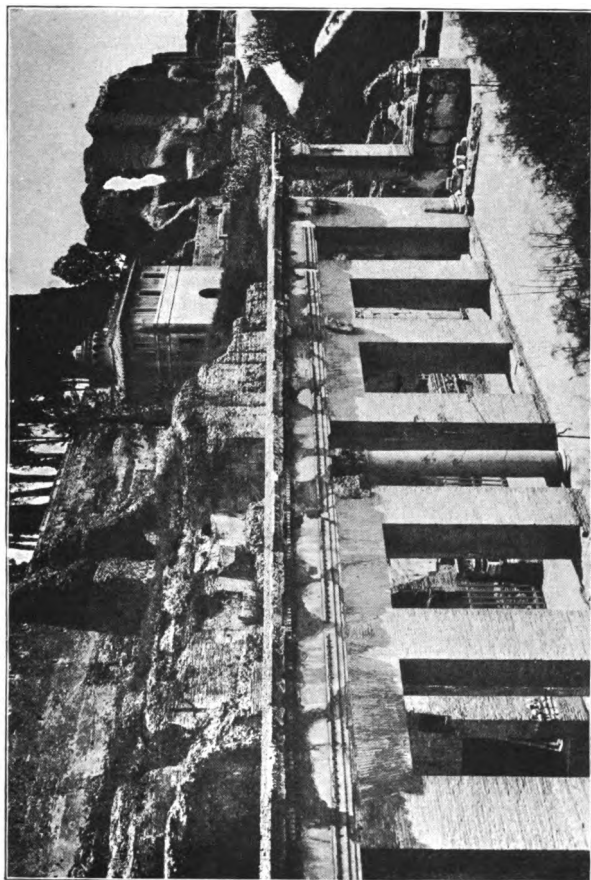
Turning from these doubtful memorials, we

The Palatine and the Esquiline 191

look back toward the House of Germanicus, from which we have just come. Beyond it and across what was once an open court, or Forum, — the Palatine Forum mentioned by ancient writers, — are the ruins of the House of Domitian, the peristyle of which was encased in polished black marble. It was a favourite resort of the emperor, because when walking there he could see as in a mirror what was going on behind his back, and consequently he felt at ease and free for a moment from the fear of assassination. Farther on and to the right is the House of Augustus, the first of the imperial buildings to be erected upon this hill. It contained, besides the official chambers and the private living-rooms, extensive libraries of Greek and Roman manuscripts, rare gems of art, a temple to Apollo, the portico of the Danaids and Shrine of Vesta, and lastly a tower where the first of the emperors was wont to retire when wearied with affairs of state, and from which he could see day by day the transformation of the city below him, which, as he said, he “found of brick and left of marble.” The palace was destroyed in Nero’s fire, and rebuilt by Domitian. Nothing

remains now but a few bare walls and two damp underground chambers.

On the southwest margin of the hill, adjoining the Palace of Augustus and overlooking the Circus Maximus, stood the Domus Gelotiana. This house was incorporated into the imperial property by Caligula, whose desire to be near the Circus, and whose close association with the jockeys of that day is well known. After his death a part of the building was devoted to a school for court pages, — the so-called Pædagogium, — and we now find upon the ruined walls inscriptions in Latin and Greek, scratched by schoolboy hands that have been dust for more than eighteen centuries. Two boys thus register their joy at leaving school, "*Corinthus exit de pædagogio. Marianus Afer exit de pædagogio.*" Corinthus is leaving school. Marianus Afer is leaving school. Another scratches a rude picture of a donkey turning a mill, and adds, "*Labora, aselle, quomodo ego laboravi, et proderit tibi.*" Work, little ass, as I have worked myself, and you shall be rewarded. Here also was found the caricature of our Lord now in the Kircherian Museum, — where the crucified Christ is



THE HOUSE OF GELOTIUS

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represented with the head of an ass, while a rude figure below kneels in an attitude of devotion. The inscription reads, "Alexamenos worships his god," — a coarse jest at the expense of some Christian youth who doubtless attended the school.

One of the most interesting of these *graffiti*, or scratchings, is not in the Pædagogium, but over in the Palace of Tiberius, which we passed but a short time ago. It is a comic head of Nero, made probably by one of the soldiers of the guard who were quartered there. The drawing is not very artistic, but the peculiar, ugly beard and thick bull-neck of the most detested of the Roman emperors are unmistakable.

From the House of Augustus we may now pass, through an opening in the wall, into the Stadium, or Hippodrome. This was probably laid out by Domitian as a garden, at the time when he was rebuilding the House of Augustus. Whether it was ever used as a stadium is questionable, but the bricks of which it is built represent several distinct periods, and it may have served different purposes in different ages. During the dark days when popes and nobles

were tearing down the monuments of ancient Rome to secure material with which to build their palaces, this enclosure was occupied by a horde of lime-burners and stone-cutters, whose sheds were discovered in the recent excavations. Another discovery — a melancholy one — was also made, — some thirty skeletons of young men buried under a mass of débris at the foot of the wall upon the right. The skulls and bones were many of them hacked, showing that they had died in battle, perhaps in one of those broils which were of so frequent occurrence during the Middle Ages.

We now come to the southern corner of the Palatine and pass under the arches which composed the House of Septimius Severus. This, like the House of Caracalla at the northern corner of the hill, was built out upon a mass of masonry which rose perpendicularly from the valley below. The double façade of the House of Septimius, forming this corner of the hill, must have been somewhat more than 160 feet in height, and the area covered by the substructure more than two hundred thousand square feet, — as much as one of our

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largest city squares. It will be seen that this provided a valuable quarry for the popes and barons of mediæval Rome. The Septizonium referred to by early modern writers, but now destroyed and unidentified, may have been this front of the House of Septimius.

At the eastern corner of the hill, just north of Septimius's palace, we shall enter the beautiful vineyard and garden belonging to the family of the Barberini. We can well afford to spend a quiet half-hour among its foliage-bordered paths, enjoying the restful beauty of the scene, and forgetting for the time that we are pursuing the shades of dead emperors. Or, if we prefer not to forget the historic associations of the place, we may feel sure that the emperors themselves also strolled here nineteen centuries ago, as we do now, — for the Vigna Barberini covers the site of the Gardens of Adonis, which were the imperial pleasure-ground of the Palatine.

We have now finished our examination of the Palace of the Cæsars, — a house sufficiently magnificent for all the line of Roman royalty except the exaggerated Nero, who felt that he needed a dwelling more fit for his exalted

person, and accordingly built the Golden House, stretching it from here across the southeastern end of the Forum and up the Quirinal, where we shall soon find a few of its remains.

Let us now descend again to the Forum and walk to the eastern end of the Sacred Way. Turning here to the left, and halting with the Colosseum on one hand, and the ruins of the Temple of Venus and Rome upon the other, we find beneath our feet traces of a brick pedestal which Hadrian built when he moved Nero's Colossus hither. The Colossus was 120 feet in height, and was originally set up by Nero about a hundred yards west of where we are now standing, in the vestibule of the Golden House. When the house had been pulled down, and Hadrian was about to build upon a portion of its site the Temple of Venus and Rome, the Colossus, still upright and supported upon a movable scaffold, was drawn by some two dozen elephants to this spot, and placed upon the pedestal over which we are now standing. It had been decapitated soon after the death of its human — or perhaps I should say inhuman — model, and a head of the sun-

god had been substituted, — probably a very desirable change both from an artistic and moral standpoint, — but a little later the sun-god, too, was forced by Commodus to part company with this interchangeable body, and another head not much better than Nero's — Commodus's own — took its place.

The Golden House of Nero, as already suggested, occupied all this space covered afterward by the Colosseum, the Temple of Venus and Rome, and various other great imperial buildings, extending far up the Oppian spur of the Esquiline to the gardens of Mæcnas. It was in reality a park, a square mile in extent, surrounded by triple porticoes, or colonnades, and containing buildings of whose magnificence it is difficult for us to form any adequate conception. Suetonius gives us a hint of it when he tells us that some were covered with gold and adorned with jewels and mother-of-pearl; that the vaulted ceilings of the supper-rooms, inlaid with ivory, were made to revolve, scattering flowers and a faint spray of perfume upon the guests; that the ceiling of the state banqueting-hall, also of ivory, represented the heavens, adorned with stars, and

that it revolved day and night to show the movement of the planets. He also speaks of vineyards and pastures, of woods teeming with game, of "a lake which was like to the sea, and buildings which were like to a city." There were gardens, too, filled with rare exotics; there were sulphur baths supplied from the springs of Albula, and sea baths supplied from the Mediterranean. There were statues almost without number, rare works of art from the Greek masters and portrait busts modelled by the reigning sculptors of the time. No fairy palace described in Eastern fable could surpass in luxury this wonder-house of imperial Rome. Suetonius tells us that Nero, when he at last took possession of it, remarked that he had "now a dwelling fit for a man." But this gilded palace was defiled by such revels as only Nero could conceive, and such as there is no excuse in this twentieth century for any one attempting to describe.

Passing above the Colosseum and up the Via Labicana we turn into a gate upon our left, pay our *lira* to a suave porter who speaks very bad English, and are shown a mass of ruins which represent the principal building of the

The Palatine and the Esquiline 201

Golden House. These chambers, now half-buried under the accumulated soil and rubbish, are unquestionably the halls in which Nero walked and plotted crime. They were visited by Raphael and Giovanni da Udine early in the sixteenth century, and were then found to be decorated with fanciful frescoes, which the discoverers called "grottesche" because they were found in these underground chambers, or *grotte*. Our English word "grotesque" thus has its origin. They furnished the inspiration for Raphael's decorations of the Loggie of the Vatican. Now, alas! time and dampness have almost destroyed them.

It is impossible to trace with any certainty the plan of Nero's house. After the tyrant's death, Titus, and later Trajan, incorporated this portion of it which we are now visiting into their baths, — Trajan using it as a sub-structure for one of his large halls and inserting additional walls to make sure the support of the chamber above. It is difficult also to distinguish clearly the remains of Trajan's baths from those of Titus. Remains of the three structures are found cropping out of the soil all over the Villa Field, which at present

covers the ruins. We need not attempt to reconstruct the baths of either of these emperors, for we shall see, a little later, in the Baths of Caracalla, a better preserved specimen of a building very similar in design.

Passing through the Villa Field, whose shady walks are most grateful after the heat of the public thoroughfare, we find among other ruins the remains of a magnificent reservoir now known as the *Sette Sale*, consisting of a series of chambers connected by openings, and used for the water-supply of the Golden House, the Baths of Titus, and the Baths of Trajan. Here was found buried the Laokoön, that wonderful work of decadent Greek genius, also the granite basin of the Belvedere, and a great number of other works of art.

This villa in which we are now strolling was once a part of the celebrated gardens of Mæcenas, where Virgil and Horace were wont to sit with their friend and patron discussing Roman agriculture and Greek poetry over their "*pocula Massici*." But a stone's throw to the eastward, close beside the Wall of Servius Tullius, was Mæcenas's audience-chamber. Let us go thither, and at the crossing of the Via

The Palatine and the Esquiline 203

Merulana and the Via Leopardi we shall find a fragment of ruin which calls up all the intellectual greatness of the Augustan days. Here Virgil may have read the Georgics to Mæcenas and his guests. Here Horace, perchance, recited his First Ode, —

“Mæcenas atavis edite regibus,” —

which is familiar to every college youth the world over. If these walls could give back the voices which once fell upon them, we might hear the best of the golden age of Roman literature.

Passing down one of the new streets which have been cut through this quarter, and turning to the left into the narrow Via de San Lucia in Selci, we pass the spot where Servius Tullius is said to have been murdered and where his daughter Tullia rode in her chariot over the dead body, — “from which circumstance,” says Dionysius, “the street was called the wicked street” (Vicus Sceleratus). This leads us into the Via Leonina, nearly identical with the old Subura, which was one of the noisiest and most disreputable thoroughfares .

of the ancient city. Juvenal tells us that he would rather live in the Island of Procida than in such a rowdy neighbourhood.

We are now at the entrance to the Forum of Augustus, which was separated from the low quarter of the Subura by a wall, still standing and well preserved. As we pass through the ancient archway we come full upon one of the finest ruins in Rome, — that of the Temple of Mars Ultor, erected by Augustus in fulfilment of a vow made by him before the Battle of Philippi, and ordained as a receptacle for the trophies of victorious generals as well as the meeting-place of the Senate when deliberating upon the conduct of wars. Pliny calls it one of the most perfect works ever made by the hand of man, — and as we look at these three beautiful Corinthian pillars with their entablature, we can well believe that he was not far from the truth in saying it.

The Forum of Augustus was distinguished as a sort of out-of-door, military sculpture-gallery, the surrounding wall having a series of recesses which contained the statues of victorious Roman generals. The Senate voted the erection of these statues as a reward for



THE TEMPLE OF MARS ULTOR

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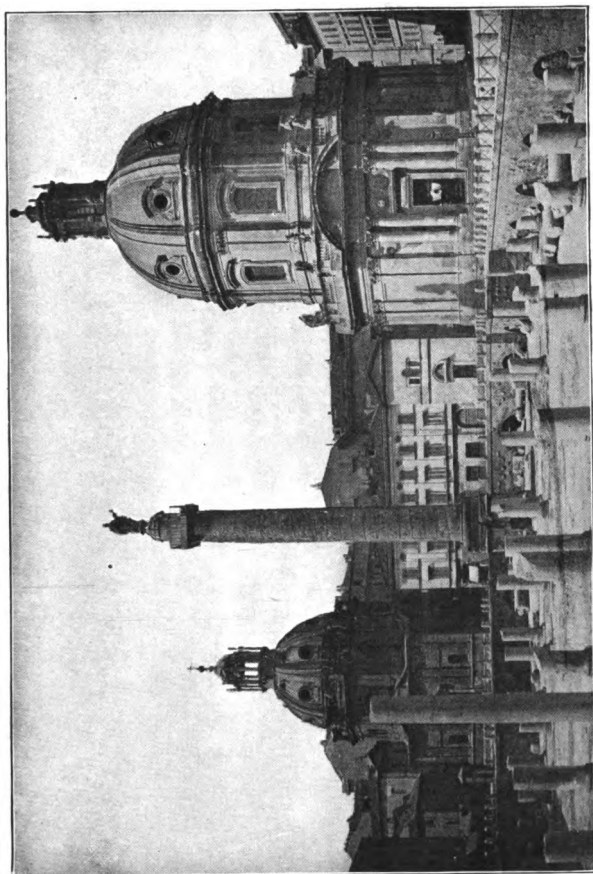
distinguished service, and it was the ambition of every Roman warrior to see his statue some day in the Forum of Augustus. A section of the wall was laid bare in 1888, showing the niches where these statues stood.

This forum lay between two other fora, that of Julius Cæsar, on the west, and of Nerva (also called variously the Forum Transitorium, Forum of Domitian, and Forum of Minerva) on the south. Cæsar's Forum, or the Forum Julium, was intended to relieve the congestion in the original Roman Forum (Forum Romanum) as the population of the city increased. In it was a temple to Venus Genetrix, which has been twice discovered and located, but has been reburied under modern buildings. The Forum of Minerva was simply a broad and beautiful street, lined probably on either side with a colonnade and adorned with numerous statues. It was connected with the Forum Romanum by the Argiletum, or street of the booksellers, of which mention has already been made. A Temple to Minerva stood here, and a fragment of it still remains half-buried in the accumulated soil. It is as pretty a bit of ruin as one could wish to see, but its

sanctity as a temple has been desecrated. A very dirty wine-shop is now sheltered beneath its columns, and Bacchus seems to have supplanted Minerva as the presiding deity of the place.

To the northeast, a little beyond the Forum of Augustus, we shall find the Forum of Trajan, with its melancholy rows of broken columns and its frieze-wound monument, — a veritable graveyard of a place, though it was once one of the most magnificent squares of imperial Rome. The excavated space is but a small portion of the entire forum, which was more than a thousand feet in length and about six hundred feet in its greatest width, — perhaps the equivalent of four average city squares. It contained an open court, or forum proper, surrounded on three sides by a double colonnade, while upon the fourth stood a basilica. Beyond this rose Trajan's Column, flanked on either side by libraries, and still beyond, a temple. The whole enclosure was entered through a triumphal arch.

Not only was this forum a magnificent architectural achievement; it was an engineering triumph as well, for it represented the levelling



THE FORUM OF TRAJAN

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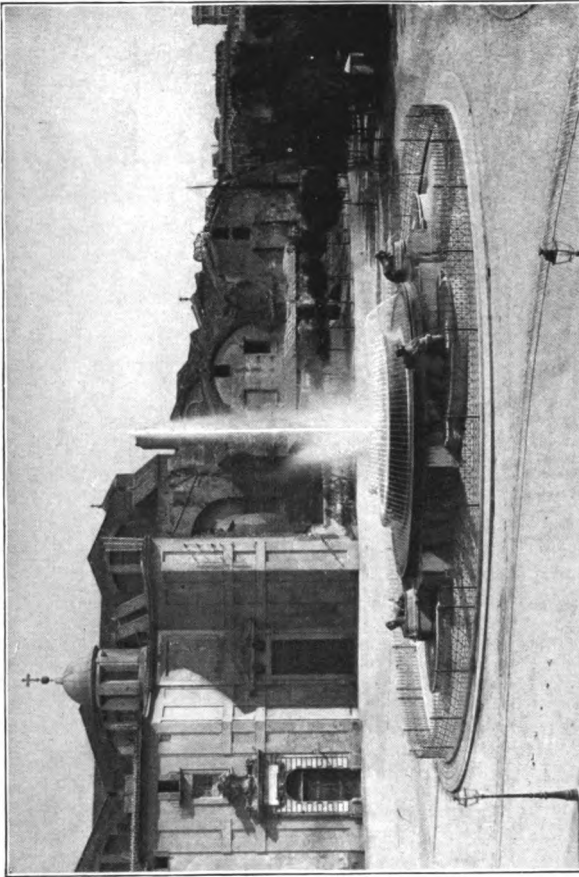
of a mass of earth which stood as high as the top of Trajan's Column, — 128 feet above the pavement of the forum. The Capitoline was probably not always an isolated hill, as now, but was connected by a ridge of land with the Quirinal, to the northeast, — a ridge which cut the city into two parts, accessible one from the other only by a steep and narrow street, the Clivus Argentarius, or by a round-about route between the Capitoline and the Tiber. Trajan's plan was to cut a passage through this ridge, and the result of it was this magnificently arranged public square. The column formed the model for the Column of Marcus Aurelius, which we have already seen. It is, however, a better piece of work, and its sculptures tell of a higher period of art. Trajan's statue once stood upon its summit, but as Marcus Aurelius gave way to St. Paul, so Trajan was made to yield to St. Peter, and the Fisherman of Galilee now crowns the sculptures of Trajan's Dacian victories.

CHAPTER VII.

THE QUIRINAL, THE VIMINAL, AND THE VILLA BORGHESE

WE will stroll this morning down into the Piazza Barberini and surrender ourselves to one of those vociferous cabmen who stand ever ready to seize and abduct the unprotected foreigner. Our captor has a rusty-looking vehicle, and a still more rusty horse, but as he clearly has us and resistance seems vain, we step into the carriage and tell him to guide his steed toward the Baths of Diocletian.

A short ride through a series of very modern thoroughfares brings us into the Piazza delle Terme near the railway station. Our Phœbus shouts, "*Ecco! le terme di Diocleziano!*" and adds, thinking we may not have understood him, "Ze baz Dioclete." The only bath apparent at first glance is a modern elec-



THE BATHS OF DIOCLETIAN AND SANTA MARIA DEGLI ANGELI

To my
Abraham

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tric fountain girt about with one of those iron fences which Ruskin has described as useful for drunkards to lean against. But, — yes, — in the background we see two great Roman arches walled with brick, affording storage in these latter days for hay, grain, and other useful commodities quite foreign to the purpose which Diocletian had in mind when he constructed the edifice. Other arches are concealed beneath that clumsy church façade which Michelangelo is said to have designed, — a claim which we trust some modern scholar may be able to disprove, for it is really unjust that all the bad Renaissance architecture in the city for which no parent can be found should be “attributed to Michelangelo.”

But if the church is insignificant without, it is most impressive within. This vaulted ceiling hears no longer the tinkle of the fountains and the murmur of a Roman crowd, but in its quiet, dim seclusion seems to have renounced the pleasures of the world, and, like the monks who used to wander in the neighbouring gardens, to have given itself to a life of holy meditation.

In the old convent adjoining the church is

the Museo delle Terme, devoted to the antiquities which have come to light during the more recent excavations. This collection contains two very important series of inscriptions. One series was found in the sacred grove belonging to the Arvales, a mystic brotherhood which existed for several centuries and included in its membership some of the most prominent citizens of Rome, including emperors and nobles. The inscriptions relate to certain rites of the order, and range from the time of Augustus to that of Gordianus III., 241 A. D. Beginning, as they do, at about the point where the *Fasti Consulares* end, they furnish to the historian data of exceeding value. The other inscriptions referred to are upon two large pillars found by the Tiber near the site of the *Pons Triumphalis*. They relate to the *Ludi Sæculares*, or Sacred Games,—one to the games celebrated in 17 B. C. under Augustus, and the other to those under Septimius Severus. The inscription regarding the Augustan games is of particular interest to us because it gives directions for the initial presentation of Horace's "*Carmen Sæculare*," which the poet had just written for this occa-

sion at the invitation of the emperor. The inscription specifies that the "Carmen" is to be recited by twenty-seven boys and an equal number of girls, all of patrician rank, and gives us a very clear idea of the importance which was attached to its first rendition as well as of the honour which it brought to its gifted author.

Here, too, are the Ludovisi sculptures, including the magnificent head of Hera (see page 146, Vol. II.), the Seated Mars, the Merope and Æpytus, or Orestes and Electra as it is sometimes called, and the Gaul slaying self and wife in order to escape capture.

Adjoining these gardens, in a fine old house, — once the Casino of the Villa Negroni, but now destroyed, — was spent the boyhood of Marion Crawford, the novelist, who has done more than any other man to interpret the romance which hovers about the Roman city, — a romance which every lover of the place must feel, but which none other has put so felicitously into words.

We emerge from the old garden into the piazza, reëmbark with Phœbus, and rattle past the railway station over the modern Via San

Martino to the site of the ancient Pretorian Camp, at the northeast corner of the city. The camp is about a quarter of a mile square, and is enclosed with walls, — the farther one of which is the Aurelian Wall of the city. The camp was entered through the triumphal arch of Gordianus. The northeast corner of the quadrangle still shows an impressive mass of ruined masonry, under the shadow of which the savage defenders of the city, from the days of Tiberius to those of Constantine, took their ease, drank their wine, and plotted treason. It was here that when the Pretorians had murdered Pertinax, the empire was set up at auction, and after fast and furious bidding was knocked down to Didius Julianus upon payment by him of twenty-five hundred sesterces to each of the twelve thousand soldiers who composed the guard. His imperial title thus cost him the equivalent of about twelve million dollars. It also cost him his life after a reign of only sixty-five days. On the whole, it was not a profitable investment for Didius.

We now return through the new quarter, passing the huge modern Treasury building, which has been nicknamed "the public debt."

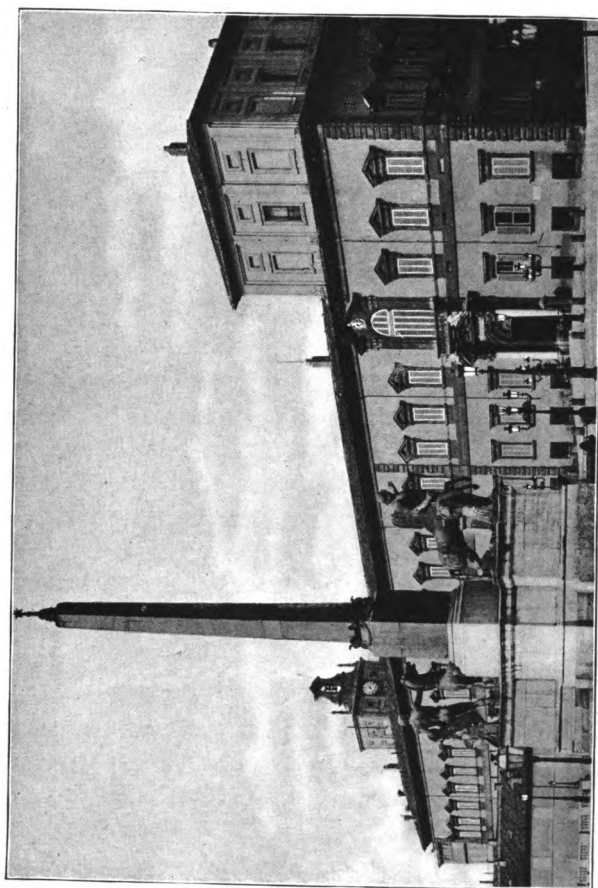
It is a witness of the struggle of modern Italy to appear important. Almost a thousand feet in length, and covering more space than either the Colosseum or St. Peter's, it stands there, a monument to the folly of its builders. The nation's debt was increased by millions of dollars, in order to erect it, and the result is an enormity which is as useless as it is ugly. All the business of the department could be transacted easily in one-twentieth of the space which it covers.

This great vulgar emptiness, with the streets surrounding it, and the stuccoed blocks of modern buildings which rise, wan and ghastly, like a fungus exhalation, cover the ground where once bloomed the Gardens of Sallust, and where later the villas Massimo and Ludovisi, with their shaded walks and terraced slopes, invited the traveller to stop and linger. The desecration brought its own punishment, for the plan to rival the Parisian boulevards did not turn out well, with merely stucco and unstable credit as a basis, and financial ruin followed. The old Latin fable, which describes the sad experience of the frog who would be an ox, here finds a modern application.

Some twenty feet up from the Via Ludovisi, and not far from the Pincian Gate, stands a fine specimen of an eighteenth-century casino, which is doubly interesting to Americans as the home of the American Academy. The Academy was organized in 1897 to give special opportunities for study and training to art students who have exhibited unusual talent in the art and technical schools of America. It follows the plan of the French Academy of the Villa Medici and the German, Spanish, and English art schools in Rome, except that as yet it receives no government aid at home, being supported entirely by private funds. No more attractive spot than this Casino dell' Aurora could have been selected as its site. We will stop long enough to enjoy the magnificent view of the city, which here spreads out before us, and to see the ceiling frescoes by Guercino which are within.

From the Casino dell' Aurora it is but a short distance to the Palazzo Margherita, in the heart of what was once the Villa Ludovisi. It was erected with money received from the sale and destruction of the ancient gardens, and is only interesting to us because of this

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THE QUIRINAL PALACE

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circumstance. The Prince of Piombino, who had acquired the magnificent estates, sold them for building lots in 1884, and erected this building, then known as the Piombino or Boncompagni Palace, upon a fragment of garden that he still retained. Here for several years were kept the celebrated Ludovisi sculptures, now in the Museo delle Terme. But the prince soon lost his ill-gotten wealth, was obliged to dispose of his new palace and his sculptures, and fell from a proud rank to a position of absolute poverty. The palace is now occupied by the Queen Dowager Margaret.

Phœbus now takes us down the broad Via del Quirinale, which is upon the ridge of the Quirinal Hill. It opens into the Square of the Quirinal, or Monte Cavallo, so named from the marble horses, held by two youths, — found in the ruins of the Baths of Constantine and placed here to adorn the palace of Pope Sixtus the Fifth. Sixtus built the Quirinal because he loathed the close air of the Vatican and longed for a spot where in hot weather he could find a breeze and an outlook. Both these were obtainable here on the point of the Quirinal, and his good sense is certainly to be com-

mended. The Quirinal was never the official palace of the popes, but was occupied by them as a summer residence as late as 1870. It then passed into the hands of the new Kingdom of Italy, and became the royal palace.

Without, it is not particularly attractive; within, it is much like other royal palaces, — somewhat stuffy, overloaded, elegant, and oppressive. If you like that sort of thing you may visit the throne-room, and see the jewels, but after getting the imagination adjusted to the houses of Augustus and Tiberius and Domitian and the Golden House of Nero, this modern palace seems tawdry enough.

Another person than Sixtus seems to have sought pure air upon the Quirinal. Crawford quotes from Baracconi a letter written by the father of the poet Tasso to Tasso's mother, when the poet was but a child. It was written in July, and reads :

“I do not wish the children to go to the vineyard because they get too hot, and the air is bad there this summer, but in order that they may have a change I took steps to have the use of the Boccaccio vineyard (the Villa Colonna), and the Duke of Paliano has let

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me have it, and we have been here a week, and shall stay all summer in this good air."

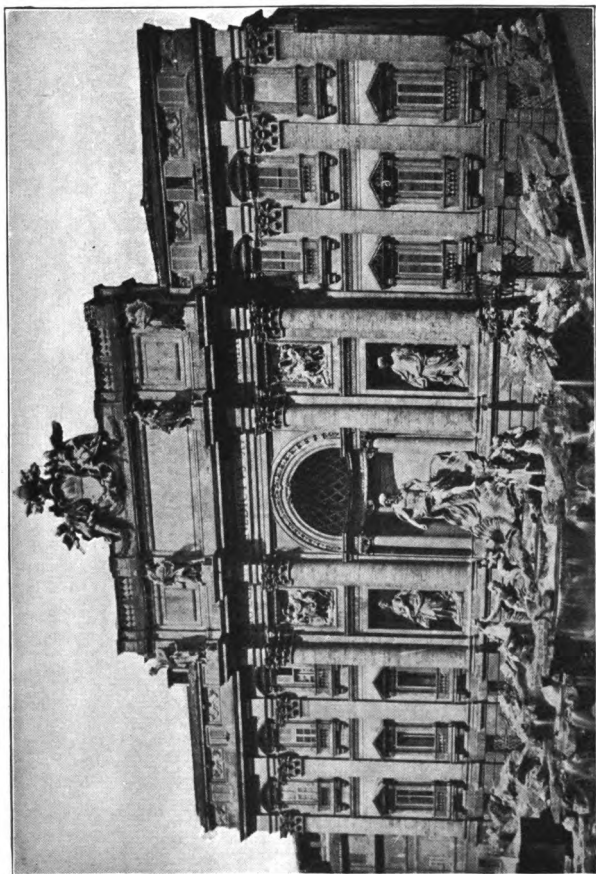
At the lower end of the piazza stands the Rospigliosi Palace, owned at one time by Cardinal Mazarin, and sold to the Rospigliosi family during the latter half of the seventeenth century. It was built amid the ruins of the Baths of Constantine, and contains treasures of art, among which are fragments of sculpture and fresco from the baths, also Guido's Aurora, and several paintings by Domenichino.

If it is Wednesday we may gain admission to the palace, and also to the Colonna Gardens, the entrance to which is just across the street. In the latter are fragments of Vespasian's splendid Temple of the Sun, erected by the conqueror of Palmyra to give the Romans a taste of Oriental magnificence. It stood upon the brow of the Quirinal facing the Campus Martius, and was approached by a marble staircase from the city below. The columns which supported it were nearly seventy feet in height, and the pediment was a hundred feet above the doorway. Fifteen thousand pounds of gold is said to have been used in its decoration, besides countless pearls and precious stones. This

fragment of cornice which lies in the garden may have been a part of the temple, though some think it belonged to the Baths of Constantine. Whichever it was, we can get from it a more vivid impression of the triumphs of imperial Roman architecture than we could gain from the most elaborate reconstructions and most accurate measurements. It is said to weigh a hundred tons.

But there are other memories than those of Aurelian and Constantine, lingering about these gardens. We are in the Rome of the Popes and the Barons, for this was the seat of the princely family of the Colonna, whose feuds and warfare form so large a part of the history of the mediæval city. The massive tower of their fortress, still standing near, is a mute witness of those terrible days, while the palace below, which was built by them in the beginning of the Renaissance, and the Church of the Holy Apostles, adjoining it, tell of a time slightly less brutal, but still full of dark deeds. But we shall speak later of those days.

On our way back to our hotel we ask Phœbus to drive past the Fountain of Trevi, which



THE FOUNTAIN OF TREVI

THE ABORIGINAL

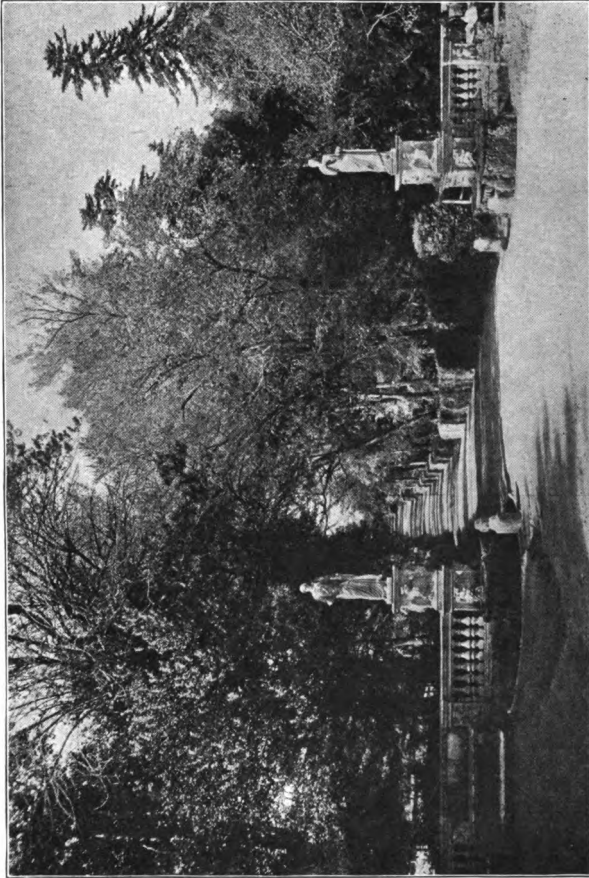
is but a few squares west and north. It is one of the most elaborate of the Roman fountains, and was erected under Pope Clement the Twelfth about the middle of the eighteenth century. The water is brought by underground channels from a spring far out in the Campagna, near the Via Latina. Tradition says that nineteen centuries ago Agrippa's soldiers, marching along the dusty road from Palestrina, half-dead with thirst, met a young girl carrying water from a spring. She not only gave them what she had, but took them to the spring which bubbled up beside her father's door. The water proved to be so pure and good that Agrippa determined to make an aqueduct to carry it to Rome, and in memory of this girl it was called the Aqua Virgo. After all these centuries the spring still flows and supplies the Roman city with its purest water, gushing out here from this fantastic Fountain of Trevi as it used to gush out into the Pool of Agrippa in the Campus Martius.

The fountain is a queer bit of architecture, — a fantastic chaos of mediæval palace front, Neptune with steeds and tritons, the Virgin

of the Spring, rocks, shells, and sea monsters, over and out of which the water flows in rills and fountains, filling to the brim a great stone basin which surrounds the whole. When you leave Rome you will probably visit this fountain at the midnight hour and drop a coin into its depths. This ensures your return at some future time, and is a harmless and quite delightful bit of romance in which all classes of travellers indulge, — generally concealing the act from their fellows at the hotel or *pensione*, and sometimes trying to prove an alibi when charged with having made the midnight journey. Whether the offering is made to the Virgin of Agrippa, to Neptune, or to Rome is not quite clear; but as one stands by the great basin in the early morning and sees the Roman gamin fishing out copper sous, he may be sure that Rome receives the benefit.

As Phœbus leaves us at the door, he asks if he may call for us after luncheon. We are planning to spend the afternoon in the Villa Borghese, and as we doubt whether any of his competitors in the Piazza Barberini have really any better horse-flesh than he, we make an appointment. He comes, a little late, —

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THE VILLA BORGHESE

70 1000 Alphabet

Quirinal, Viminal, and Villa Borghese 233

for what Roman cabman could be expected to meet an appointment exactly on the hour, — and embarking again, we ride along the Pincio, down the sloping road into the Piazza del Popolo, out of the Porta del Popolo, which takes the place of the old Flaminian Gate, and into the Villa Borghese, which lies just outside, upon our left.

The Villa Borghese is to-day the finest of the Roman parks. The grounds are wide and varied. There is an alternation of meadow and grove, softly sloping terrace, shaded avenue and sunny garden, where the water flashes in scores of fountains, or murmurs in the depths of rock-lined grottoes. Along the marble balustrades Greek gods and goddesses pose in statuesque attitudes, and upon the grass beyond, a company of peasants, dancing the *saltarello*, show that grace and beauty did not die with classic art.

Let us enter the stately Casino and wander through its galleries of painting and sculpture. We shall find here gems from the great masters. Notice particularly in the picture-gallery Titian's Sacred and Profane Love (Seventh Hall, No. 147), for we shall want to

speak of this again when we follow the history and development of art (vol. ii., page 243). See also Correggio's Danaë, in the Sixth Hall (No. 125), and Raphael's Entombment, in the Eleventh (No. 361). Near the Entombment are two excellent works of Perugino, — a St. Sebastian (386) and a Madonna and Child (401). Notice, too, in the First Room examples of the School of Leonardo da Vinci. We shall refer again to the little canvas, No. 435, which represents Christ with uplifted hand, bestowing his blessing (vol. ii., page 217). In the Sculpture Gallery is nothing of great importance, — a nude statue, by Canova, of the Princess Pauline Borghese, sister of Napoleon, posing as Venus, and a few works by Bernini. Note particularly Bernini's Daphne and Apollo in the Third Room, for we shall want to speak of this again (vol. ii., page 252). The best sculptures in the collection are, perhaps, the Boy on the Dolphin, in the Seventh Room, and the Dancing Satyr, in the Eighth.

Having finished our visit to the Casino, we embark again with Phœbus, and, passing beneath the shade of stately trees and along the

Quirinal, Viminal, and Villa Borghese 235

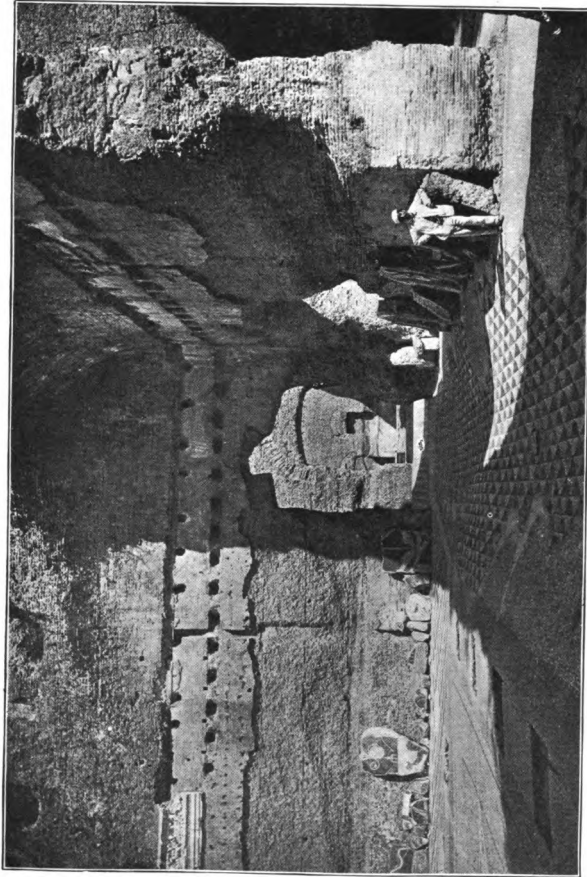
winding parkway, we are carried back through the great gate into the piazza. Thence we proceed up the slope of the Pincian, and along the Passeggiata, joining the throng that there enjoy the pleasures of life, movement, handsome dresses, music, and society. Our steed seems to appreciate the situation, throws his feet with an assumption of elegance, and bears us into the midst of the crowd. He is a little stiff in the joints, it is true, and his vertebræ rise above his body somewhat too boldly to conform to the strictest lines of equine beauty; he is a trifle broken-winded, too, it must be confessed, and as he starts into a trot he produces a peculiar churning sound which attracts the attention of passers-by and causes them to regard him with interest. Yet he lifts his head quite nobly, and Phœbus seems to be proud of him. On we go, amid the fashionable throng, to the end of the Pincio, and finally stop at the door of our hotel, where we dismiss Phœbus with his fee, adding thereto a gratuity, for which he petitions all the saints to bless us, and rides off into the gathering dusk to the churning accompaniment of his steed.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BATHS OF CARACALLA, THE APPIAN WAY, THE COELIAN, AND THE COLOSSEUM

AGAIN we are in the Piazza Barberini looking for a cab. We have decided that we will not again consent to ride behind the sorry beast that took us out upon the Pincio, but Phoebus meets us with a smile and seems quite heart-broken when we intimate that we think of going with another. Then, too, an investigation of the rival outfits makes us agree with Hamlet that it is better to "bear the ills we have." So it ends in our embarking again in the same old turnout. Phoebus cracks his whip, the steed is galvanized into life, and away we go, down the broad Via del Quirinale, past the Monte Cavallo, through a maze of narrower streets, beneath the shadow of the Colosseum, under the Arch of Constantine, through avenues of trees and hedges, with

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THE BATHS OF CARACALLA

To Your Attention

masses of shrubbery and vistas of gardens seen through villa gates, until at last we reach a mountain of ruined masonry and disembark at the Baths of Caracalla.

When Shelley lived and wrote in Rome this was one of his favourite haunts. He speaks of its "flowery glades and thickets of odoriferous blossoming trees." The neighbourhood is still rich in such flowery glades, but the ruins themselves have been stripped of their verdure to prevent disintegration of the masonry. The poppies and the yellow broom which blossomed until a few years ago over the great arches have disappeared, and much of the wild beauty of the place has vanished. Yet if we can see less of natural charm, we can discover more of historic interest, for the clearing away of vines and shrubbery enables us to reconstruct quite accurately the great imperial pleasure-house of Caracalla.

If we could step backward some seventeen centuries, we might enter the thermæ through a peristyle of marble columns, and, passing through various rooms, find ourselves at length in a large central chamber, the tepidarium, where the warm baths were taken, of various

degrees of temperature, suited to the taste and constitution of the bather. Yonder in that smaller room is the cold swimming bath, not much in fashion in the later days of the empire, but used occasionally by athletes and gladiators. Before us are the circular sweating-room and vapour-baths, and on either hand stretch out a labyrinth of dressing-rooms, shampooing-rooms, eating-rooms, gymnasia, and what not, where Roman youths stroll in luxurious *déshabillé*, where rhetoricians recite their speeches and poets their verses, where gladiators fight and athletes wrestle, where philosophers discuss philosophy and statesmen statecraft, and where idlers gossip over their cups of Falernian. Then there are the galleries of painting and sculpture where the Farnese Hercules and the Farnese Bull, the colossal Flora, the Venus Callipyge, and a host of other works of art are seen by an admiring populace. And beyond all these, the porticoes and gardens! It is nearly a mile around the whole enclosure, and sixteen hundred Romans are easily accommodated within it. These figures startle us, but when we think of the other Roman thermæ are they after all so aston-

ishing? The Baths of Diocletian accommodated twice as many persons. And there were the Baths of Agrippa in the Campus Martius, the Baths of Titus and of Trajan on the Esquiline, the Baths of Constantine which covered the summit of the Quirinal, the Baths of Nero and Severus near the present site of the Piazza Navona. When we think of these, and remember that there were in the city, besides the eleven great imperial thermæ, nearly a thousand smaller baths, we begin to realize somewhat concerning the population of ancient Rome.

Census tables are not a particularly entertaining sort of literature, yet it may be worth while for a moment to consider this problem which has so troubled archæologists. There is a wide variation in the estimates as to the size of the city at the summit of its power. Some authorities place the population as low as five hundred thousand, others as high as fourteen millions. The discrepancy lies in the fact that no Roman census included all classes of the population. A census of the *plebs urbana* was taken in the time of Augustus, which amounted to 320,000, but this did not include knights,

senators, women, children, slaves, or foreigners. It is known, too, that two hundred thousand men received free corn from the government under Augustus. Using these two facts as a basis of computation, it is probable that the Roman city in its palmiest days contained not far from two million souls. The number of slaves in Rome may be judged from several chance statements in old Roman writings. A prefect of the city was murdered by one of his servants in the year 61 A. D. The guilty one could not be discovered, and accordingly four hundred of his household slaves were executed. A freedman of the time of Augustus, although his fortune is said to have been greatly lessened by the civil wars, left at his death more than four thousand slaves. Finally Athenæus writes that he knew very many Romans who had ten, and even twenty, thousand slaves. Modern authorities are inclined to believe that Athenæus stretched the truth, yet slaves were cheaper than cattle in the latter days of the empire. The ruins on the Campagna also show us something of the extent of Rome, for the city was not confined within its walls, and wherever excavations are made in the sur-



THE COLUMBARIA IN THE VIGNA CODINI

To my
brother

rounding country, the foundations of houses and villas are brought to light. An old writer of the reign of Hadrian has said that Rome "stretched down to the very sea," and recent excavations make it not unlikely that there was a continuity of villas from the city walls to Ostia, on the coast.

But we must return from conjectures of what Rome was, and get back to our cab, which is waiting for us with Phœbus fast asleep upon the box. We arouse Phœbus, Phœbus arouses the steed, and, continuing our journey, we soon reach the neighbourhood of the Gate of San Sebastiano and enter a vineyard where are several ancient columbaria. The name *columbarium*, a dove-cote, suggests all manner of pastoral felicity, but the structures themselves remind one forcibly of vegetable cellars. The roof stands but a foot or so above the ground, with a row of low windows just beneath, to admit light to the vault. We descend into one of them by means of a staircase, and our first impression grows upon us, but reaching the bottom and looking about, we find, instead of cabbages, a row of skulls belonging to some of the worthy Roman freedmen whose names

are scratched upon the walls. We feel like apologizing to them for the comparison, but they have been dead so many years that they have ceased to be sensitive.

The wall is filled with niches, tier upon tier, evidently suggesting the dove-cote idea. When first discovered, each contained its one or more funeral urns, or boxes, some round, some square, and hardly larger than a lady's jewel-case, some of semi-transparent marble, beautifully carved, some of rough stone without other ornament than a rudely scratched name, but each containing the remains of a human being, — a husband, a wife, a father, a son, — who toiled and feasted, suffered and enjoyed, lived and loved, when the great Augustus was in his palace yonder on the Palatine, and Christ was a child in Nazareth.

The burning of the dead was almost universally practised in Rome during the later days of the republic and the early days of the empire, but Christianity restored the Eastern custom of entombment, and as the empire became Christian, cremation gradually declined. A few noble Roman families, however, never burned their dead. Such were the Scipios,

whose tomb is in the adjoining vineyard. We shall now find little there except a ruined, underground passage and vault with niches for sarcophagi. Some of the sarcophagi have been destroyed, others have been taken to the Vatican.

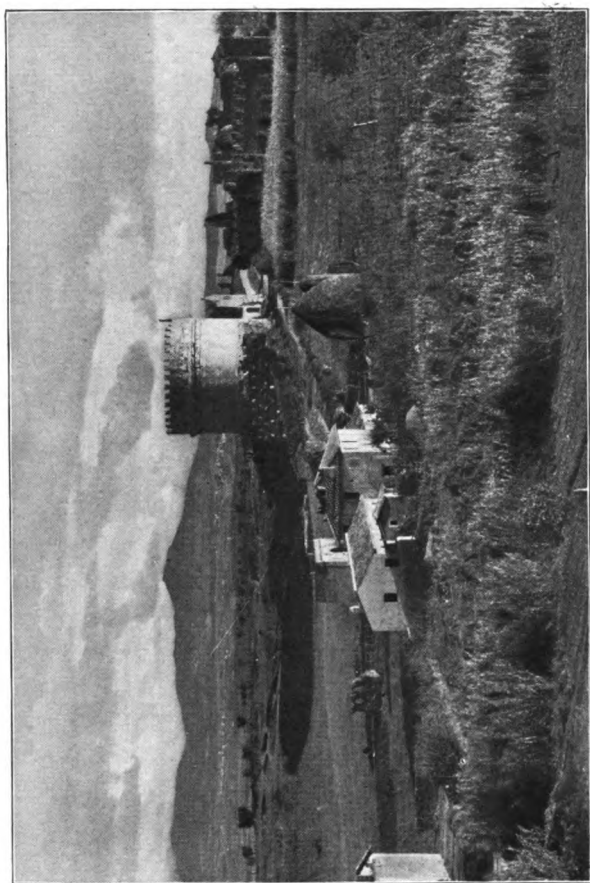
“The Scipios’ tomb contains no ashes now;
The very sepulchres lie tenantless
Of their heroic dwellers.”

We return once more to the carriage, and a few hundred yards down the road pass beneath the Arch of Drusus, a triumphal monument accorded to the stepson of Augustus for certain victories over the Germans. It is of travertine, ornamented with white marble, and was used by Caracalla as a support for the aqueduct which supplied his baths.

Just beyond is the Porta San Sebastiano, known of old as the Porta Appia, one of the most interesting and beautiful of the Aurelian gates. It is built of a mixture of material—much of it white marble—taken from the Temple of Mars, which formerly stood just outside the gate. Passing beneath the portal, we find ourselves fairly upon the Appian Way,

but we discover that it is hemmed in by villa walls, and does not differ perceptibly from the street within the gates. On we go, past the Church of Domine quo Vadis, past the Catacombs of St. Calixtus, which we shall visit later, past the Catacombs of Domitilla, past the Church of San Sebastiano. But no, — opposite the Church of San Sebastiano we find a tomb, and behind it the ruins of the Circus of Maxentius, which held some eighteen thousand spectators, and, for a small affair, was considered by the fourth-century Romans very good. It is the only Roman circus of which any considerable remains are left, and, with its towers and its ruined walls, it forms a most suggestive memorial.

After exploring it we return to the highway, and see just ahead of us, at the top of a gently rising slope, the Tomb of Cecilia Metella. Built as a mausoleum for the daughter of Metellus Creticus, and transformed into a fortress by one of the popes during the mediæval period, it has withstood the shocks of nearly twenty centuries and is still quite intact. The reason for this may be understood when we discover that the walls of the structure are



THE TOMB OF CECILIA METELLA

70. 1000
Abstract

about twenty-five feet thick, and the diameter of the inner chamber but fifteen feet. The white marble sarcophagus which once occupied this tomb and contained the remains of Metellus's daughter is now in the courtyard of the Farnese Palace.

As we ride on, the country becomes more open, the walls are lower and more ruinous, masses of brick and stone, the remains of ancient tombs, rise on either side of the road, desolate stone pines stand guard over them, adding a touch of gloomy grandeur to the landscape, and finally the Campagna spreads out before us, green with verdure and bordered with flowers, yet vast and desolate.

This Appian Way, once the great thoroughfare connecting Rome with Capua and later with Brundisium, has seen much of history. Hannibal, with the flower of the Carthaginian army, here approached the Roman city, threatening it with destruction. Hither came messengers flying from Brundisium, bringing news of the battle of Philippi and the fall of the republic. Here, too, over these worn stones, St. Paul, brought to Rome for trial before Nero, plodded along, chained to the wrist of

a Roman soldier and followed by that little band of Roman Christians who went out to meet him as far as the Appii Forum and the Three Taverns. Over these same stones came the victorious army of Titus, returning with the spoils of the temple, and two centuries later the cohorts of Aurelian with the captive Queen Zenobia bound in golden chains. These ruined tombs which line the wayside were then encased with polished marble which caught the sunlight and gleamed white against the deep blue Roman sky. They were the mortuary palaces of a princely race. Now, few of them give any hint of their former beauty, and fewer still tell anything of the men and women whose bones have mingled with the soil beneath them.

A little farther out we see the ruins of a tomb, assigned by tradition to the ancient Horatii, erected near the spot where they fought the Alban Curatii in the legendary dawn of Roman history. If we are skeptical about it, we may call it by any other name, for all we know definitely is that the Normans erected a tower of basalt upon the ruins, and that this tower gives it the name by which it

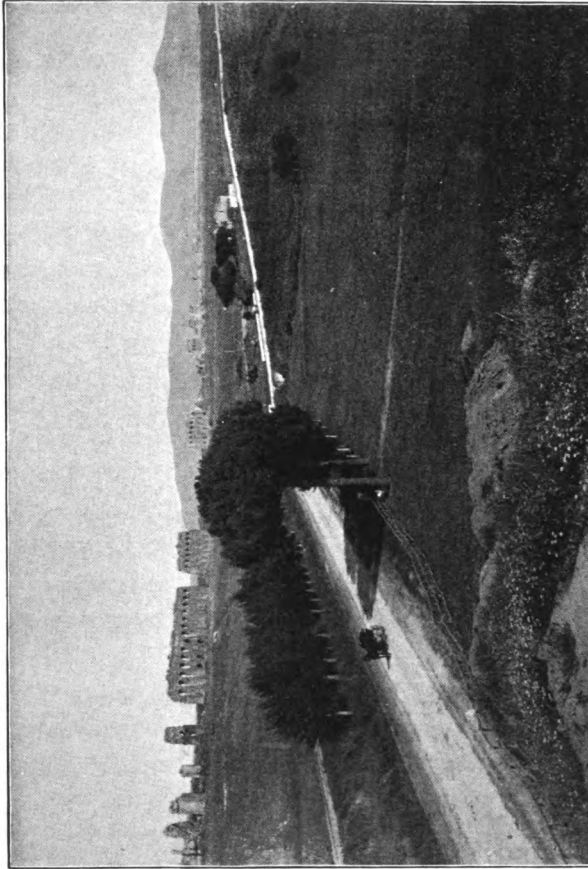
is now known, the *Tor di Selce*. It is one of the most picturesque ruins in the Roman Campagna.

We are now near the foot of the ascent to the Alban Mount, where in the ancient days stood Alba Longa, founded, if we wish to believe the legend, by Æneas's son, Ascanius. As this is not within the scope of our present excursion, we will ask Phœbus to turn about his steed and take us back to the city over the Via Appia Nova, which runs almost parallel with the older road, but a little to the north-east.

This road, too, passes the ruins of several ancient tombs, and a few miles from its junction with the original Appian Way, Phœbus shows us a little *osteria* which he says is upon the spot where Coriolanus was persuaded by his wife and mother to spare the Roman city. We suspect that the proprietor of the place may have a financial arrangement with Phœbus, but as the fresh air has given us an uncontrollable appetite, we yield, though we have no faith in the historical associations claimed for the spot.

Resuming our ride, we soon see here and

there fragments of the Claudian aqueduct rising nearly a hundred feet above the plain. This was the first ruin that met our eyes as we approached Rome by rail. It was one of eleven aqueducts which supplied the city during the luxurious days of the empire, when each Roman ruler tried to surpass his predecessor in the extent and magnificence of his public baths and fountains. The first of the aqueducts was the Appian, begun by Appius Claudius toward the end of the fourth century B. C. It brought a stream of water from the Sabine Hills. The Anio Vetus was built about forty years later, bringing to Rome the waters of the River Anio, which were not useful for drinking purposes, but only for irrigating gardens and villas. The Marcia, thirty-six miles in length, supplied good drinking-water, and was later made to furnish the Baths of Domitian and of Caracalla. Then followed the Tepula and the Julia, the Virgo, the Al-seatina, the Claudia (the ruins of which are now before us), and the Anio Novus. The last-named was the longest, extending sixty-two miles. A large part of it was underground, but for the last seven miles it ran upon



THE VIA APPIA NOVA AND THE CLAUDIAN AQUEDUCT

TO THE
LIBRARY

the arches of the Claudia. If we look transversely at these ruins we can see the two channels which carried the water; the lower, the original Claudia, and the upper, the Anio Novus, a sort of parasite of an aqueduct, it would seem.

To-day the water-supply of Rome is purer and better than that of almost any other European city. Three of the four aqueducts which supply it are restorations of the old imperial channels. It will be observed that the modern Romans get along quite comfortably with about one-third of the supply used by their ancestors, and still have water to throw away. The difference is perhaps explained in part by the fact that, among the common people, bathing has become a neglected art.

We reënter the city by the Porta San Giovanni, a gate made in the Aurelian Wall by one of the sixteenth-century popes, close beside the original Porta Asinaria. A hay-cart from the Campagna has preceded us for the last mile or two, the proprietor lying half-buried and asleep in his fragrant load, while his two donkeys have taken the entire responsibility of managing the expedition. They

have done it well, and have kept ahead of our steed, who is evidently getting jaded. A Roman cab-horse has his limitations.

Inside the gate, in the piazza, are a number of similar hay-carts, with the owners sitting on the pavement in the shade of the load, each contentedly munching a chunk of dry bread and a large onion. This is considered a square meal by the average Italian peasant, and it seems to furnish the motive power for considerable physical exertion. If we want proof that the American people, as a nation, eat too much, we may find it in a study of the Italian peasantry, who are, as a rule, economical, abstemious, and healthy.

Here are the Lateran basilica and palace, built upon the ruins of the barracks of the *Equites Singulares* and of the older palace which belonged to the princely family of the Laterani, but which fell into the hands of the government and was given by Constantine to the Church as a residence for the popes.

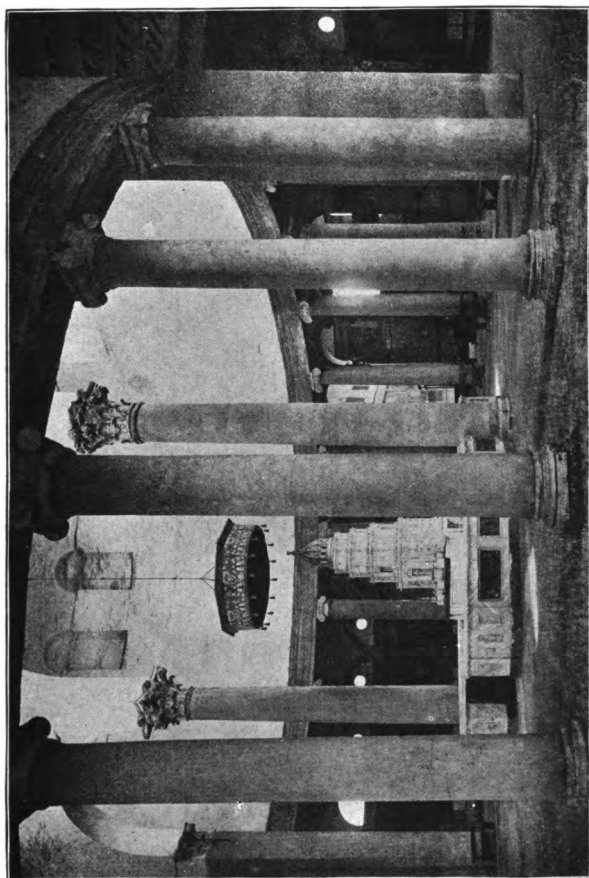
In the present palace is the Lateran museum, the ground floor being devoted to antique statues, sarcophagi, and architectural fragments, while the second floor contains a rare

collection of antiquities connected with the early history of the Church. We may walk through these rooms rather hastily, stopping only to examine a few of the most noteworthy works.

The first is the array of beautiful architectural sculptures, mainly from the Forum of Trajan, which are exhibited in the second room. These designs have furnished models for the finest decorative work of modern times, and show a richness, freedom, and beauty which have never been equalled. The next, and unquestionably the finest thing in the entire museum, is the Sophocles, in the eighth room, a magnificent figure exhibiting all the majesty and intellectual power which distinguished the golden age of Greece. We shall refer to this again (vol. ii., page 161). In the same room with the Sophocles is a spirited Marsyas, sometimes called a dancing faun, and quite familiar to us through reproductions. These, with a number of sarcophagi which we find in the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth rooms, constitute all of the so-called Museo Profano that can be examined at all carefully in the time at our disposal.

Turning now to the Christian Museum and ascending the staircase, the first objects that meet the eye are two statues of Christ the Good Shepherd. One of these is especially good, and is interesting as showing us how Christian art began by adopting classical models, — this figure being a type of antique Apollo. In the upper corridor and galleries are a number of Christian sarcophagi and copies of Catacomb wall-paintings. Note here the reappearance of the Apollo type of Christ as the Good Shepherd. Here, too, is an exceedingly interesting and valuable collection of early Christian inscriptions, including epitaphs and elegies, many of them taken from the Catacombs, and of great importance to the student. In an adjoining picture-gallery may be seen a few fairly good paintings by the old masters, but as none are of particular interest, you may, if pressed for time, pass them by without feeling that you have suffered an irreparable loss. As to that horrible mosaic pavement from the Baths of Caracalla, representing pugilists or gladiators, — pass that, too, unless you want to see how low art had fallen in Caracalla's day. It is difficult to

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THE INTERIOR OF SAN STEFANO ROTONDO

To the Aboriginal

understand just why this abortion should find a place in the Christian section of the museum. It should at least be sent down-stairs into the "Profano."

Emerging from the Lateran and turning to the northwest down the Via San Giovanni, we follow the valley between the Cœlian and Esquiline, passing through a region of cultivated fields and gardens, which, during the building delirium of the last decade, was partly converted into city lots. Then we turn to the left into the Via San Stefano, beside the scattered and broken arches of the Claudian aqueduct, which supplied the reservoir of Nero's Golden House, and which was at this point sometimes called the Aqueduct of Nero. It is not long before we see an opening upon our right, and at the farther extremity the Church of San Stefano Rotondo, — a building which has long been a puzzle to archæologists, and the origin of which no one yet knows with certainty. Its shape and architecture preclude the possibility of its having been constructed for a church, and the most probable explanation is that it was a restoration of the Macellum, or meat market of Nero, which

is known to have been a circular building standing in this neighbourhood in the centre of an open square. The restoration was made probably during the fourth century, and the building may have been used even then as a market-place. A century later it was dedicated to the martyr Stephen, and assumed its present name and use. In the middle of the fifteenth century a traveller describes it as being lined with precious marbles, serpentine and porphyry and mother-of-pearl. None of these splendid decorations remains, but their place is taken by a series of horrible frescoes, representing Christian saints in all stages of torture, — boiled in caldrons, flayed with knives, drawn and quartered, — an altogether appropriate form of decoration for Nero's butcher-shop, but hardly desirable in this modern Christian edifice. The church, fortunately, is shut up 364 days out of the year, but on the 365th — St. Stephen's Day — it is thrown wide open, and all the Romans, bourgeois and peasantry, come flocking in, to gloat over these pictures of murder and torture, as their ancestors, nearly two thousand years ago, gloated over the real thing in Nero's Circus.

Returning to the thoroughfare and catching a glimpse at the next corner of the Church of Santa Maria della Navicella, with its antique marble ship in the piazza before it, we pass under one of the arches of the aqueduct which here spans the road and soon come into a square before the Church of SS. Giovanni e Paolo. This church and the adjoining convent of the Passionist Fathers are built upon the ruins of the Temple of Claudius. Let us enter the beautiful convent garden with its rows of cypress and ilex and its atmosphere of calm. If you are a woman, we must ungalantly leave you at the gate, for the fathers' devotions must not be disturbed by the feminine presence. We can only give you our word for what we see, and so far as ruins are concerned there is not much, — only a few great arches of travertine and some remains of masonry which formed the substructures of the Temple. Agrippina, fourth wife of Claudius and mother of Nero, began the erection of this building to keep green the memory of her husband, whom she had poisoned, but Nero, who had no very strong filial devotion, had his mother killed, and turned his step-

father's temple into a reservoir for the artificial lake in which he played at naval fighting, and which spread out at the foot of the hill, over the spot occupied later by the Colosseum. Vespasian restored the temple to its original purpose, but when the Colosseum had been finished, succeeding emperors used these vaults for the reception of wild animals intended for the shows of the Amphitheatre. The walls which we now see reëchoed to the roars of beasts which waited there, hungry and ready for the engagement of gladiators or the devouring of Christians. It is hard to connect such scenes with the quiet peacefulness of the garden which has overgrown those old ruins. Nature has healed the scars, and the Church has taken for the dwelling of its priests the ground once occupied by the agencies for its destruction. In such a spot the fathers have much to meditate upon.

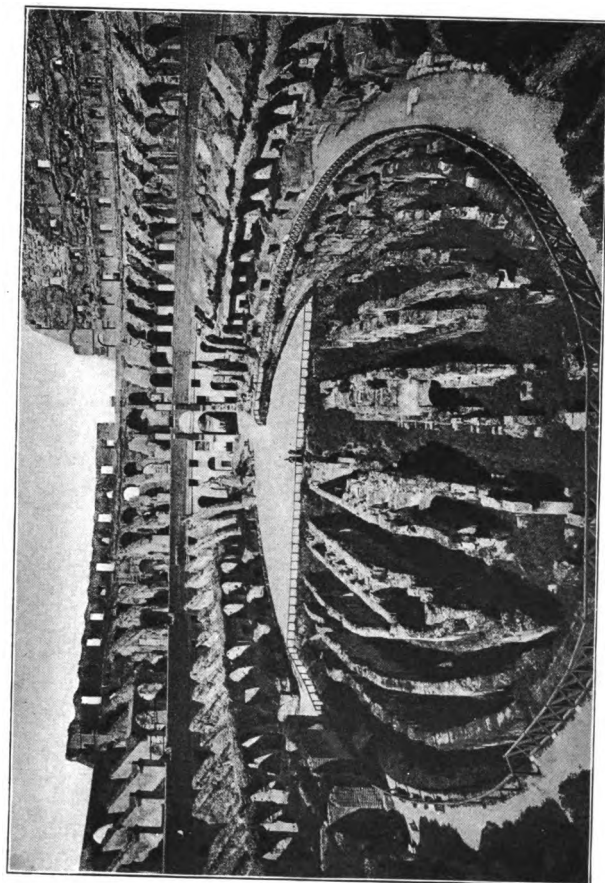
We shall not enter the Church of SS. Giovanni e Paolo, a mediæval building erected over the house in which the two brothers, members of Constantine's household, suffered martyrdom under Julian the Apostate. Passing down the street beside it, however, and under a suc-

cession of arches, we look up toward the apse and acknowledge that there are few churches in Rome which form so attractive a picture.

We have now but one great ruin left, — the greatest of them all. Turning into the Via San Gregorio at the next corner, a short ride between villa walls and avenues of ilexes leads us under the Arch of Constantine and brings us to the Colosseum. The Colosseum is the most stupendous thing in Rome. Statistics give little idea of its magnitute and no idea at all of its impressiveness, but, if you wish to have the figures, here they are: the outer walls were 157 feet high, and the seats extended down from this point in banks or steps almost to the level of the arena. The entire building measured 658 feet in length, the arena itself being about three hundred feet. An inscription of the fourth century states that the Colosseum contained 87,000 *loci*, which until recently was taken to mean seats for spectators. Professor Huelsen, however, has advanced a theory, now generally accepted, that the *loci* refers not to seats but to feet of bench space; that each spectator must have occupied eighteen or twenty inches of space, and that accordingly

there could not have been room for more than fifty thousand or so. Professor Huelsen probably never rode in an American street-car, and may not have made sufficient allowance for the compressibility of a crowd, but whether fifty thousand or a hundred thousand, the Colosseum certainly accommodated a good-sized audience, and no modern theatre manager could have more skilfully handled it than did those Romans of the Flavian age. Each of the eighty arches upon the ground formed an entrance and exit, and a wide corridor beneath the banks of seats encircled the building, communicating by means of transverse corridors or tunnels with the auditorium. It is estimated that the building could be emptied in about ten minutes. Every spectator had his ivory ticket, admitting him by section, entrance, row, and seat. Each of the various orders—senators, knights, soldiers, freedmen, or whatever — had its own distinct section, and, later, individuals seem to have acquired permanent sittings upon which their names were inscribed. About two hundred of these names have been discovered cut in the stone which formed the benches.

But what of the arena? We used to think



THE INTERIOR OF THE COLOSSEUM

70 100
100 100

of it as an open space upon the solid ground, but this was a misconception. It was, rather, a floor of heavy planks covered with sand (hence its name), and beneath it was a basement with rooms and passages, in which beasts, gladiators, and Christians were kept until wanted for the entertainment of the crowd. Trap-doors and elevators communicated with the arena, affording a means of entrance for the living and exit for the dead. An underground passage connected this basement with the substructures of the Temple of Claudius, which we have seen upon the Coelian Hill, and in which was kept the main supply of beasts. Thus we have a perfect stage arrangement and accommodations for all the actors in the most terribly realistic tragedy that has ever been presented for the entertainment of mankind. When naval spectacles were wanted, the arena was flooded almost to the level of the podium, and triremes manned by slaves engaged in fierce conflict until the men went down, one by one, bruised and wounded and drowning, and none was left to fight.

The Colosseum is a marvellous ruin under any sky and at any hour, but, if you wish it

thoroughly to enthrall you and to take from you all consciousness of present time and of self, you must see it by moonlight. The guide-books and the doctors will tell you that you must remain indoors after sundown, but the chances are that you will do as you please about it. You have perhaps already transgressed. An evening at some little open *osteria*, or a stroll down the Corso has drawn you out and proved a greater attraction than the conversation of fellow tourists in your hotel parlour. Hence you will not refuse to go with me and see this greatest of Roman ruins under lunar auspices.

Try now to forget how long the Colosseum is, and how high. Forget all that discussion about the number of spectators that it held, and how the animals were brought into the arena. Think of it not as a curiosity but as a poem, — and the moonlight will sink into you and filter through you and finally will reach your soul. The spirit of the place is now upon you. Close your eyes and see these tiers of benches peopled again with a Roman populace. Domitian sits in his imperial chair, while before him in the arena stands a company of gladiators, with

their salutation: "Ave, Imperator, morituri te salutant." Above, the softened light streams down through silken awnings; around, the air is fragrant with the spray of perfumes from a hundred fountains; eager and expectant, the great throng lean forward, prætor and ædile, matron and Vestal Virgin, with the mob above and behind them, waiting for the slaughter to begin. When the gladiators have hacked and stabbed each other and the less skilful is down on the bloody sand with the victor's knee upon his breast, the crowd yells in a frenzy of delight, and the thumbs of Domitian and of the knights and senators and of the Vestal Virgins are all turned down as a sign that no mercy shall be given. The victor plunges his sword into the throat of his victim, and the first act is done.

Then come wild beasts into the arena, — lions from the Libyan desert, wild bulls and aurochs from the Northern plains, elephants from the East, great brown bears from the forests of Gaul, — tearing each other in their rage and filling the vast amphitheatre with discordant cries, while to the intense delight of the spectators a company of Christians are thrown

in to fight, or be destroyed. Then the beasts are killed by a horde of attendants, and, when the butchery is over, the multitude, drunk with the sight of blood, more savage than the beasts themselves, rush out through the vomitoria, and the Colosseum is deserted.

You open your eyes. There are the outlines of the great arena. The moon has passed behind a cloud, and for an instant you cannot bring yourself back to the present. You look down expecting to see the animals and their victims, expecting some such sight as Doré has pictured, — the lions feasting upon the bodies of the slain while the hosts of heaven descend to welcome the souls of the martyrs.

But the moon comes out again and bathes the ruin in a flood of splendour. It throws white bars of light into the dark openings where of old were kept the beasts; it throws black shadows under the arches at our back; it touches with a fringe of silver the crumbling tiers of stone. The nightingales are singing from the ilexes beyond the Arch of Constantine, and looking again into the arena you see a half-circle of white light, and another half-circle of lights and shadows, where the moon-

beams play among the excavated tiers of masonry. Moonlight and shadow and silence! If one sees the Colosseum thus, he will carry the picture with him forever, for it is the most thrilling experience which he can have of the Eternal City.

END OF VOLUME I.

THE EMPERORS OF ROME

ARRANGED IN CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER WITH DATE OF
ACCESSION

27 B. C. Augustus.	217 Macrinus.
14 A. D. Tiberius.	218 Elagabalus.
37 Caligula.	222 Alexander Severus.
41 Claudius.	235 Maximin.
54 Nero.	238 Gordian I. and II.
68 Galba.	238 Pupienus, Balbinus.
69 Otho.	238 Gordian III.
69 Vitellius.	244 Philip.
69 Vespasian.	249 Decius.
79 Titus.	251 Hostilian and Gallus.
81 Domitian.	252 Gallus and Volusian.
96 Nerva.	253 Valerian, Æmilian and Gallienus.
98 Trajan.	260 Gallienus, alone.
117 Hadrian.	268 Claudius II. (Gothicus).
138 Antoninus Pius.	270 Aurelian.
161 Marcus Aurelius and Lucius Verus.	275 Tacitus.
169 Marcus Aurelius, alone.	276 Florian.
180 Commodus.	276 Probus.
193 Pertinax.	282 Carus.
193 Didius Julianus.	283 Carinus and Numerian.
193 Pescennius Niger.	284 Diocletian.
193 Septimius Severus.	286 Diocletian and Maximian.
211 Caracalla and Geta.	305 Constantius and Galerius.
212 Caracalla, alone.	

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| <p>306 Constantine, Galerius,
Licinius, Maxentius and
Maximian (contested).
323 Constantine, alone.
337 Constantine II., Constan-
tius II. and Constans.
350 Constantius, alone.
361 Julian the Apostate.
363 Jovian.
364 Valens (East) and Valen-
tinian I. (West).
375 Gratian, Valens and Val-
entinian II.
379 Gratian, Theodosius and
Valentinian II.
383 Theodosius, Valentinian
II. and Maximus.
392 Theodosius and Eugenius
(contested).</p> | <p>394 Theodosius, alone.
395 Arcadius (in the East).
395 Honorius (in the West).
408 Theodosius II. (East).
425 Valentinian III. (West).
450 Marcian (East).
455 Maximus (West).
455 Avitus (West).
455 Majorian (West).
457 Leo I. (East).
461 Severus (West).
467 Anthemius (West).
472 Olybrius (West).
473 Glycerius (West).
474 Julius Nepos (West).
474 Leo II., Zeno, Basilicus
(East).
475 Romulus Augustulus
(West).</p> |
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ROME, THE ETERNAL CITY

In Two Volumes

**Vol. II. The Rome of the Popes and
the Rome of the Artists**

Rome, The Eternal City

VOLUME II

CHAPTER I.

THE STORY OF PAPAL ROME

NEARLY nineteen centuries ago, when Nero was holding high revel in his Golden House, and Rome had already yielded herself up to the vices which finally brought about her ruin, two strangers from Syria, one a Galilean fisherman, the other a Jew of Tarsus, began to stir up the Roman people with thoughts of a new and strange religion. Paul, the Jew of Tarsus, had been tried for sedition before Festus, procurator of Judea, but being a Roman citizen and having the right of appeal, he demanded to be brought before the emperor, and was conducted to Rome, a prisoner. For two years he lived

in a hired house, chained to a Roman soldier, but was allowed to preach to those who came to him. At length he was discharged by Nero in one of those moments of good humour which occasionally overtook the fickle emperor when he was particularly pleased with himself and when matters had gone well with him. This was before the great fire. How Peter, the fisherman, came, no one seems to know, but these two men, together, Peter and Paul, gathered little knots of people in the house of Pudens at the foot of the Esquiline and in the house of Aquila, a Jewish tent-maker on the Aventine, and told them of the new religion.

They told of a God greater than the pagan deities, and of Jesus of Nazareth, his son, who became flesh and died upon earth to make men free. To the Roman people, suffering under the will of a cruel and half-insane despot, this thought of freedom came like the breath of heaven. They flocked to hear, and they believed. But persecution followed. Their two leaders were ignominiously put to death. Christian blood flowed in Nero's Circus, and Christian bodies were burned in Nero's Gar-

den, but Christian souls were still unconquered. The converts met by night in the sand-pits of the Via Nomentana, in the cemeteries of the Via Appia, — wherever they could find seclusion and temporary safety. And when Peter, their first leader or bishop, *episcopus*, was put to death, Linus, Pudens's brother-in-law, took his place, and the Church continued to increase in number and in courage.

Two and a half centuries passed, with emperors good and bad, — but for the most part bad, — and alternating periods of tolerance and persecution, until finally Constantine, while performing certain of his pagan rites, saw the cross of Christ above the setting sun, inscribed it on his banner with the motto, "In hoc signo vinces," and defeated Maxentius at the Milvian bridge. This led to the Edict of Milan, in 313 A. D., and a little later Christianity, under Constantine's patronage, became in fact the religion of the Roman state. The Lateran Palace was given to the bishop for his residence, and the Lateran Church of St. John became the "mother and head of all the churches of the city, and of the world." That was a significant phrase, for though the Roman

Church did not become, in fact, the head until years afterward, it showed the direction which ecclesiastical history was taking. The period of persecution was past, and the Church began to think less of her spiritual life and more of her authority.

The second period of the Church's history centres about the Lateran Palace, and marks the rise, the degradation, the resurrection, and finally the climax in her struggle for temporal power. With Christianity fairly established in Rome, Constantine at once builds his new capital on the Bosphorus and goes thither, leaving the city of the Cæsars nominally in charge of his civil representative, but really under the dominion of the Roman bishop. Nor does the Church's power end with Rome. Gradually it extends its authority throughout the empire, and Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, is able to say to the Emperor Theodosius that he shall do public penance for his massacre at Thessalonica, before he may enter Milan cathedral. And Theodosius does public penance.

The Western Empire is nearing its end, and the German barbarians sweep down from be-

yond the Alps, driving before them the feeble remnant of civil authority that remains in Rome. But the bishop does not flee. He receives his suppliants in the Lateran Palace, and performs the mass in the Lateran basilica, — and among his suppliants and his worshippers are now to be found red-bearded Northmen. He has conquered the conquerors by converting them. We see at the beginning of this period Leo, Bishop of Rome, going outside the gates to meet the victorious Attila, — asking him to turn back and spare the city. This is one of the remarkable scenes of history. A savage conqueror, unknown to pity, seeing rich spoil within his grasp, and his followers hungry for it, stands awed before the simple priest, and, turning about, marches his men away. It is the first great triumph of the Church, but not the last.

The next important figure that we see is Gregory the First, a pious monk, consumed with missionary zeal, strengthening the fabric reared so well by Leo and his successors. He it is who, one day seeing the Angle slave boys in the Forum, says, "Call them not Angles, but angels, — they are beautiful as angels,"

and sends to their kindred, among the forests and moors of their far island home, forty monks, under the good Augustine, to plant the church in England.

It is in 590, the year of the great plague, that he becomes Pope, — for we may now use the title which gradually superseded that of bishop, though at this period every bishop is a pope if he wishes, and it is not until the time of Gregory the Seventh that the Church acknowledges one Pope, alone, — and he the Bishop of Rome. It is 590: the Western Empire has gone out with the little Romulus Augustulus, and the Eastern emperors are holding merely a nominal suzerainty over the city. The plague is raging. Hundreds are dying daily, and those who have life left in them to flee are fleeing to the hills and to the open country. Gregory thinks only of his duty, and, entering the fever-smitten city, encourages the fainting and the fearful, marches through the streets with his retinue in solemn procession, and, carried away by the fervour of his prayers for the healing of his people, fancies he sees an angel on the summit of Hadrian's mausoleum sheathing a bloody

sword. A celestial choir, hovering above and around him, chants, meanwhile, the vesper anthem: "*Regina cœli, lætare — quia quem meruisti portare — resurrexit, sicut dixit, Alleluia.*" And the Pope replies, "*Ora pro nobis, Deum, Alleluia.*" Whether in response to Gregory's prayer, no one can tell, but the plague is stayed, and the people praise God and say their Pope has wrought a miracle. Compare this scene with one four centuries earlier, when, during that other fearful plague which ravaged Rome, the Emperor Commodus fled panic-stricken to Laurentum, leaving his people to die like cattle, and taking with him the famous physician, Galen, to guard his worthless life, in case symptoms of the dread disease should appear.

All this time the Church is gaining power and influence. Pippin the Short, in 752, asks Pope Stephen whether he may seize the crown of the Franks. The Pope says yes, and with his blessing Pippin becomes the first of the Carolingian kings. St. Boniface anoints him and gives him authority "by the grace of God." To disobey him, now, becomes not merely a political offence, but a sin as well.

While Pippin in the north is thus acknowledging the power of the Pope, the Lombards in Italy are not so tractable. They cast their thievish eyes toward Rome, and, drawn thither by the hope of spoil, they at length determine to attack the city. Pope Stephen sends for Pippin, in a letter which, even after these centuries, is hot with the threats which it contains. "If," says he, "you allow the city of the Prince of the Apostles to be torn by the Lombards, your own soul will be torn in hell by the devil and his pestilential angels." This is too strong for Pippin to resist. He not only saves Rome for Pope Stephen, but he destroys the Lombard power and gives to the Pope the Lombard lands, laying the foundation of the "States of the Church," which remain under the civil government of the popes until 1870.

The letter of Pope Stephen is particularly interesting as an illustration of the style of argument used by the Church during the Middle Ages, and it was this that gave her such power over the semi-barbarous people of those times. The papacy represented no longer a religion of humility, but of arrogance and intimidation.

The next important scene in Roman history occurs in St. Peter's, on that Christmas Day in the year 800, when Charlemagne is crowned by Pope Leo the Third. We can see the tall, broad-shouldered, keen-eyed soldier, kneeling before the high altar, with the winter sunshine falling through the high side windows of the old basilica — touching his long, flowing hair, and flashing upon the hilt of the great sword which has won him his victories. Leo, the Pope, advances, followed by a procession of white-robed priests. In his hands he holds an imperial crown which he places upon the head of the kneeling Charlemagne, with the salutation, "Hail, Emperor of the Romans." And a great shout goes up from the crowd in the church and outside the doors, "Long live the Emperor of the Romans." Rome has at length cast off her last show of vassalage to the Eastern Empire, now in the hands of the beautiful but detestable Irene, and has established a new Western Roman Empire with a line of Germans in the seat of the Cæsars, — ruling her from beyond the Alps.

But the new Western Empire does not continue long. It needs a strong hand to hold

it together, and Charlemagne's successors are not strong. So it crumbles to pieces, and the dukes and barons rise into power. In the ninth century Rome is ruled by the infamous Theodora, who calls herself *Senatrix*, and by her unspeakable daughter, Marozia. A century later, Crescenzo, a descendant of Theodora, appears, — the first of the great Roman barons who make the bloody history of the Middle Ages. Crescenzo dreams of restoring Rome to the suzerainty of the Eastern Empire and of becoming himself Exarch of Italy. But Benedict, the Pope, is loyal to his German emperor, so Crescenzo has him strangled in the Castle of St. Angelo and sets up another Pope — or antipope — in his stead. Crescenzo's Pope finds life in Rome under his new master too strenuous, and runs away to Constantinople, taking with him all that he can carry of treasure and sacred relics. More than a decade of bloodshed follows. Crescenzo assumes absolute control. He will have no Pope at all, — so he drives from the Lateran Pope John the Fifteenth, and lords it over Rome most royally. But Pope John appeals to the German emperor and Crescenzo

is awed for a time, — though it is only for a time. Soon he is again plotting with the government of the East. Pope John is dead and the German Emperor Otto has set up a new Pope in his stead. Crescenzo drives out the new Pope, — the third Pope he has driven out of Rome, — and sets up another antipope. Otto comes in hot haste, bringing his Pope with him, and besieges Crescenzo in the Castle of St. Angelo. It is a long and hard fought fight, but the German wins at last, the scaling-ladders hold against the steep sides of the fortress, and the heads of Crescenzo and the other nobles who have conspired with him, fixed upon pikes, stare from the ramparts at the Roman populace, who shout “Long live the Emperor,” and are glad that the frightful dream is over.

This is a picture of the life of Rome for seven centuries. The nobles war against the popes and the popes against the emperors, and the emperors against both. The Church has lost its religious character, except at rare intervals, and maintains its supremacy as best it can, by frightening its enemies with the threat of eternal punishment. But even this is' a less

fearful thing, to desperate men, than it seemed to be in the earlier centuries.

The papacy is reaching its lowest depths. The Count of Tusculum is able to establish as Pope, with the title of Benedict the Ninth, a boy of ten years, — a kinsman, — and to keep him in his priestly office ten years longer while he develops all manner of precocious wickedness, finally proposing to set up a wife in the palace of the Lateran. This seems to the churchmen of his day a more serious matter than all his other youthful indiscretions, and makes him so unpopular that he is glad to dispose of the office for a good round sum to Gregory the Sixth, his successor. But when he has made the bargain, he repents and decides to continue a little longer.

Another claimant arises. There are now three rival popes, and the Church has fallen to the lowest point in its degradation, but out of the chaos appears the great figure of Hildebrand, the monk of Soano. For a quarter of a century before he assumes the papal office he practically dictates the papal policy, and when in 1073 he sits in the chair of St. Peter as Gregory the Seventh, it is to reestablish

more firmly than ever before the temporal power of the Church and to cleanse it of its vileness. Hildebrand is one of the great characters of history, — an astute statesman, a bold reformer, an untiring enthusiast, — although we may not agree with his theories of the function and mission of the Church in the world, we must admire his devotion and honesty of purpose, in an age when honesty was a rare thing even in a churchman.

Then comes the great struggle between the Church and the Empire, — between Gregory and Henry the Fourth. Henry will not brook the dictates of Gregory, and Gregory will not suffer the interference of Henry, — so finally the Emperor deposes the Pope and the Pope excommunicates the Emperor. Henry drives Gregory to exile and death, but he cannot overcome the forces which Gregory has set in motion against him, and finally abdicating his throne, he, too, dies, — friendless and dishonoured, with the curse of the Church still resting upon him.

It is during these troublous days that Gregory calls Robert Guiscard, Duke of Apulia, with his Normans and Saracens, — six thou-

sand horse and thirty thousand foot,—to protect Rome against Henry; and Robert protects Rome by driving Henry out, then battering down and burning everything that he can destroy between the Castle of St. Angelo and the Lateran, leaving in his wake smoking ruins and unburied dead.

Then follows the fruitless contest of another German emperor, the famous Frederick Barbarossa, to make his imperial lordship over Italy something more than an empty name. And while he is fighting against the Roman nobles, Arnold of Brescia, a pure but visionary Lombard priest, dreams that Rome may again be free. Having the people with him, Arnold establishes for a time a Senate, which Frederick and Pope Adrian together put down, — burning Arnold at the stake and throwing his ashes into the Tiber.

Under Innocent the Third the papacy reaches the height of its power. Innocent manipulates and controls the politics of Europe, and in 1215 calls together in the Lateran that celebrated council which sets the seal of its approval upon his statesmanlike achievements.

More than two thousand prelates gather there from all parts of the known world.

The struggle between popes and emperors continues, but now it is with Frederick the Second instead of Barbarossa. The papacy still holds its own, and after Frederick's death the German emperors are again driven out of Italy. The "Jubilee" of the year 1300 brings two million pilgrims to Rome to worship at the shrines of the Church and to bring their offerings to the Pope. A chronicler of the time tells us that at St. Peter's tomb two priests are kept busy many days with rakes, collecting the offerings which are laid there. But this is the last great triumph of the papacy. Within three years Boniface the Eighth, then reigning Pope, insulted by the messengers of Philip the Fair of France in the castle at Agnani, and driven back to Rome, dies of grief and shame. The papal curse has lost its terrors, and the papal power is no longer supreme.

The Church now enters upon the third period of its history, — a period of decline, — and the papacy becomes again a plaything of the Northern emperors. Philip the Fair names

a French Pope, and removes the Papal See to Avignon, where it remains for seventy years. During these terrible days, when Rome is deserted by popes and emperors alike, and harried by warring nobles, — when every ruin is a barricade and every tower a fortress, — when blood flows in the streets and the husband who leaves his wife and children for a peaceful errand in the morning is more than likely to be brought home at night with a knife stab under his heart, inflicted by some secret enemy, — during all this wild nightmare of terror and uncertainty, is born Rienzi. He is a scholar, as scholarship is judged in these wild times, and has filled his mind with tales of the greatness of Rome's past. Like Arnold of Brescia, he dreams of a Rome that shall be free, and, burning to redress the wrongs of the people, he rouses them to revolt. Miss Mitford's lines, which are supposed to represent his appeal to the populace, are known to every schoolboy :

**"Have ye brave sons? Look in the next fierce brawl
To see them die. Have ye fair daughters? — look
To see them live torn from your arms — distained,
Dishonoured; and if ye dare to call for justice
Be answered with the lash. Yet this is Rome**

The Story of Papal Rome 17

That from her seven hills of beauty ruled
The world, — and we are Romans.”

The appeal is heard. The people shout as they are always so ready to do, and proclaim Rienzi their tribune; the nobles are driven out and for seven months he rules, — justly in the main, but not altogether wisely. Then the people tire of him and he, too, is made an out-cast, until, reinforced by letters from the Pope at Avignon, he comes back, is reinvested with his office, rules two months longer, and is slain on the steps of Ara Cœli by the people whom he wished to serve.

In 1377 the Papal See is brought back to Rome and established in the Vatican, partly because the Lateran has fallen into decay, but mainly because the Vatican is near the Castle of St. Angelo, — and the Popes need protection now. The Renaissance has begun in Italy, with Dante and Petrarch and Giotto and Fra Angelico, but it is long before the awakening in art and letters makes much difference in the character of the people. Rome is still torn by feuds and terrified by midnight brawls and visions of swift death. The Colonna and the Orsini still wage their old warfare; blood

flows, but there is less of open fighting than before and more of secret crime. Hired assassins do their deadly work. It is the age of poison and the stiletto, and murder has become a fine art.

Alexander the Sixth is now Pope, — the father of the illegitimate Cæsar and Lucretia Borgia, — and the vilest hypocrite who ever used the priestly office for private ends. The story of his death in 1503 is well-known. He and his evil son are to dine with the wealthy Cardinal of Corneto, whom Cæsar Borgia has planned to poison. Though both father and son are experts in this gentle art, something seems to have gone wrong on the present occasion. Alexander the Pope drinks from the wrong decanter, and dies the next day in frightful agony, while Cæsar himself takes enough to make him ill, but is able to get out of the city before justice can overtake him.

The Renaissance has come, but it has much to conquer. When Brunelleschi and Donatello visit Rome to study the old monuments, they dig away a little earth in the Forum to expose some of the buried columns which they wish to measure, — but the people — so Vasari says

— look upon them with suspicion and call them treasure-seekers. That any other motive could lead men to delve among the ancient ruins is wholly inconceivable to those fallen Romans. Yet the dawn is breaking and the long night is almost gone. Little by little, men are seeing that there is something in life beside the mere struggle for existence. Petrarch sits with Giovanni Colonna amid the ruins of the Baths of Diocletian, and their talk runs — so he tells us — “not of business or political affairs, but of the history which these monuments suggest.” This is the modern spirit as distinguished from the mediæval.

Julius the Second, rough and warlike yet a lover of the new art, becomes Pope, following Alexander the poisoner, and soon calls Raphael and Michelangelo to Rome to decorate the Vatican. Luther, a German monk, also visits Rome, and his eyes are opened to some things that ten years later make him the leader of the Protestant revolt. Germany recognizes the equality of the new Lutheran church, Henry the Eighth dissolves the monasteries in England, Calvin establishes Presbyterianism in Geneva, and the Church of Rome

is forsaken by the most progressive and thoughtful of her children. This reformation reacts upon the Church, herself. Reforms are instituted. Ignatius Loyola, the Spanish soldier, becomes a pilgrim and organizes the Jesuit order, founded upon purity, poverty, and obedience. The Council of Trent demands that the lives of the clergy shall be free from offence.

In the midst of this awakening occurs the last great sack of Rome,—the final outbreak of mediævalism. It is in 1527. Pope Clement the Seventh has formed, with the Republics of Venice and Florence, the Duke of Milan and the King of France, the “Holy League,” the object of which is to seize Naples and protect Italy against the aggression of the Emperor Charles the Fifth. Another Charles, a petty duke, called the Constable of Bourbon, always looking for adventure, raises an army of cutthroats in Lombardy and descends upon the Roman city, ostensibly to assist the Emperor, but really to get what spoil he may. The attack is sharp and effective. Charles, the Constable, is killed by a bullet while scaling the walls,—Benvenuto Cellini, the sculptor,

claims to have fired the fatal shot, — but his hired desperadoes enter and make themselves at home. The days of Genseric the Vandal and of Robert Guiscard are repeated with new horrors. Six million ducats in gold and treasure are carried away, the city is swept again with fire, bathed in blood, and left once more in ashes. In this terrible encounter, the Colonna and Orsini appear again on opposite sides, the Colonna, as usual, of the Ghibelline party, fighting for the Emperor; the Orsini, with the Guelphs, fighting for the Pope. The Pope offers an enormous ransom and is allowed to escape, disguised as a market-gardener, to save him from the violence of the soldiery, — for no one can control those violent buccaneers when they have tasted blood.

A new Rome slowly emerges from the ruins, built for the most part under Sixtus the Fifth, and continuing with little change until the last century. Nor does anything more of importance occur in Roman history for more than two hundred years, until Napoleon invades Italy in 1797, and carries off her rarest art treasures to adorn the Louvre.

Four years later, Pope Pius the Seventh is

summoned to Paris to assist in the coronation of the young Corsican soldier as Emperor of the French, and when the Pope has girded him with the sword of Charlemagne and crowned him, — or rather has held the crown with which he crowns himself, for he will not let the Pope put it upon his head, — when this is done and the Pope has gone back to Rome and five years more have passed, Napoleon takes the Pope's secular domains away from him and leaves him nothing to do but to care for souls. It is a long time since a Pope has had only that to do. But the Pope retorts by excommunicating the Emperor and the Emperor arrests the Pope, holding him a prisoner for three years. Moreover, Napoleon takes the College of Cardinals to Paris, assigns the offices of the Church to suit himself, and seizes the precious collections of the Vatican, — hundreds of wagon-loads of rare old documents and books from the Vatican Library, — rare paintings and statues from the Vatican Museum — or from any other source obtainable, for that matter. It is another sack of Rome, carried on without fire or bloodshed, yet none the less effectively.

But the Church is not to yield up her temporal possessions finally until another sixty years has passed. Napoleon is soon an exile on St. Helena, and the struggle for a united Italy begins, — a familiarity with the details of which is quite essential if one would understand the Rome of to-day.

After Napoleon's fall, Austria seizes that part of Italy covered by Lombardy and Venetia, and exercises for a time a sort of lordship over the entire peninsula. But liberty and revolution are abroad, and the people are growing restive under foreign dictation. The figure of Mazzini appears, — the prophet of United Italy. He dreams of a great republic that shall spread among the nations the doctrines of liberty, equality, and fraternity. Nor does he stop with dreaming. He organizes "Young Italy," — a secret society of patriotic youths, banded together to win freedom or death, — and to many of them it becomes death. He issues pamphlets, preaches the doctrines that mean so much to him and to the people, and inspires the men — particularly the young men — of the nation with an enthusiasm which is almost religious.

And side by side with Mazzini, we see the picturesque Garibaldi, looming large through those troublous revolutionary days, a rough soldier, careless in his dress and manners, — nicknamed the “Knight of the Red Shirt,” — but a pure, unselfish patriot and a true nobleman such as God sometimes raises up from among the people when there is great work to be done.

But Italy cannot agree upon the means, — though all are united enough in the determination to do *something*. There are three revolutionary parties, one wishing for a constitutional monarchy under the King of Sardinia, Charles Albert; another preferring a federation of states under the leadership of the Pope; and a third, headed by Mazzini and Garibaldi, demanding nothing short of a republic. The King of Sardinia takes the initiative in 1848 by attacking the hated Austrians, and at first is successful, but superior numbers and generalship crush him, a year later, and he flees to Portugal, where he dies, broken-hearted. While this fight is going on in Lombardy, the Romans, roused by Mazzini and Garibaldi, rise in revolt, drive out their Pope, Pius the Ninth, and pro-

claim a republic, — but their time has not yet come, and while the Austrian troops in the north of Italy are crushing out the Sardinians, French troops in Rome, anxious also to have a hand in the affair, put down the Roman uprising and restore the Pope. Garibaldi is exiled a second time and becomes a candlemaker in New York.

Ten years pass by. The spirit of Italian liberty is not dead, but only strengthening itself for the final struggle. The three parties are united now, having agreed upon a constitutional monarchy, and the fight is on. Out of the smoke and confusion of those last days of 1859—60 stand out three commanding personalities, Victor Emmanuel, the young King of Sardinia (son of the ill-starred Charles Albert), Count Cavour, his able minister, called the Bismarck of Italy, and the irrepressible Garibaldi, who has returned to lead the people to final victory. Cavour has shrewdly played upon the rivalry between France and Austria, and has gained the friendship of France by sending to Napoleon the Third a force of fifteen thousand men to aid him against Russia in the Crimean war. He ex-

pects, in return, the help of France, now that the time to throw off the Austrian yoke has come, — and he is not disappointed. Volunteers from all Italy begin to flock to the standard of the Sardinian king. France sends her promised armies and at Magenta and Solferino the Austrians are driven out of Lombardy, — but not out of Venetia. Here the Frenchman stops, — afraid of the growing power of the movement which he is assisting, and fearing he may have at length a stronger rival south of the Alps than he has in Austria. He receives from Sardinia, as his pay, the provinces of Nice and Savoy, and goes home, anxious, but on the whole well pleased.

But the liberation of Venetia is only postponed. The movement grows. Tuscany, Modena, Parma, and the Romagna rise in their wrath, cast out their dukes, and come to Victor Emmanuel. Garibaldi suddenly appears in Sicily with a thousand volunteers, drives out the troops of the Neapolitan king, follows them to Naples, cheered as he goes with the huzzas of the people, and — what is more to the point — with the help of every patriotic peasant and burgher who can bear a musket. Naples and

Sicily become a part of the new kingdom. Six years later, with the aid of Prussia, Venetia is finally taken from Austria, and in 1870, when Napoleon the Third has lost his empire, and the Pope his protector, the States of the Church are seized without a blow. Rome is entered by an Italian army; the Roman people vote almost unanimously to cast their lot with the Italian nation, and Victor Emmanuel, first King of Italy, enters the Quirinal Palace of the Pope, making it his own. The temporal power of the Church is at an end.

Pope Pius is offered a yearly allowance amounting to more than six million dollars and absolute sovereignty over the ground occupied by the palaces of the Vatican, the Lateran, and the papal villa at Castel Gondolfo, which is still regarded as foreign territory by the Italian government. But the Church will not recognize the action of the government, which it calls high-handed robbery, and will not accept the annuity, which it considers the price of its shame. Two popes have followed Pius, — the wise and saintly but determined Leo the Thirteenth, and his more liberal successor, Pius the Tenth, — but both have

maintained the attitude assumed at that time. The Pope still holds court in the Vatican, his territory reduced to about fifty acres, his army to a score of yellow-liveried Swiss guards, — but no emissary of the king may cross his threshold without invitation. He will not leave his domains, for he regards himself a prisoner. But if his temporal power has faded to a mere shadow, he may at least content himself with the assurance that his spiritual power is still vital over millions of Christian worshippers, and that a large part of them respect and love him more as the head of the spiritual Church than they ever did as the ruler of a few Italian states and the dictator of the politics of Europe.

The king, over upon the Quirinal, has his troubles too. The treasury is exhausted, the national debt is growing to enormous proportions, the people must be taxed, — too heavily taxed for them to bear, — and there is dissatisfaction. The poor are leaving the country in great numbers, — the rich are discontented, too. What it may end in, no one can see, and it is vain to prophesy. But though the vision that has come to modern Italy, — of Rome as

a great European capital, — another Paris, — is happily unfulfilled, Rome is more than any modern capital can ever be. Bourse and Bazaar and Bon Marché are not for her. She is the Capital of Dreams, and her sway is over every heart that knows her history and traditions, — a sway wider than she ever held in the days of the Cæsars.

CHAPTER II.

THE EARLIER CHURCHES

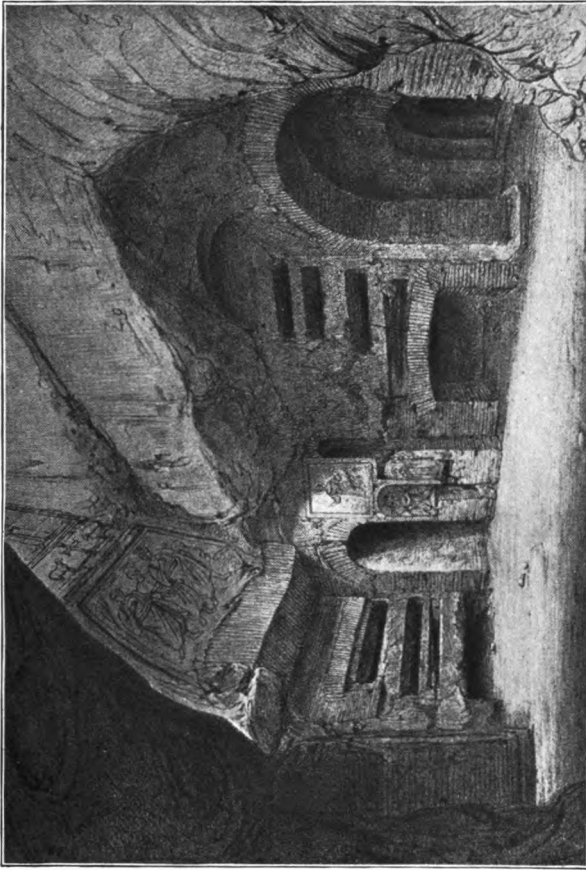
THIS morning we shall lay aside the plaid tourist's suit, ordered in an evil moment from a London tailor, and, assuming a more decent garb, join the crowd of pilgrims which assemble here from all quarters of the globe to do homage at the shrines of the Church. This opens to us a new city, Ecclesiastical Rome, entirely distinct from Classical Rome, and having its own particular phase of interest, yet a strong and vital interest, — for never in the days of the empire was the influence of Rome more potent as the civil head of the world than it was during the Middle Ages and well into modern times as the head of a world-embracing ecclesiastical system. The authority was transferred from emperors to popes, — from the Palatine to the Lateran, — but Rome was still supreme.

We find Phœbus in the piazza, as usual, and ask him to take us to the Church of S. Pudenziana in the Piazza Tribune, built upon the site of the house of Pudens, where Peter and Paul were entertained, and where were probably held the first prayer-meetings of the little band of Roman converts. The church is a patchwork edifice built at various times from the second century to the present, and does not particularly interest us except from its location. But under an adjoining building we visit the remains of the house of that earliest of Roman Christians whom Paul mentions in his letter to Timothy, — “Eubulus greeteth thee, and *Pudens*, and Linus, and Claudia, and all the brethren.” Claudia was the wife of Pudens and the daughter of Caractacus, the British chief. She was also the sister of Linus, afterward Bishop of Rome, and of Cyllinus, an ancestor of Constantine. It is interesting to note that this royal family of Britons furnished the first Christian converts in Rome, the first Roman bishop, after Peter, and the first Christian emperor. It is also interesting to know that these crumbling walls may have echoed to Peter’s voice,

and Paul's, as they taught the little company concerning "that new way." The house of Aquila and Priscilla has also been located and made the site of the Church of Santa Prisca, but, instead of taking time to visit it, we shall turn to the next scene in the Church's history, and visit the vaults and chambers of the Catacombs, where the early Christians found a refuge during the persecutions.

We leave the city at the Porta San Sebastiano, and follow the Appian Way until we reach an obscure chapel which leads down into the Catacombs of St. Calixtus, — perhaps the best preserved of the forty or more groups of mysterious underground cemeteries which honeycomb the Roman campagna.

The evolution of the Catacombs was gradual. The imperial government, while looking with suspicion upon societies or associations of any kind, made an exception in the case of funeral organizations, whose object was the burial and care of their dead. Accordingly, the early Christians were allowed to meet in this capacity and to have a chapel and crypt, which from time to time were extended by excavations in the soft tufa until they reached their present



THE CHAPEL OF ST. CECILIA, CATACOMBS OF ST. CALIXTUS

THE NEW
BIBLICAL ARCHAEOLOGY

proportions. The chapel was built in the third century A. D. upon the site of the present structure. During the persecutions under Valerian, a band of worshippers were surprised here one night by imperial soldiers, the door was broken in, Sixtus, the bishop, and two faithful deacons were killed, and the building was burned to the ground. The present chapel was erected on the same foundations a century later under the reign of Constantine.

Descending into the earth by a flight of stairs just outside the chapel, we find ourselves in a narrow passage, with horizontal niches, one above another, cut on either side. Our guide, a very rotund monk, has presented each of us with an attenuated taper, whose glimmer adds a certain weird effect to the exploring party, and stimulates the imagination by opening up all sorts of possibilities in the darkness which shuts us in. You get a glimpse of a skull grinning dimly down at you from the gloom of a niche above. You do not know how many more may be behind it. You see a gallery at your right, yawning into untold depths of blackness, you do not know how far. You descend a flight of rudely cut stairs go-

ing down into a gloom which seems to have no bottom, and when your guide tells you that the catacombs of Rome cover upwards of six hundred acres, and that the length of these subterranean ways, if placed in a continuous line, would probably amount to about 550 miles, you feel that perhaps he wishes to reassure you, and is making the figures smaller than they really are.

Here the passage widens into a chamber where several of the early bishops found their last resting-place. Again it narrows into a tomb-lined gallery. At one point, looking ahead, we see a glimmer of something like daylight, and soon find ourselves in another chamber, through the ceiling of which a shaft leads up to the world above, and admits a feeble, melancholy ray of sunshine. In this spot was buried St. Cecilia, the patron saint of music, who is said to have possessed a beautiful voice as well as a noble character. Chaucer gives her story in one of his *Canterbury Tales*, and Dryden has immortalized her in his "Ode to St. Cecilia's Day." We are told that she converted a pagan husband and that she died for her faith. Her sepulchre seems to

have been forgotten for several hundred years, but early in the ninth century Pope Paschal I. instituted a search for it. He declared that the saint appeared to him one night in a vision and led him to her resting-place. Here he afterward found the body and removed it to the church which bears her name. Some eight hundred years later her sarcophagus was again opened, and the sculptor Maderna made a recumbent statue representing the body in the position in which it was discovered, "not lying upon the back like a body in a tomb," the inscription informs us, "but upon its right side like a virgin in her bed, and offering the appearance of sleep." The statue, as well as the body, is still to be found in the Church of St. Cecilia, which is supposed to be upon the site of Cecilia's ancient dwelling-place, in Trastevere, not far from the Ponte Æmilio.

But Cecilia's was not the only body taken from the catacombs. The Goths, and afterward the Lombards, pillaged these vaults, while laying siege to the city, and took away with them to the north quantities of bones, imputing to them all sorts of miraculous virtues, attaching to them arbitrarily the names of

well-known saints, and selling them at fabulous prices. Then, too, when the popes established new churches within the city, they came hither for material. At one time twenty-eight wagon-loads of bones from the catacombs were taken to the Pantheon; at another, twenty-three hundred skeletons were removed to St. Prassede. The catacombs have thus been rifled of their dead, and comparatively few of those who here found their resting-place have been left undisturbed.

Before leaving the Chapel of St. Cecilia, we must observe the rude wall-paintings which appear upon the sides of the light shaft just above. Here are the earliest examples of Christian painting, an art which reached its height in Raphael's altar-pieces, and which we shall follow when we have completed our pilgrimage among the churches (page 238).

Turning now once more into the gloom of the ever-yawning, endless corridors, we seek the upper world. Never does the sunshine seem brighter or the fresh breeze more grateful, as, expelling the dampness from our throats and the cobwebs from our brains, we strike across the vineyard amid the singing of the

birds, and reaching the carriage, tell Phœbus to drive us back to the city.

We stop for a few moments at the Church of St. Sebastian, one of the "Seven Churches of Rome," visited by pilgrims and held worthy of special veneration. The secret of its sanctity is discovered when we are shown the footprints of Christ upon a piece of marble. The monk who has us in charge tells of the extraordinary holiness of this marble fragment and repeats the old legend, now popularized in modern fiction by Sienkiewicz, that St. Peter, fleeing from Rome, met the Saviour standing in the way, and asked him, "Master, whither goest thou?" (*Domine, quo vadis?*) To which the Lord replied, "I am going to be crucified again." Peter felt the rebuke, and, ashamed and confused, returned to the city to meet a martyr's death. On the stones of the Via Appia, where Christ stood during this interview, were found the miraculous footprints. The place where the miracle occurred is pointed out a little farther down the road, and is marked by the Chapel of *Domine Quo Vadis*, where you are shown another set of footprints, a copy of these at San Sebastiano.

The legend impresses us, but we cannot refrain from asking whether, at that period, the Appian Way was paved with marble slabs. The question evidently grieves our guide, and his voluble tongue, which has been running on like a mountain brook, is suddenly stilled as he takes us in silence across the church and shows us a statue of St. Sebastian designed by Bernini, — a piece of sculpture, by the way, which gives a far more sane and touching picture of a martyr's death than the typical carved and painted St. Sebastians which we see at every turn of our journey, bristling with arrows, yet wearing that familiar, theatrical smile which is supposed to indicate cheerful submission. Under the church is another group of catacombs, which we are invited to inspect, but as they promise nothing very different from those of St. Calixtus, and as time is pressing, we take our farewell, leaving in the hand of the monk a coin which dispels his sadness.

Entering the city again, we decide to go somewhat out of our way to see the small, round Church of San Giovanni in Oleo, at the Latin Gate. It is only interesting from



BERNINI. — ST. SEBASTIAN

To My Abandonment

the story that is told you when you pay the presiding brother for showing you the place. It is said that St. John was seized at Ephesus and sent to Rome for trial during the reign of Domitian. The emperor decided that he was guilty of sedition, and ordered him to be thrown into a caldron of boiling oil at the Latin Gate. This command having been executed, St. John came out of the oil — as the legend tells us — “anointed, but not scorched,” and Domitian, finding that the evangelist could not be killed, ordered him banished to Patmos. We do not recall ever having read this bit of history in the Acts of the Apostles, but the brother assures us it is true. We are daily learning.

This story makes us wish to follow the life of the other apostles at Rome, and we accordingly direct our way toward the Tullianum, or Mamertine Prison, where Saints Peter and Paul are said to have been confined before their execution. On our way is the Colosseum, which though seen a hundred times never loses anything of its majesty, — and we think again of the lives yielded up in its arena that this new Gospel of the Christ might be proclaimed.

There is much religious fraud in Rome which we can treat only with contempt, but there are a few of these landmarks that are sacred to every Christian, of whatever creed.

Passing around the Forum, we disembark and enter the church which is built above the ancient dungeon. We have already noted it on account of its classical associations, as the place where Jugurtha and the Catilinian conspirators met death, but we are viewing it now as the prison of Peter and Paul.

We accompany a very untidy monk down a flight of stairs and find ourselves in an irregular cell, furnished with an altar and used as a chapel. A round opening is shown in the floor, through which prisoners were cast down into the still lower dungeon of the Tullianum. For the convenience of modern visitors who object to this means of ingress, a narrow staircase has been cut through another portion of the floor. We prefer the stairs, on the whole, although one sentimental member of the party, an American whom we picked up on the Via Appia, expresses a desire to go down as Jugurtha and Peter went down. Later, the same person shows symptoms of wanting to

die of strangulation in order to experience the sensations which Catiline's companions felt.

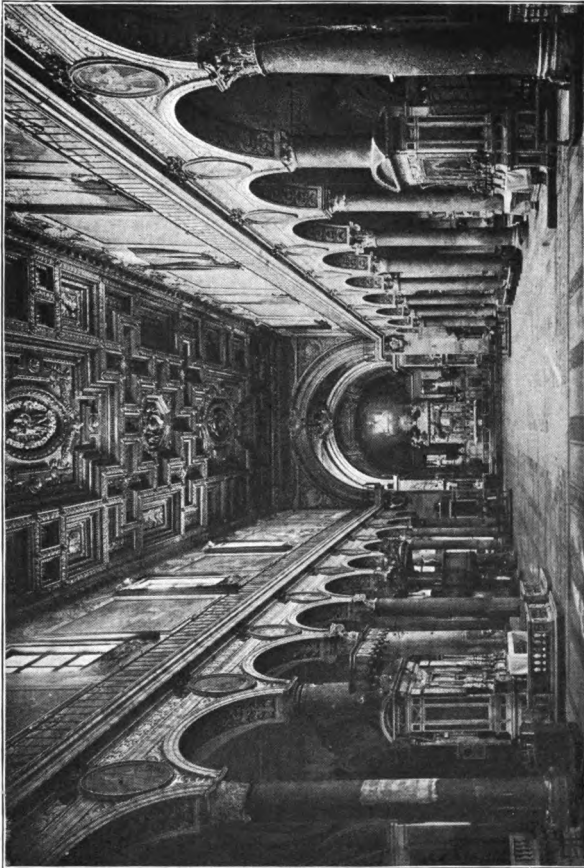
Down in this lower cell Peter and Paul were chained to a pillar. We are shown the pillar. In this lower cell, also, Peter was assaulted by the jailer, and his face was beaten against the wall. Certain scoffers of our party ask for evidence to substantiate this story. The evidence is at hand. Our guide triumphantly shows us an indentation in the wall bearing some fancied resemblance to the profile of a human face, and tells us that St. Peter's features left their imprint there. Thus is skepticism rebuked and tradition justified.

As we emerge and find ourselves under the shadow of the Capitol, we take the opportunity to visit Ara Coeli. Ascending the hill by a flight of stairs and passing across the piazza of the Campidoglio, we enter the side door of this, one of the most ancient churches in Rome, erected certainly previous to the seventh century, and supposed to be upon the site of the old altar set up by Augustus to commemorate the Cumean Sibyl's prophecy concerning the coming of the Christ. This legend gives the church its name. The outside of the building is

barnlike, but within are rich decorations of gilt and mosaic, a little dimmed by age, it is true, but still quite splendid. The fame of Ara Cœli is not principally due to its connection with the Altar of Augustus, but to the fact of its being the residence of the most sacred Bambino, made of wood from the Mount of Olives, painted by St. Luke, and possessed of marvellous curative powers, as hundreds of Roman citizens will testify. This testimony is also emphasized by votive offerings of silver hearts and representations of various portions of the human frame which are supposed to have been healed through the Bambino's ministrations. For instance, a simple peasant who has been cured of lameness hangs at the Bambino's shrine a leg of silver, or of gold, or of some baser stuff, according to his means. The altar is surrounded by such offerings, which, when we have smothered our artistic sensibilities, really appeal to us with a pathos quite their own.

But in serious illness one need not be carried to the Bambino. The proposition of Mahomet and the mountain is reversed, and the Bambino will come to the sick one, if the summons be

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THE INTERIOR OF ARA CŒLI

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only accompanied with a sufficient jingling of gold. The Bambino keeps a gorgeous carriage, and is accompanied on his rounds by two brothers who form a guard of honour and attend to the collections. It has been well said that the Bambino has a more lucrative practice than any other physician in Rome.

As we have now finished a good morning's work, we may return to the hotel for rest and luncheon, taking up our pilgrimage afresh at the Church of St. Peter in Chains (San Pietro in Vincoli), which stands on the Esquiline within the site of the ancient Baths of Titus and of Nero's Golden House. It is celebrated as the repository of the chains which bound St. Peter in prison, and which fell off his hands when the angel of the Lord appeared to him and told him to arise. There is a conflict of legends regarding the origin of this church, some claiming St. Peter himself as its founder, some Theodora, a distinguished Christian convert of the second century, and others with more of historical probability, the Empress Eudoxia, wife of Valentinian III., who in the fifth century received one of the chains as a present from her mother, Eudoxia the elder,

and built the church to receive it. The elder Eudoxia had received both chains from the Bishop of Jerusalem, and kept one in Constantinople, but later it, too, was brought to Rome and placed beside the first. The longer chain is about five feet in length, and ends in an iron collar which is said to have encircled St. Peter's neck. It will be noted that the account in the Acts of the Apostles says that the chains bound the *hands* of St. Peter, but a little discrepancy of that sort should not be allowed to interfere with the credibility of the story or the sancity of the relic.

Far more important than these apocryphal chains of St. Peter is the magnificent statue of Moses by Michelangelo, which stands near them in the church, and which has quite as many devotees. A figure of heroic mould, wrathful, hurling anathemas at the nation which has forsaken its God, there is in the Moses of Michelangelo no grace of line nor beauty of contour, but simple sternness and grandeur. We shall refer to this again in discussing the genius of the great sculptor who created it (page 221). It is peculiarly appropriate here as a decoration of the tomb of

Julius II., a pope who possessed many of the characteristics which are exhibited in this figure of the Hebrew lawgiver.

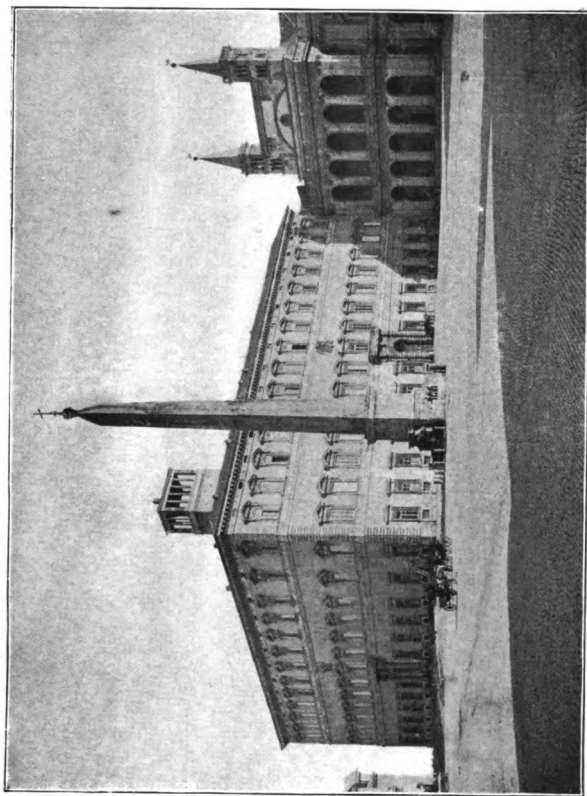
Leaving San Pietro in Vincoli, Phœbus takes us again past the Colosseum and, turning into the Via San Giovanni, we soon reach the Church of St. Clement, a strange example of the way in which Rome has buried her old buildings and erected new ones upon their graves. This modern church is built of wreckage picked up from various Roman ruins. It possessed little interest to the traveller until an investigating priest discovered that another church was beneath it. This lower church is supposed to have been built upon the site of St. Clement's house in the reign of Constantine. After excavating it, the good priest was moved to go down still farther, and discovered beneath this second church the walls of a house of the second century B. C., and still farther down fragments of another building, the masonry of which shows it to be of the early Republican era. There is no telling what strange things can be found in Rome if one will simply dig for them.

But we have been underground during a

large part of this ramble, and, having no fondness to continue the investigation of cellars, we come to the surface again and proceed to the southeastern extremity of the city, where we enter the square of the Lateran, in the centre of which stands the tallest obelisk in the world. This mighty shaft from Heliopolis rises more than 150 feet from the ground, the obelisk itself being more than a hundred feet in height and weighing something like 430 tons. Our guide-book gives us the figures, and we hasten to forget them while we look beyond and see the Palace of the Lateran.

As we have already visited the Lateran, and have examined, as far as our time would permit, the treasures of art and archæology that are within, we may now pass it by, and enter, on the south of the piazza, the Baptistry of the Lateran, or San Giovanni in Fonte, an octagonal structure built probably in the fifth century, under Sixtus the Third.

This was the first building ever erected exclusively for baptismal purposes, serving later as a model for the baptisteries of Florence, Pisa, and a score of others. Without, it is bald and unattractive, but within, the effect



THE LATERAN PALACE

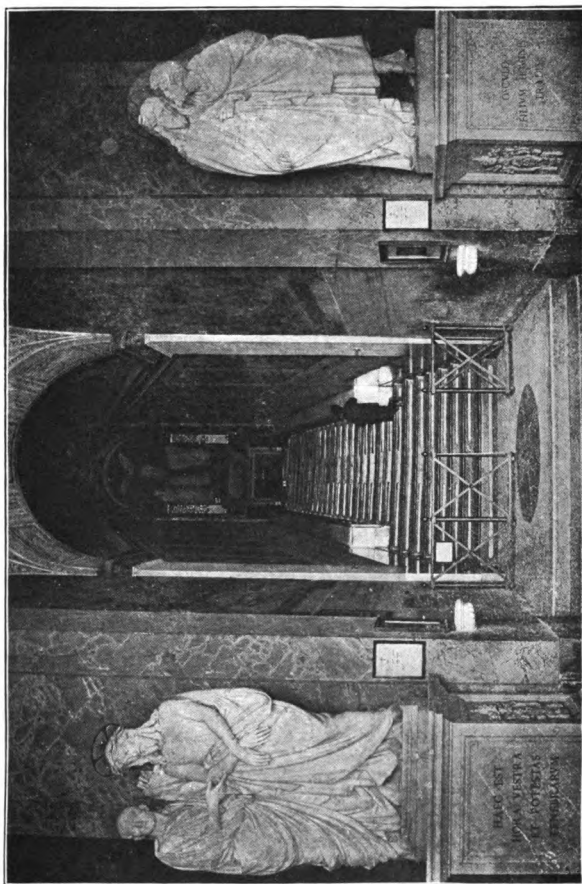
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of the sunlight falling on the rich, dark columns of porphyry and the delicately chiselled marble can hardly be described. We do not know whence these columns came. They were taken from some ancient temple, no doubt, or perhaps from more than one, since the capitals are not of the same design. A legend tells us that Constantine was baptized here in this green basalt font and that he built the baptistery. The latter is certainly not true, and as for the former, — we are getting tired of disproving legends. Rienzi believed the tale and bathed in the same vessel as a preparation for his knighthood. This act, considered by many as a sacrilege, was one of the earliest indiscretions which finally caused the downfall of "the last of the tribunes."

In the Oratory of St. Venantius, a chapel opening from the Baptistery, we may see some quaint old seventh-century mosaics which are not at all beautiful, but are very interesting as a step in the development of Christian art (page 200). Having examined them, we make our exit, pass around the Lateran Palace into the Piazza Porta San Giovanni, and face the church at its main entrance, where we find

a modern façade with its portico and loggia. The Church of the Lateran, like the palace, has been several times destroyed and rebuilt, the present edifice dating from about the middle of the fourteenth century, though its many restorations and recent additions make it seem much newer.

Entering between antique bronze doors which belonged of old to the Senate House in the Forum, we find ourselves in the church. On either hand, in niches flanked by columns of verde antique, stand the twelve apostles, overhead stretches a gorgeously gilded ceiling, — one of the many things in Rome that are said to have been designed by Michelangelo, — under our feet is a mosaic pavement dating from early in the fifteenth century, before us are a canopy and high altar containing, we are told, the heads of Peter and Paul, and the wooden table from the catacombs, which Peter used as an altar. Whether St. Peter ever used an altar, or whether this wooden table was not made by a third-rate joiner of much later date, are questions we cannot presume to answer. The story of the heads is probably quite fictitious.



THE HOLY STAIRS

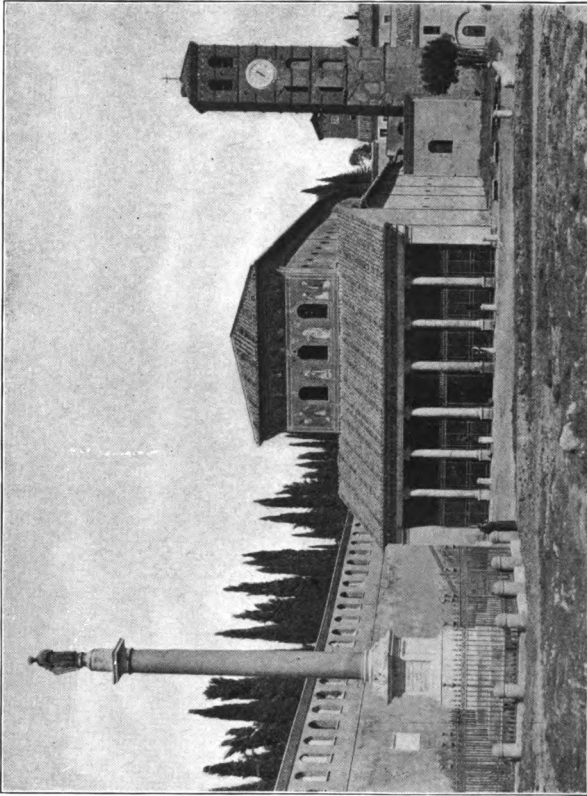
To Your Attention

Leaving the church, we cross the piazza, enter a door, and come upon the Scala Santa, or Holy Stairs. It is said that these stairs belonged to Pilate's palace at Jerusalem, and that Constantine's mother, the Empress Helena, had them brought to Rome because the Saviour may have stood upon them. On this staircase dark red stains are shown. You are told that they are the blood of Christ, and that any one who will go up the stairs upon his knees, repeating paternosters as he goes, will receive certain indulgences. Such numbers have taken advantage of this means of grace that the stones are sadly worn, and it has become necessary to enclose them in a wooden covering which can be renewed from time to time. Slits are cut in the wood, and through the openings the stone may be seen, but not touched. Over the so-called blood-stains is inserted a plate of glass, now worn hollow by continual kissing.

An interesting event in the history of this staircase occurred some four hundred years ago, when Martin Luther tried to ascend it with the rest, but stopped midway, and walked down in disgust. At the top is a chamber

where the Pope only may enter, and in it is a sacred picture exhibited but once a year, in order to preserve its sanctity,—a picture which they tell us was begun by St. Luke, but finished by invisible hands. The invisible hands probably belonged to some ambitious priest, and were not particularly skilful, if we may believe the testimony of those who have seen the picture.

From this point we direct our Phœbus eastward along the line of the Aurelian Wall, and reach the Church of Santa Croce in Gerusalemme, which is another of the Seven Churches of Rome. We are told that here we may see, if we care to, the original inscription from the Cross, in Pontius Pilate's own handwriting. But as we have never particularly admired Pontius Pilate, and as these relics are beginning to pall upon us, we may decide to pass it by and turn our faces toward our caravan-sary.



SAN LORENZO FUORI LE MURA

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CHAPTER III.

THE GREATER ST. MARY'S AND THE SUBURBAN CHURCHES OF ST. LAWRENCE AND ST. AGNES

THIS morning we shall set forth from the Piazza Cinquecento on the tram for St. Lawrence's basilica, San Lorenzo fuori le Mura. This takes us out by the Porta San Lorenzo, formerly the Tiburtian gate, a low, irregular, picturesque old portal built under the arches of three aqueducts, by Arcadius and Honorius in the last days of the empire, at the instigation of the unfortunate Stilicho.

After rattling along for some three-quarters of a mile on the road toward Tivoli, we disembark and find the church somewhat back from the road, with a bronze statue of the saint upon a column of red granite in the little piazza before it. St. Lawrence, or San Lorenzo, as our Italian friends prefer to call him, occupies an important position in the Roman calendar. It is generally conceded that in

Rome he stands next to Sts. Peter and Paul in order of sanctity. He was roasted alive upon a gridiron, and is said to have discovered some humour in the situation, for he turned toward his executioners just as he was about to expire, and said, cheerfully, "The meat is done. Come hither and eat." Fragments of the gridiron are shown here and in three or four other churches.

This basilica of St. Lawrence was originally only a chapel, and was founded by Constantine in the ancient cemetery of St. Cyriaca over St. Lawrence's tomb, in this respect resembling the churches of St. Peter, St. Paul, St. Sebastian, St. Agnes, and some fifty others which were established primarily for the convenience of pilgrims coming to worship at the graves of the martyrs. Like many other ancient churches, also, it was built piecemeal, the oldest portion of the present edifice dating from the ninth century, with additions all the way down to 1864, when the façade was embellished with these painted saints in imitation of mosaic. During the troublous times of the Middle Ages the church was fortified, was surrounded by a wall, and, for the safety of wor-

St. Mary's and Suburban Churches 65

shippers from the city, was connected by a portico with the city gate, three-quarters of a mile away.

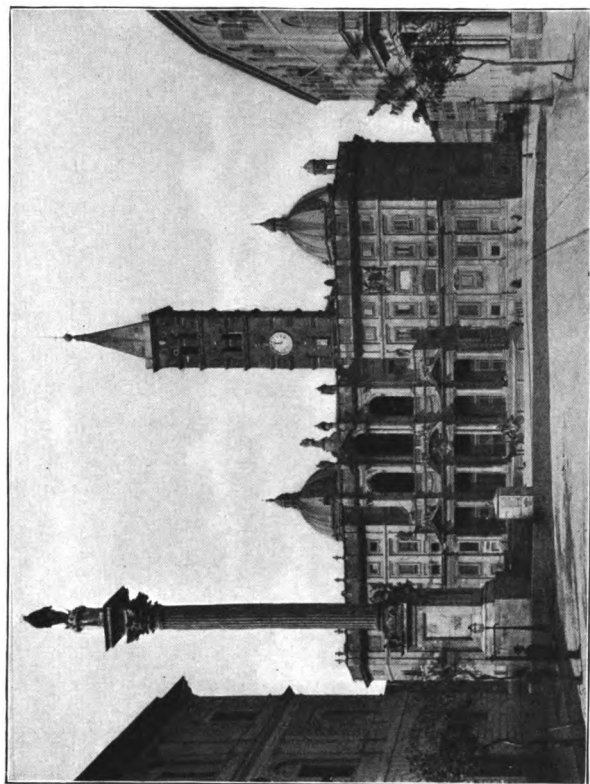
The interior shows perhaps as clearly as that of any church in Rome the way in which pagan temples and imperial palaces entered bodily into the construction of the early Christian basilicæ. We stand in the older church and note the variety of the columns, and especially the patchwork cornice which is made up of bits of frieze taken seemingly at random from any ruin that was available. Owing to the accumulation of rubbish and consequent elevation of level, the pavement of the later portion of the church, built in the thirteenth century, was some ten feet higher than that of the older church, and in order to avoid a descent by stairs, Pope Honorius the Third conceived the idea of filling up the old nave and aisles to the level of the newer building and making a crypt beneath the floor thus formed. Hence the columns are half-buried except on the side toward the aisles, which have since been excavated.

We may descend into the crypt and see the tombs of St. Lawrence, St. Stephen, St.

Justin, and also of Pius the Ninth, who lies buried in close proximity to the sainted dead of old. Pius wished to be interred in Santa Maria Maggiore, but a health regulation passed by the new Italian government prohibited the burying of dead within the city walls, and pride led him to specify in his will that no favours should be asked for him of his conquerors.

Leaving St. Lawrence we take the tram again and find ourselves in the midst of a picnic-party returning from somewhere in the country about Tivoli. There are dark-eyed Roman maids and happy Roman swains carrying baskets in which luncheon has given place to marguerites and poppies. Laughing and frolicking in the most good-natured manner imaginable, they enliven the journey and almost make us forget the ecclesiastical character of our trip until we reach the Piazza delle Terme and observe a German pilgrim who came with us from San Lorenzo alighting and proceeding in the direction of Santa Maria Maggiore. This being also our destination, we again take up the staff and follow him.

Santa Maria Maggiore, or the "Greater St.



SANTA MARIA MAGGIORE

TO THE ABORIGINALS

St. Mary's and Suburban Churches 69

Mary's," is so named from its being the largest of the eighty or more churches in Rome dedicated to the Virgin. Its façade rises upon a piazza in which a column from the Basilica of Constantine supports a bronze statue of St. Mary. I think it was Paul V. — though it doesn't matter much — who melted up a rare old fifth-century fountain from St. Peter's, the Fountain of Symmachus, to make this unattractive figure. The church itself is imposing, if not beautiful, and is interesting from the inimitable bit of fiction which celebrates its origin. Let me tell you the story:

It was a hot August night in 352 A. D., and two Romans in diverse parts of the city, Pope Liberius in the Lateran Palace and the patrician convert Johannes in his luxurious cubiculum, were trying with very indifferent success to compose themselves to sleep. Suddenly the Virgin appeared to both simultaneously, directing them to go throughout the city on the following morning, and to erect a church upon the spot where they should find a fall of snow. True to the command, each started out after breakfast, and at length met in this piazza where we now stand, — finding the

ground white with snow, and a rigorous winter temperature encircling all. The church was immediately erected, and nearly a century later was rebuilt, the interior of the nave and aisles of the second building remaining practically unchanged to-day, though chapels and domes and tower have been added, and a new exterior wall encloses the entire structure. Let us step within, for here we shall behold the alleged resting-place of St. Matthew, the publican of Galilee. Here, also, we notice another example of the conversion of pagan architecture to Christian service. These Ionic columns once adorned the Villa of Hadrian at Tivoli; that porphyry sarcophagus in which St. Matthew's remains are now said to be enclosed is a piece of ancient sculpture, some say belonging to the patrician Johannes, but more probably rifled from some imperial tomb. The idea of a second-hand coffin for St. Matthew is, at first, shocking in the extreme, but on further consideration the authenticity of the bones within is so doubtful that we do not need to waste any sentiment over it. If you do not believe in the Matthewhood of the remains you may, perhaps, be more willing to put faith

in another relic which is next described to you, — the cradle in which Jesus was carried into Egypt. You are not allowed to see it, unless you happen to visit the church on Christmas Day, or the afternoon preceding, when it is exhibited from a high altar, but you are assured that it is behind those silver statuettes and bas-reliefs which form the front of the great reliquary. I overheard an English tourist ask of the honest-looking monk who accompanied him, "Is it really true now, — what you tell me about these blooming relics?" The monk stared hard at the top button of the Englishman's plaid coat and replied, slowly, "It ees ze legend."

In front of the high altar and below the level of the floor is a beautiful tomb and monument prepared by Pius the Ninth for his own resting-place, but later abandoned in favour of the Church of San Lorenzo for reasons already given. On either side of the church we find gorgeous chapels, in one of which, the Borghese, stands an altar, magnificent with lapis lazuli and agate. Over it hangs a very inferior Madonna attributed to St. Luke. It is a pity that all this bad art should be laid

at St. Luke's door, when nothing can really be proven against him.

Our afternoon excursion will take us to the Church of St. Agnes outside the Walls (*Sant' Agnese fuori le Mura*). We stroll down the *Via Sistina*, but when we reach the beautiful old Barberini Palace decide that we may well stop here for a half-hour to see how the popes provided for their nephews in the days of their temporal splendour. The palace was built in the first half of the seventeenth century by the Barberini pope, Urban the Eighth, as a monument to the glory of his family. He feared that the powerful Colonna would eventually absorb the Barberini stock, and provided against the contingency by issuing a papal bull specifying that the name and estates should pass to any living male descendant, whether legitimate or illegitimate, — anything to keep the family alive. Goethe, when in Rome, looked up the history of the family and writes in one of his Roman letters: "Urban used to complain that he had four relations who were fit for nothing; first, Cardinal Francis, who was a saint and worked no miracles; second, Cardinal Anthony, who was a monk and had no

patience; third, Cardinal Anthony the younger, who was an ambassador and did not know how to speak, while the fourth was a general who did not know how to draw the sword." Yet the Pope managed to take reasonably good care of them, in spite of their shortcomings.

Here is a great hall, with a fine ceiling by Pietro da Cortona, and here, again, a picture-gallery with a small collection of paintings, including the celebrated "Beatrice Cenci," — so called, — which is not at all worthy of the sentiment expended upon it, — and a Fornarina signed with Raphael's name, but of doubtful authenticity. Here was once the magnificent Barberini Library, with its rare manuscripts and letters, purchased in 1900, by Leo XIII., and now in the Vatican, — but after all, it is the palace itself rather than anything in it that interests us mainly at this time, — for it gives us a glimpse of the housing of a Pope's family 250 years ago.

A few steps farther down the Via Sistina, we come upon the ugly Quattro Fontane, where we find an omnibus going to Saint Agnes's.

Out we go through the Porta Pia and over the old Via Nomentana, past a number of

cheap modern houses, and finally reach, at a distance of a mile outside the gate, the suburban church and catacomb of the virgin saint who was put to death at the age of thirteen years, under Diocletian. The legend tells us that she was condemned to be burnt, but that the flames "miraculously turned into a cooling shower, refreshed instead of burning her, and leaped outward, consuming her executioners." She was also stripped of her clothing and exposed by the brutal soldiery, but her hair, which was long and luxuriant, covered her like a veil, until, in answer to her prayers, "a white and shining garment appeared before her, which she put on with joy, and immediately the place was filled with a miraculous light, brighter than the sun at noonday." Over the chamber where she is said to have received this garment is built the urban Church of St. Agnes in the Piazza Navona. There, also, in the Stadium of Domitian, was the scaffold upon which she was subjected to the flames. She was finally stabbed in the throat, and her body laid in the catacombs which bear her name. Over the grave, the first suburban Church of St. Agnes (*fuori le Mura*) was

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erected by Constantine, and in the seventh century, under Honorius I., the present building took its place.

The church is some distance below the modern road, and we reach it by descending an ancient flight of marble stairs. Two rows of pillars separate the nave from the aisles, while smaller pillars, above, support the clear-story, which is upon a level with the road. In the centre of the church a canopy rests upon four columns of porphyry, and under it is the tomb of the saint, decorated with a patchwork statue, the body being of alabaster, and the head and hands of gilt bronze.

From the church we descend still lower into the catacombs, and find a series of dismal passages and chambers very similar to those of St. Calixtus. To see the most interesting part of them, however, we must enter through a neighbouring vineyard. Here we find several chambers decorated with paintings, — notably a square room, the ceiling of which is covered with quaint scriptural scenes, including Daniel in the Lions' Den and the Three Youths in the Fiery Furnace, — subjects which appealed with great intensity to those persecuted Chris-

tians of old, and which touch the beholder to-day with a pathos that the crudity of the drawing cannot dispel, but only emphasizes. Such scenes were to them no idle tale. Another interesting room is a long, narrow chapel, with an episcopal throne at one end, hewn in the rock. This was probably the first cathedral of the early Church, and was used by Pope Liberius in the fourth century, when he was forced to flee hither to escape the persecutions under Julian the Apostate. Another chapel contains a spring of water, and was doubtless used as a baptistery.

Ascending, we may step for a moment into the round church or baptistery of St. Constantia, which adjoins St. Agnes, and was built by Constantine as a mausoleum for his daughters. A circle of double columns supports a central dome, while around it is a vaulted corridor with rare old fourth-century mosaics of birds and flowers.

The day is now far spent, and we must return to the city, but on our way to the hotel we shall have time to stop and see the Church of the Capuchins, just off the Piazza Barberini. The upper church contains Guido's St. Michael,

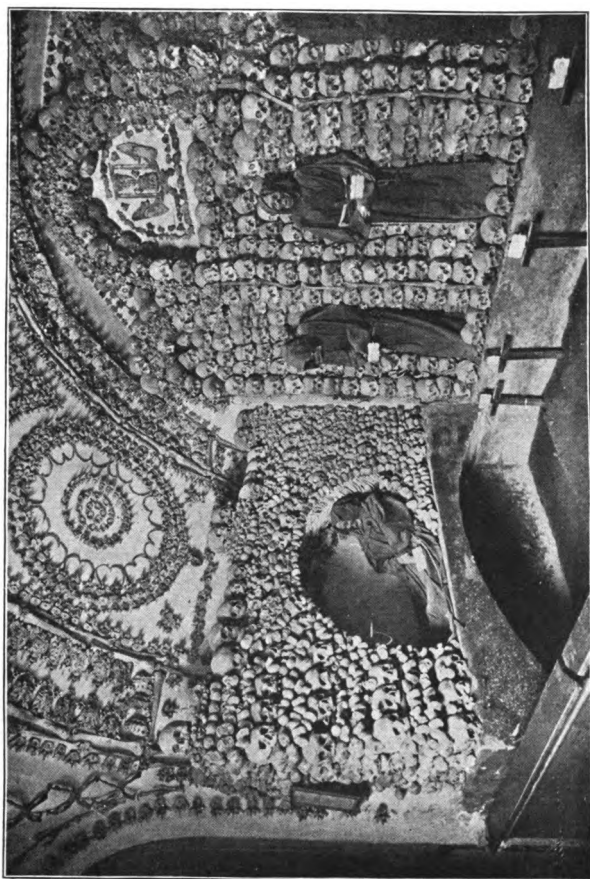
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a painting not nearly as good as some art critics would wish to have us think, but which we may examine briefly, if you wish, and then go down into the basement, where the bones of four thousand monks are arranged artistically about the walls. Several centuries ago these chambers were filled with consecrated earth brought from Jerusalem, in which it was thought dead Capuchins could repose with greater satisfaction than in the pagan soil of the Roman city. For a time all went well, but at length moribund brothers saw this space completely occupied, and no room for their own bodies in the holy soil. To overcome the difficulty, the brother who had been longest buried was aroused from his slumbers and his bed made ready for a successor, — this rotation proceeding until the bones of the exhumed Capuchins became so numerous as to present another serious problem. What was to be done with them? It was during the Renaissance, and the artistic impulse found its way even into these chambers of mortality, bringing to the surviving brothers the brilliant conception of disjoining the useless framework of the departed and of rearranging the frag-

ments in forms of greater beauty. Hence these architectural designs, these walls of skulls, and arches of femurs, and cornices of humeri, and delicate ceiling tracery of cervical and dorsal vertebræ. Chandeliers of ribs and metacarpals hang idly from osseous ceilings. The light of life was extinguished in them centuries ago.

It seems that a few brothers of more than ordinary sanctity were allowed to remain intact, and, clothed with the brown robe and knotted girdle of the order, now stand or recline in the midst of the fragments of their fellows, wearing a tag which proclaims their name and station. We can almost discern upon their faces a look of conscious pride at their superior fortune, — if Capuchins are ever guilty of such an emotion. Perhaps the penance of their lives has given them special post-mortem privileges.

There is a certain fascination about these chambers, and wonder at the ingenuity of the monks quite overshadows any feeling of repugnance. Hawthorne quaintly observes: "There is no disagreeable scent such as might be expected from the decay of so many holy persons in whatever odour of sanctity they may



THE CEMETERY OF THE CAPUCHINS

To My Abandonment

St. Mary's and Suburban Churches 81

have taken their departure. The same number of living monks would not smell half so unexceptionally."

By the time we have finished these investigations we are quite ready to rest from our labours. Passing out, then, into the gathering dusk, we return to our hotel to a table d'hôte dinner and an early bed, dreaming subsequently — I might better say consequently — of a company of skeletons in brown robes executing a dance upon the counterpane, each flourishing in his hand a femur, and chanting the Miserere.

CHAPTER IV.

ST. PAUL'S AND ST. PETER'S

FOR the crowning glories of St. Peter's and St. Paul's we take a new day, another of those perfect creations which Rome offers to her spring visitors, and set forth with high anticipations. If there were time, it would repay us to visit a number of other churches, which old travellers tell you ought not to be passed by. There is Santa Maria in Trastevere, with its columns of red granite from the temple of Isis, its mosaics, its papal tombs, and its frescoed ceiling by Domenichino. There is Santa Prassede, with the pillar at which Christ was scourged, the bones of martyrs, and other holy relics; there is Santa Trinita de' Monti, with its singing nuns and its Descent from the Cross by Volterra; San Lorenzo in Lucina, with its Crucifixion by Guido; and finally Il Gesu, with its altar of

St. Ignatius, blazing with gilt and lapis lazuli. But we cannot hope to visit all the churches in Rome, for there are more than 350 of them, and nearly a thousand chapels. On our way to St. Peter's and St. Paul's this morning we shall stop for a few moments at Santa Maria sopra Minerva, but will leave the others to be visited later if your time permits.

Let us now seek the neighbourhood of the Pantheon, for here we shall find the Church of Santa Maria sopra Minerva, — "St. Mary over Minerva," — which means that the church is built upon the ruins of Minerva's Temple. We passed this edifice upon one of our rambles among the monuments of the ancient city, but its unattractive front did not appeal to us, and at that time we were not looking at churches. Being now upon a different mission, we shall enter. It is a Gothic church, the only important Gothic church in Rome, and its interior would be impressive if it were not for the cheap decorations and imitation marbles, which detract so largely from its dignity. Opening out from it on either side are a number of chapels containing tombs and altars; in the choir beyond are the monuments of two

of the Medici popes, Leo the Tenth and Clement the Seventh; before us is the high altar beneath which are the remains of St. Catherine of Siena, a godly woman, celebrated in the history of the Church for her good works, her visions, and her strength of character, who died at the age of thirty-three, worn out with fasting, protracted vigils, and the excitement of religious frenzy. Another tomb which appeals to us more strongly is the simple slab of marble that marks the resting-place of the artist-monk, Fra Angelico da Fiesole, who died in the adjoining monastery in 1455, a century after St. Catherine. This unpretentious stone is singularly in harmony with the spirit of the man whose simple, holy life and consecrated genius have marked him as the purest and most religious of painters. Vasari well said of him, "Truly a gift like his could not descend on any but a man of most saintly life, for a painter must be holy himself before he can depict holiness."

But preëminent among the interesting works which fill this church is the marble Christ of Michelangelo, standing by the pillar to the left of the high altar. It is a beautiful statue,

noble, strong, and full of feeling. The sacrilegious brass shoe, which has been made to cover the extended foot, was placed upon it in comparatively recent times, to protect the marble from the erosion of countless pious lips, which could not refrain from kissing it. A brass drapery about the loins has also been added, marring, but not destroying, the dignity of the original conception (page 221).

A very different idea of Christ is seen in the attractive, but less heroic, head by Perugino, in the Grazioli chapel, on the left of the church. Look at this a moment, and then step into the Caraffa chapel on the opposite side, where you will find a series of frescoes from the life of Thomas Aquinas, illustrating the best work of Filippino Lippi (page 211). In this chapel, too, is the tomb of Pope Paul the Fourth, the persecutor of heretics and Jews and the patron of the Inquisition. His statue, a sort of conglomerate of parti-coloured marbles, represents a stern and terrible figure, with upraised hand — to bless, we are told in the guide-books, but there is no blessing in the lines of that face. If doing anything, he is

hurling anathemas, or giving the signal for the thumbscrews.

In the Dominican monastery which adjoins this church the Inquisition held full sway. In 1633, Galileo was here made to repudiate on his knees his "accursed, heretical, and detestable doctrine" that the earth moved around the sun, adding under his breath as he arose, his celebrated qualification, "*E pur si muove*," which saved his self-respect, and proved the futility of trying to regulate opinions by means of racks, thumbscrews, or mechanical implements of any sort whatsoever.

Making our way now to the Piazza Montanara, we take passage on a tram which carries us through the Porta San Paolo, over the road upon which St. Paul went out to martyrdom.

At the second milestone is the church. We first pass around it to the front, which is toward the Tiber, and which is still unfinished at the time of our visit. Ten great monolithic columns of Simpron granite form the portico, and above them rises the façade, adorned with mosaics. The general architectural effect is bad, — the broad base and narrow top giving

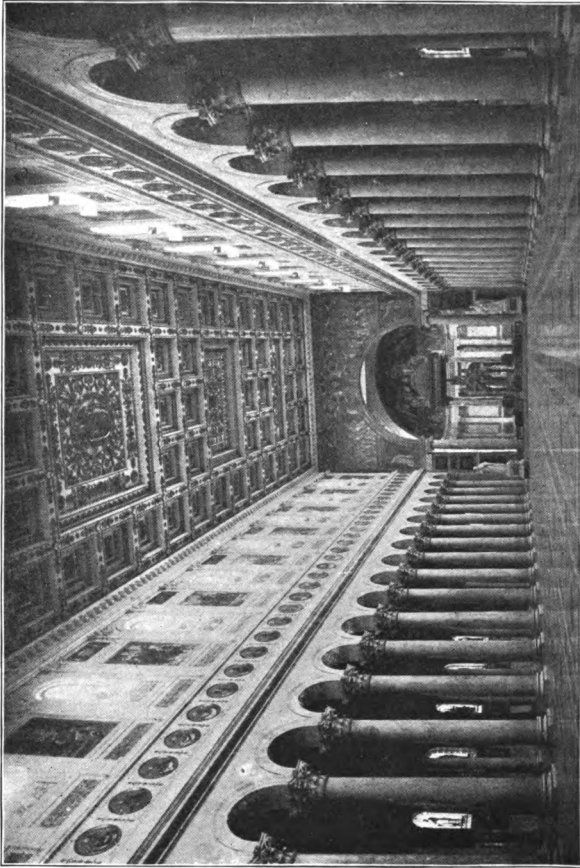
the church the appearance of having dropped and flattened. But the detail is good and the mosaics are beautiful. In the pediment is represented our Lord enthroned, with the apostles Peter and Paul on either hand. The frieze, below, is symbolic: In the centre, a rock from which flow the four rivers of the apocalypse; upon this rock, the Lamb of God; on either side, sheep feeding in green pastures and beside still waters; at the opposite sides the two cities, Bethlehem and Jerusalem. Below this frieze and between the window-spaces stand the prophets, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Daniel, -- majestic figures, well-conceived and strongly executed.

The present edifice is the third that has been erected over the tomb of the great Apostle to the Gentiles. The first, much smaller, and facing in the opposite direction, was built by Constantine at a time when the memory of the apostle was still fresh, and when old men were living whose grandparents had seen him and had heard him preach. Indeed, it is quite probable that his resting-place was known at that time with certainty, and that this is, in truth, the spot. When we can believe in the

authenticity of any of these Roman legends, let us, by all means, do it. There are enough of them that we must reject.

After a century of service, the first edifice was destroyed, and a larger one built, on practically the same lines now occupied by this modern structure. The second building lasted until the present century, was fortified during the Middle Ages, in the same way as San Lorenzo, and connected with the city by a covered portico nearly two miles in length, supported by more than a thousand marble pillars collected from various pagan temples. Finally in 1823 it was attacked by fire. Portions of it were saved, but the San Paolo of to-day is essentially a new creation, and bears the marks of modern architecture.

Entering the church, we find ourselves in probably the most magnificent hall built in modern times for religious purposes. Eighty pillars of granite cast their reflections upon a shimmering marble floor, the richly coffered ceiling glows like a mass of gold; exquisite painted windows temper the sunlight, which enters the aisles on either side, while above the pillars, the walls are decorated with mo-



THE INTERIOR OF ST. PAUL'S

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saics, exhibiting such subtle gradations of tint that they can hardly be conceived of as made up of distinct bits of colour. Between the windows are scenes from the life of the apostle; below them, and forming a frieze around the entire church, are medallion portraits of the popes in an unbroken line, beginning with St. Peter, who is claimed by the Church as the first of the Roman pontiffs.

This row of popes, more than 250 in number, gives us an epitome of the history of the Roman Church. Great men and good there are, and, touching elbows with them, certain others whose portraits are sadly out of place upon the walls of a Christian basilica. There is Leo the Great, whom we remember in history as saving, by the force of his character and the sanctity of his office, the Roman city from the hands of Attila. There is Gregory the Great, zealous and devoted, who saw the possibilities of the Church as a political power, and laid the foundations of its temporal greatness. There is Nicholas the First, who carried out in the Western world the dreams of Leo and of Gregory, and who made emperors bow to his will. Then there is Formosus, whose

post-mortem history is one of the most scandalous chapters in ecclesiasticism. Dragged from his grave, his corpse is arrayed in full pontificals and set up once more in the chair of St. Peter, where he is charged with having usurped the holy office and is asked if he has any defence to offer. As no sound escapes his dead lips, he is adjudged clearly guilty, and accordingly the three fingers which were wont to pronounce the papal benediction are hewn off, and the body thrown into the Tiber, whence a humane fisherman rescues it until the wheel of fortune turns again, the rival pope is dethroned, and Formosus is buried once more in St. Peter's with due honours.

Then comes Gerbert of Aurillac, scholar and statesman, who, as Sylvester the Second, reformed the Church and made the papacy once more respectable. Alas, it could not long remain so, for there is Benedict the Ninth, the boy Pope, who disgraced his holy office, and then sold it.

Thus is the apostolic succession handed down until it reaches Hildebrand, or Gregory the Seventh and Innocent the Third, who places

the Church upon the pinnacle of its temporal greatness.

Then the papacy declines, and we have popes and antipopes, and so things go on from bad to worse until Victor Emmanuel enters the Roman city, and in the name of United Italy takes from Pius the Ninth the last remnant of his temporal authority.

Awaking from this retrospect, we turn our eyes to the arch over the high altar and observe upon it an old fifth-century mosaic, which seems out of harmony with all else in the church. It represents our Lord with the twenty-four elders of the apocalypse, and is interesting only as being an example of the type given to the Saviour by the early Byzantine artists. Its unloveliness is not due entirely to the fact that the artist could not make it better, but rather to the sad misconception of the person of Jesus, based upon Isaiah's prophecy: "He hath no form nor comeliness, and when we shall see him there is no beauty that we should desire him." It is a picture one would wish soon to forget, and accordingly we turn from it to the high altar, beneath which rests the great apostle, Paul of Tarsus.

This canopy, a Florentine work of the thirteenth century, supported upon columns of Oriental alabaster, is a beautiful and elaborate piece of workmanship, though it does not seem quite at one with the simple spirit of the great leader in whose memory it was erected.

From the church we pass into the beautiful old twelfth-century cloisters, which escaped the fire, and which, with their inscriptions from the catacombs and their sweet flavour of antiquity, are in delightful contrast to the new and glittering magnificence of the great basilica which adjoins them. Here the monks walk back and forth in meditation, as their predecessors did six centuries ago.

Before we turn back to the city, we must, with other pilgrims, visit the spot some two miles farther on, where St. Paul is said to have suffered martyrdom. As we emerge from the church door of San Paolo, we shall probably encounter — unless she is dead, or has gone out of business — a swarthy peasant woman having under her supervision two small donkeys, which she sonorously declares will carry us to the Tre Fontane *subito*, — *presto!* We don't believe her, but the day is hot, and rid-

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA



THE CLOISTERS OF ST. PAUL'S

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ing even a Campagna donkey is better than walking. So at the imminent risk of crushing the little beasts, we sit down upon them, draw up our legs, and are ready to start. They show no readiness to start. The owner suggests that for an additional consideration she will go behind us on foot and quicken their pace by the administration of a stick which she holds in her hand. The offer is promptly rejected. By dint of sundry kicks in the ribs you finally succeed in moving your animal forward rapidly for a distance of perhaps fifty yards, when the donkey suddenly becomes interested in a thistle growing by the wayside, and you as suddenly dismount, alighting on your hands or your head. Having heard that kind words accomplish more than blows, you reseat yourself upon the donkey's back, and experiment with them, but the experiment is not successful. In the end, you probably ignominiously capitulate and accept the services of the peasant woman. Thus you reach the Tre Fontane, but you will never forget the humiliation of your journey. To think of the brawny daughter of the Campagna chasing you with uplified stick, screaming choice Italian epi-

thets at your poor donkey, and poking him in the flanks from time to time, will always fill you with self-contempt, and you will probably never know why you did not get off and walk. Yet it is an experience which every traveller must have. His remembrance of Italy is not complete without it.

The Tre Fontane are, after all, not worth the trouble of getting there to see. Three very ordinary churches and three miraculous springs of water are shown you, accompanied by the story that when St. Paul was beheaded, his head struck the ground, and with wonderful elasticity bounded twice into the air. From each of the three spots where the head successively touched the earth, there sprang forth a fountain of water. You feel inclined to doubt the story at first, until the guardian monk proves its truth by showing you the three springs, which are still flowing. He also shows you a marble pillar to which St. Paul was tied during the execution.

Having seen the place of St. Paul's martyrdom, we are now ready to see where St. Peter is said to have been crucified. Our donkeys take us back to San Paolo, the tram

takes us to the city, we get a luncheon at a little *osteria*, cross the Ponte Emilio to the Trastevere side of the river, and make our way to the church and monastery of San Pietro in Montorio. But hold,— we are only a square from the Church of St. Cecilia, and being so near, we must see where this holy woman is said to have suffered martyrdom, and where her body now rests. Turning, then, to the left, we find within a few minutes the church which bears her name, rising upon an open court, with picturesque bell-tower and portico of antique columns. Within is St. Cecilia's statue, which we mentioned when visiting her chapel in the Catacombs of St. Calixtus. This rests under a fine Gothic altar canopy of the thirteenth century, and just over the crypt where the body was deposited when brought hither from the catacombs. Without stopping to examine the other tombs and altars which line the aisles, we pass through a door at the right into two rooms of St. Cecilia's dwelling. One seems to be the sudatorium of a Roman bath, with pipes and flues still visible. The saint is said to have been shut up in this chamber by order of the emperor, and

the furnace heated to such a degree that it was supposed she would be consumed, but a cooling shower descended from heaven, which tempered the heat of the fire and preserved her life. After this, she was ordered to be beheaded, but the executioner did a clumsy piece of work, — I spare you the details, — and she lived three days, teaching and preaching meanwhile with such fervour that four hundred pagans were converted.

We now proceed to San Pietro in Montorio. Look for a moment, if you will, into the church. You will find it like hundreds of others in Rome. It is distinguished chiefly for the magnificent view which one can obtain upon its terraced heights, and for the fact that Raphael's Transfiguration was painted for its high altar, remaining here until the visit of the French. Beatrice Cenci is supposed to have been buried here, but her tomb is unmarked.

Let us go now into the court of the adjoining monastery and see the little round temple by Bramante, erected, they tell us, upon the spot where St. Peter suffered. A brown-robed brother meets us at the door, shows us the upper room containing a statue of St. Peter,

then, taking us down-stairs and pointing impressively to a round hole in the floor, tells us in a hushed whisper that this is the spot. Rising to the situation, he looks straight into your eyes with an earnestness that would convince the heart of the boldest heretic, and says, "Behold, a miracle! In an instant the sand is turned from its natural tint, and becomes the *colour of gold!*" At the close of his impressive address, he produces a long-handled implement, something between a ladle and a gigantic mustard-spoon, and, lowering it into the hole, scoops up with it from somewhere in the hidden depths a small quantity of yellow sand. He wraps this up in a bit of newspaper, hands it to you as a sacred thing, and looks at you with a look which says, "Copper will not be accepted in payment." You probably give him a *lira*; he smiles graciously and blesses you. Then you come away, feeling that this is one of the most expensive pieces of real estate in proportion to its extent that has been bought in recent years.

After this experience, it is rather interesting to learn of the peculiar misconception which caused this place to be singled out as the site

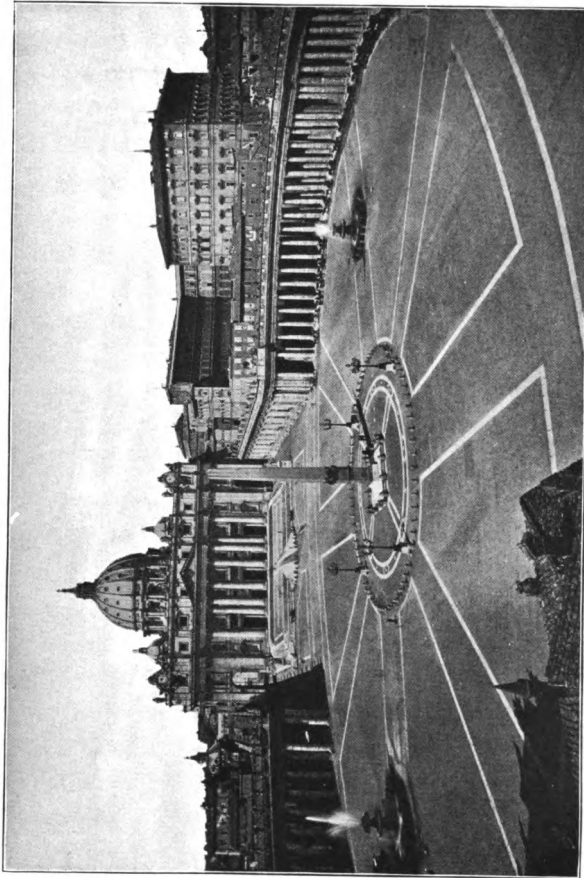
of St. Peter's martyrdom. A time-honoured tradition of the Church, handed down in Latin, states that the crucifixion took place *inter duas metas* — between two *metæ*, or goals. Now in the Middle Ages the Pyramid of Cestius at the Ostian Gate, and another similar monument, since demolished, in the Vatican quarter, were called from their shape the *metæ* respectively of Remus and of Romulus. Some ingenious bishop thereupon surveyed a line between them and located the site half-way between. But the best modern archæologists have decided that if the old Latin legend meant anything at all, the *metæ* referred to were the two goals at either end of the Circus of Nero, where most of the Christian martyrs suffered, and that the place of Peter's crucifixion was probably near the south wall of the great church which bears his name. This being the case, the value of your sand will probably depreciate.

Leaving the monastery, we take a winding road along the eastern slope of the Janiculum, with a magnificent view of the city and Campagna spreading out beneath us. Here stands the modern equestrian statue of Garibaldi, the

popular hero of Italian independence, looking over the city, and forming one of the most prominent landmarks upon the western hills. Passing on through gardens of jessamine and over rose-embroidered terraces, we come at length upon the little convent of St. Onofrio, famous as the refuge of the poet Tasso, and shall wish to halt for a moment to look into the room where the great Italian poet of the Renaissance spent his last days. He was to have been crowned with the laurel wreath, upon the Capitol, but Death made a prior appointment with him, and his coronation was left for future generations. His crucifix, his inkstand, bits of autograph manuscript and letters are shown at St. Onofrio, and a clever modern artist with startling realism has painted a full-length portrait of the poet in fresco upon the wall, so posing him and arranging the shadows that he seems to be standing there in the midst of his property. Let us leave him undisturbed, and pass out under the great oak-tree, beneath which is said to have been his favourite seat. More gardens follow, with views of superb beauty, while we pass down through the gate of Santo

Spirito into the area fortified by Leo IV. for the protection of the Vatican, and come out a few minutes later face to face with St. Peter's.

The first view of St. Peter's from the piazza is perhaps a little disappointing. This is partly because we have constructed in imagination an ideal St. Peter's which no reality can equal, and partly because the perfect harmony of proportion in the pile before us deceives us as to its real immensity. When we approach St. Peter's we must throw away our foot rule, and adopt a new standard. If we use the notation learned at home in the tables of our arithmetics, the distance across the piazza and up the steps to the portico of the church is nearly one-fifth of a mile, but it is hard for you to believe it. These porticoes, thrown out like arms embracing the open area before us, are seventy feet in height, and afford room in one of their three aisles for two carriages to drive abreast; that insignificant little obelisk in the centre, which stood in Nero's Circus, is 130 feet in height; the great dome rises nearly five hundred feet from the pavement. But these figures belong to another world, — they mean nothing here.



ST. PETER'S AND THE VATICAN

To Your Attention

Before entering the church, we look up for a moment at the great Vatican Palace, which has been the residence of the popes ever since the return from Avignon in 1378, and which, enlarged by various builders from that time to this, forms the rambling pile above the colonnade upon our right.

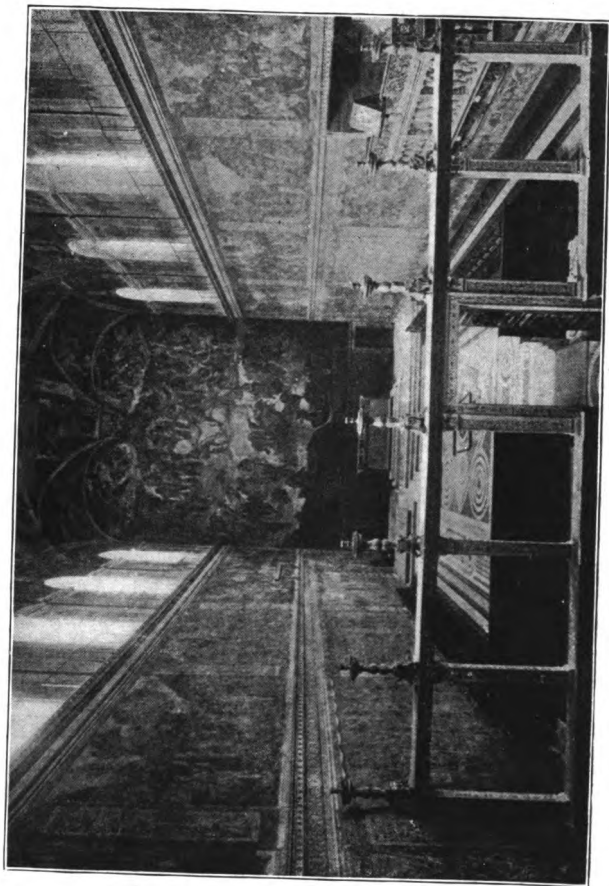
It covers an area of thirteen and a half acres, or, including the gardens, about thirty acres, and is absolutely under control of the papal government. The temporal authority of the Pope has at last shrunk to the limits of the Vatican and the Lateran and the Papal Villa, but within these limits it is supreme. The Kingdom of Italy stops at their gates.

Eight grand staircases, and a multitude of smaller ones, give access to about a thousand halls and corridors. It is said that the Vatican contains, in all, more than eleven thousand rooms, and that twenty-two hundred people are employed under its roof. These include Swiss guards, attendants, porters, gardeners, domestic servants, and the workmen in the mosaic factory, nearly all of whom not only work but eat and sleep here, making the Vatican a city in itself.

We will postpone a study of the art treasures of the Vatican until we can give them more attention, for this great papal palace is on disputed territory between the Rome of the Popes and the Rome of the Artists, and, though under papal dominion, is claimed by Art, too, as the centre of her kingdom.

It may interest you to step into the Sistine Chapel at six o'clock some morning, and see the Pope receiving delegations of pilgrims. First you must descend upon your country's ambassador, or some influential friend, and get a *permesso*; then in the chill of the early dawn you present yourself, and stand on the marble floor, resting upon alternate feet, and waiting an hour until the Pope appears. While enjoying an audience in this manner, do not thoughtlessly clasp your hands behind your back. A friend of mine once did so, but was immediately made sensible of his error by one of the gorgeously appalled Swiss guards, who struck him sharply across the knuckles with a halberd, or some such mediæval instrument, remarking at the same time, in something supposed to be English, that such an unsanctified position is not permitted.

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THE SISTINE CHAPEL

TO THE
PUBLIC

The pilgrims bring with them various articles which are to receive the papal blessing, — handkerchiefs, which thenceforth shall accomplish miracles of healing, images of St. Peter, bought in the street for a few sous, but hereafter beyond all price. The uplifted three fingers have accomplished the transformation, and made out of a common thing a wonder-working relic. Story, the sculptor, tells the tale that once a Roman peasant, in a crowd surrounding the Pope's carriage, was pushed upon the step. The Pope in remonstrating with him touched his right hand. This filled the peasant with unmixed satisfaction, and during the remainder of a long life his hand was never again washed, lest the papal touch might be rinsed away.

Let us step for a moment into the Vatican Library with its rare books and manuscripts, 120,000 volumes, twenty-five thousand manuscripts, in all the languages of the world. We see in a glass case a fine old palimpsest of the "Republic" of Cicero; we see, too, fourth and fifth century manuscripts of Virgil, of Terence, and of the Greek New Testament. If we had a *permesso*, we might have access to the manu-

scripts which are kept locked in those closed cabinets around the pillars and against the walls, manuscripts which bring to the scholar a thrill of delight and which often disclose buried treasures. We see, too, about the room rare vases and costly ornaments presented to the popes by kings and emperors, from Constantine to Napoleon. We see — with a certain creeping sensation along the spine — the love-letters of Henry VIII. to Anne Boleyn. And having seen all this, and more, we come back at last to stand in the great central hall, which is but one of twenty-five chambers devoted to the library, and marvel at the beauty and magnitude of it all.

This is as far, however, as we can penetrate into the Vatican at present. We leave that Court of the Belvedere with its treasures till we have more time to study them; we leave the Stanze and Loggie of Raphael, the Corridor of the Chiaramonti, the Hall of the Biga, the Hall of the Statues, — they are the centre and soul of another Rome, which we have yet to visit and enjoy.

From the level of the piazza, we do not get a satisfactory impression of St. Peter's dome.

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THE VATICAN LIBRARY

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It is partly concealed behind the great façade, and the perspective dwarfs its true proportions. Michelangelo's design provided for a shorter nave, giving the church the form of a Greek cross, making nave, choir, and transepts all of equal length, meeting under the dome. Externally there is no doubt of the greater effectiveness of such an arrangement. But we do not need to criticize it as it stands.

To see the true beauty of the dome, the eye must catch it from the Villa Doria Pamphili, or from the Pincio, or from the Capitol, or from some other height, where the city sinks away beneath it, and leaves it rising up toward heaven, the symbol of aspiration and of strength. Of all the grand and beautiful things in modern Rome, we shall not see anything else so beautiful as the dome of St. Peter's. It is the crowning triumph of architectural genius, the most perfect example of a conception which began with the Pantheon and reached its culmination here in the city of its birth.

I have said "*modern* Rome," for the St. Peter's of to-day dates from the sixteenth century. The older St. Peter's, built by Con-

stantine in the fourth century, was not so grand an edifice. A quaint old print taken from an early drawing gives us an idea of its appearance. But if it was not the equal of its successor, it served its purpose well for more than eleven centuries, until the walls began to crack and it was feared that they might fall, — for the south wall of the church had been built upon foundations which supported the rows of seats on the north side of Nero's Circus, and these foundations had settled, — not being designed to support so heavy a weight. It is supposed that after the execution of St. Peter, his friends were allowed to bury him in a public cemetery just across the old road which passed along the north side of the Circus. The church was afterward erected over the cemetery and road in such a position as to bring the tomb of Peter in the centre of the apse, where we now find it. Investigations made during the building of the present church revealed the bodies of other early Christians buried in the immediate neighbourhood, one of whom was declared by an inscription upon the sarcophagus to be Linus, Peter's assistant and successor.



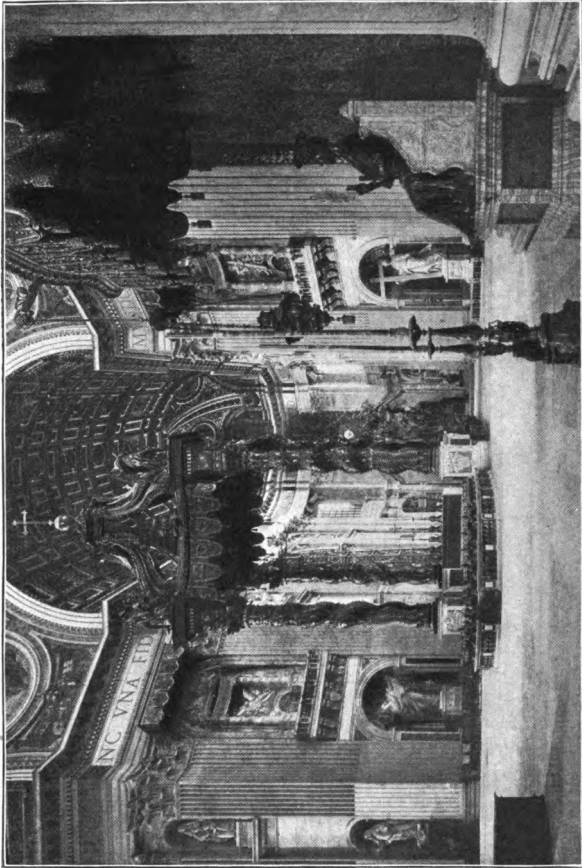
THE INTERIOR OF ST. PETER'S

70. 1911 Abstracts

But the time has come for us to enter St. Peter's and to look upon the glories within. As we push aside the curtain at the great door, the heart beats more quickly at the anticipation. Do not be disappointed if you do not at once see all that you had hoped. You may be content to wait until the mind expands to meet its new environment. St. Peter's is too great to show its greatness, for there is nothing small within it for comparison, excepting man himself. Look at that tourist yonder with his red Baedeker in his hand, making note of the measurements of the chubby angels above the holy water basins. He is giving us a slight conception of the greatness of this great basilica by showing us his own littleness. You need not try to think how big St. Peter's is. Think, rather, how beautiful it is, how harmonious in all its parts. You will at first perhaps want to criticize the brilliancy of the mosaics, and the redundancy of the decoration. Do not let that disturb you. Let there be one spot in Europe where you do not question whether or not you *ought* to be pleased, but simply admire and enjoy. You may safely do so, and as time goes on and you become more familiar

with this glorious interior, you would not change a mosaic, nor a tomb. Not even would you remove the great bronze statue of St. Peter, with extended toe worn smooth by the kisses of the faithful. He has his place here, and this would not be St. Peter's without him.

At the bases of the four great piers which support the dome stand immense statues, representing St. Longinus, St. Helena, St. Veronica, and St. Andrew. Over each is a loggia, or balcony, from which a door leads to a recess in the masonry, and in each of these four recesses is kept a sacred relic. Over St. Longinus is the spear with which he pierced the side of the Saviour just before the declaration, "Truly this was the Son of God;" above St. Helena is a portion of the true cross; above St. Veronica, the handkerchief with which Christ wiped his brow when on the way to Calvary, and upon which his features left their imprint; above St. Andrew, St. Andrew's head. These relics, like many others in Rome, are only exhibited on special occasions, but we have already become familiar with some of them through counterparts in other European



THE HIGH ALTAR OF ST. PETER'S

THE NEW AMERICAN

churches, the spear of Longinus being also found in Vienna, and portions of the true cross distributed all over Europe. Indeed it is quite astonishing how much of the true cross has been preserved.

A mosaic frieze surrounds the base of the dome, bearing the quotation from the Vulgate, which means so much to the Catholic Church: "*Tu es Petrus et super hanc petram ædificabo ecclesiam meam et tibi dabo claves regni cælorum*" (Thou art Peter, and upon this rock will I build my church, and I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven). The letters of this inscription measure six feet in height, — another illustration of the uniformity of greatness which marks everything in this huge basilica.

Beneath the dome, and under the bronze canopy, or *Baldacchino*, is the high altar. Just before it, we descend by one of a double flight of marble stairs into the *Confessio*, an open space below the level of the church, surrounded, above, by a bronze railing which supports a circle of ever-burning lamps. Here is Canova's beautiful statue of Pius the Sixth, kneeling in

prayer, and, opposite to it, doors of gilt bronze guard the sacred Tomb of St. Peter.

Returning to the floor level, we see in the tribune, beyond the dome, a peculiar structure of bronze supported by four figures, Saints Ambrose, Augustine, Athanasius, and Chrysostom, the doctors of the Church. This encloses an ancient wooden chair, said to have been used by St. Peter when officiating as bishop. The chair itself, which is of acacia wood, became so chipped and mutilated by conscienceless tourists or pilgrims who desired fragments of it, that it was necessary to seal it up in this manner.

On either side of the great bronze throne are papal monuments: on the right, that of Urban the Eighth, designed by Bernini; on the left, that of Paul the Third, by Della Porta, probably from designs by Michelangelo. Let us look for a moment at the last-named work. Upon its summit is a noble portrait statue of the Pope, who will be remembered as a scholar and patron of the arts. He is seated upon a glowing mass of coloured marbles, while below, the symbolic figures, Justice and Prudence, recline in Michelangelesque attitudes, — the



THE FIGURE OF JUSTICE ON THE MONUMENT OF PAUL THE THIRD

TO THE STUDENT

younger, Justice, enveloped in a drapery of painted tin, which the modesty of a later Pope found it necessary to throw about her. The tin is several shades darker than the marble of the statue, and the effect is quite striking, yet it cannot entirely destroy the beauty of the statue, nor the majesty of the group of which it forms a part.

Turning into the left aisle, we find ourselves surrounded by more papal monuments, pictures, and mosaics. Here, next to the apse, is the monument of Alexander the Eighth; farther on, in the corner to the right, is the altar of Leo the Great, with its marble relief by Algardi, representing the retreat of Attila from Rome after his interview with Leo; before us is an altar beneath which are the remains of three of the Leos, — the Second, the Third, and the Fourth; in the left transept, ten confessionals, each for pilgrims of a different tongue; farther on, the monuments of Pius the Eighth, Gregory the Great, Pius the Seventh, by Thorwaldsen, Leo the Eleventh by Algardi, Innocent the Sixth by Maratta, Innocent the Eighth by the Brothers Pollajuolo, worth more than a passing glance be-

cause of its remarkable portraiture of a character which even the dignity of the papal office could not make respectable; finally, between the last two piers, two monuments of peculiar interest to students of English history, — on the left, that of Maria Clementina, wife of James the Third, the “Old Pretender,” and opposite to it, that of James the Third himself, and his two sons, Charles Edward and Henry, Cardinal York, — “the Last of the Stuarts.”

Crossing the church and entering the right aisle, we first notice in the chapel nearest the entrance, Michelangelo’s wonderful *Pieta*, perhaps the most beautiful thing in St. Peter’s. Study it carefully, for we shall consider it again when we take up a study of the art works of Rome (page 218). In the same chapel are a very early Christian sarcophagus and a marble column, said to have once stood at the Beautiful Gate of the Temple in Jerusalem, and to have been brought to Rome by the Empress Helena. It served Bernini as a model for the bronze pillars which support the *Baldacchino*, out in the centre of the church.

Emerging from the chapel into the right aisle, we are again among the monuments of

popes and distinguished Catholics. Here are Leo the Twelfth, Innocent the Twelfth, Christina of Sweden, the Countess Matilda, Sixtus the Fourth (in the Chapel of the Holy Sacrament on the right), three of the Gregorys, — Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth, (in the Gregorian Chapel), — Benedict the Fourteenth, Clement the Tenth, and Clement the Thirteenth.

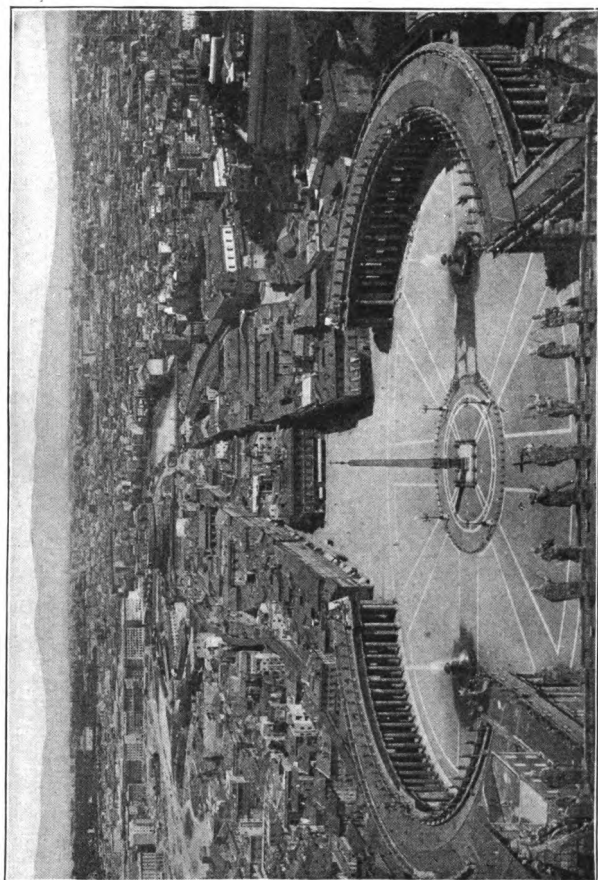
Let us stop for a moment to examine this last-named monument, which is one of the most celebrated works of Canova. Above is the kneeling Pope, a fine figure displaying gentleness, strength, and devotion, the characteristics which made Clement the Thirteenth altogether one of the noblest of the papal line. No greater contrast could be conceived than that between this figure of the kneeling Clement and the sitting Innocent the Eighth, sadly misnamed, whom we saw in the left aisle, just across the church. At the base of Clement's monument are two symbolic figures, Religion, holding the cross, and Death with inverted torch, while between them is a tomb guarded by two lions.

No specific mention has been made of the

paintings and mosaics which illuminate and glorify these walls and altars. Most of them are copies of works which we shall see later in the Vatican and elsewhere, when we make our pilgrimage to the shrines of art.

Let us now ascend those gently sloping stairs, which we climb as we would climb a mountain path, and we shall find ourselves upon the summit of St. Peter's dome. Below us stretches the Roman city; at our feet is the piazza with its encircling columns and its tinkling, far-away fountains throwing up a film of mist, which can be seen by the darker colour of the pavement where it falls; in the foreground the Mausoleum of Hadrian, transferred later from the service of dead emperors to that of living popes, and made a part of the Vatican Palace by that covered passage which we see still cutting its way between the red-tiled roofs upon our left; to the right of this the yellow Tiber, flashing for a moment in the sunlight and then losing itself amid a mass of shops and houses; beyond, the Pincian, with the turrets of the Villa Medici rising from its bank of foliage and the twin towers of Trinità de' Monti pointing heaven-

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VIEW FROM THE DOME OF ST. PETER'S

To Will
Anderson

ward; finally, in the distance, forming a soft background to the scene, the shadowy blue of the Sabine Hills and Soracte with his crown of snow.

Here from the summit of the Church's greatest temple we look down upon the modern Roman world. Times have changed since Jove and Apollo had their seats upon these hills, and life is altogether a safer and more satisfactory thing than when Nero's Circus occupied the ground now covered by St. Peter's Church. Then the cliffs of the Vatican resounded with the noise of the chariots and the shouting of the people. Then the orgies of the arena were lighted by human torches, — Christian martyrs, pitch-besmeared, whose burning bodies lighted up the darkness, and whose dying prayers mingled with the jests and curses of the rabble. Yet it was those persecutions that gave strength to the early church, and kept it pure. As we look at this scene, and at later scenes in Christian history, not so noble, we may read the mournful lesson which history teaches us, — that whether to a religion or to a state, power and wealth are dangerous gifts, not to be sought too eagerly.

We descend and stand again in the great nave. The daylight is fading, and the altars around us are melting into shadow. Above us a horizontal ray from a high western window makes itself visible through the dim incense-laden air, and touches the mosaics of the dome with a splendour that is reflected below on the marble effigies of popes, and on the gilded shrine of the great apostle. From an adjoining chapel comes the vesper chant, swelling and pulsating with delicious harmony; sweetly the odour of burning incense is wafted to us; gently the ever-burning jets of flame flicker in their silver lamps and cast weird shadows on the marble floor. It is the very sublimation of worship into visible form. We recognize its subtle influence, and feel that, without yielding anything of our Protestant faith, we may fall on our knees before the tomb of St. Peter, side by side with this Roman peasant, and offer up our homage to the God who hears alike the prayers of Jew and of Greek, and whose children are not all confined within the circle of a creed.

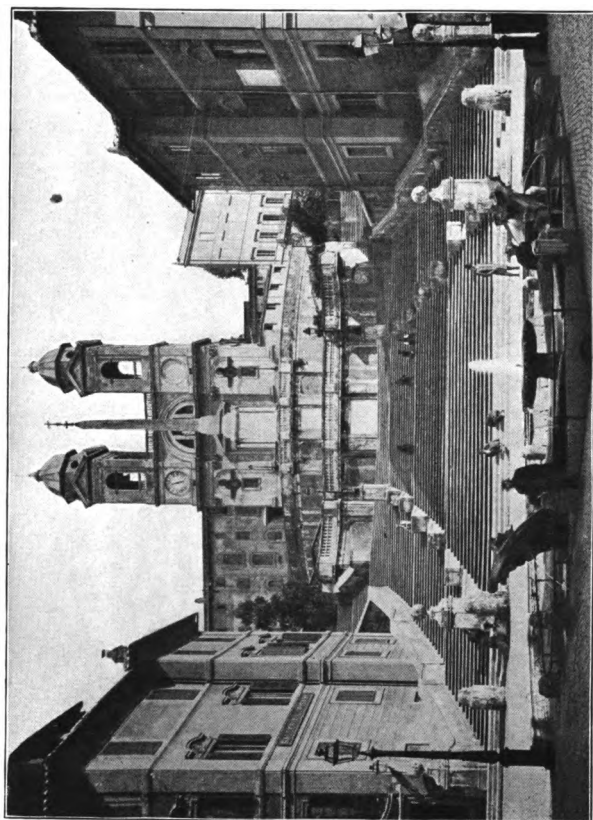
CHAPTER V.

A MORNING IN THE VATICAN — ANCIENT ART

THE Rome of the archæologist and the Rome of the churchman both have their phases of interest, but the Rome of the artist appeals to a wider constituency than either, for that which is beautiful touches the heart of humanity. True, Rome is not, like Florence, the starting-point of a great art movement. It is not even the birthplace of a great artist. Yet it is and always has been distinguished as a patron of the arts; the rarest statues and the greatest paintings fill its galleries; it is a centre of artistic interest, beloved by all who love the noble and the beautiful, and is perhaps the one city in the world where we may best follow the development of the art impulse from its earliest beginnings, and see typical examples of each age.

The centre of the Artists' Rome is the Spanish Stairs. Here on a bright morning we may see the raw material which enters into the composition of a work of art. Sitting yonder, in the shadow of that stone building on the right, the house where the poet Keats lived and died, are girls with dark hair and wonderful eyes, comely matrons who have ripened under the genial influence of an Italian sun, handsome men of peasant birth but regal bearing, sweet-faced children, all awaiting their turn to be transferred to canvas, or to marble, whether as Madonnas, saints or brigands, it matters little to them. This is the artists' *Bon Marché*, and these good people who assemble here, arrayed in pictorial garb, and posing in artistic attitude, do not come purely for the love of society and the sunshine, but with the hope of making an engagement, which shall provide the bread and polenta for to-morrow's breakfast. This benevolent-looking brigand, who is exchanging gossip with the black-eyed contadina, has within the past six months posed successively as St. Christopher, Ajax, and a Neapolitan pirate. He is a quite estimable and gentle person, and is not above accepting

Walk of Columbus



THE SPANISH STAIRS

THE
HISTORY OF

any sort of gratuity which you may see fit to bestow upon him.

There is a most artistic atmosphere about this spot. It has been for ages the rendezvous of the artist class, and the models who lounge here this morning are the children of a former race who posed for Raphael and for Correggio. If we ascend to the summit of the stairs and turn to the left into the Via San Martino we shall find the house where Michelangelo lived while executing the commissions of Pope Julius the Third, and almost in the shadow of it a modern workshop where the American sculptor, Story, has in our own generation followed the work of his great masters. Three centuries of art have been born within a stone's throw of the Spanish Stairs.

There at the head of this historic stairway in the Piazza Trinità de' Monti stands an old Roman copy of one of those Egyptian obelisks which, in the early dawn of civilization, marked the beginnings of all art, — the first effort of a people emerging from barbarism to embody an idea in stone. Those ancient granite monuments standing by the Nile, inscribed with their quaint, symbolic figures,

seem to have little in common with the finished works of art which we are soon to visit. Yet the Egyptian obelisk with its rude carvings is the legitimate parent of the Apollo of the Belvedere, and this copy stands quite fittingly at the summit of the artists' stairway.

Taking this old monument as our starting-point, we shall attempt to follow the development of the art idea to its perfection among the Greeks, to its subsequent decline among the later Romans, and to its resurrection in the Italian masters of the Renaissance. In this brief survey we can examine only a type of the work of each important period, and in no other place can we find so many of these types as in the Vatican.

Let us at once go thither, and, if it is on a Tuesday or a Friday, we may begin our review in the Egyptian Museum. Here in the second room are several colossal statues, — the mother of Rameses the Great, between two lions of black basalt, found in the Baths of Agrippa; and Ptolemy Philadelphus with his royal consort, Arsinoë, in red granite, found in the Gardens of Sallust. We need not look farther, for these give us the characteristics of Egyptian

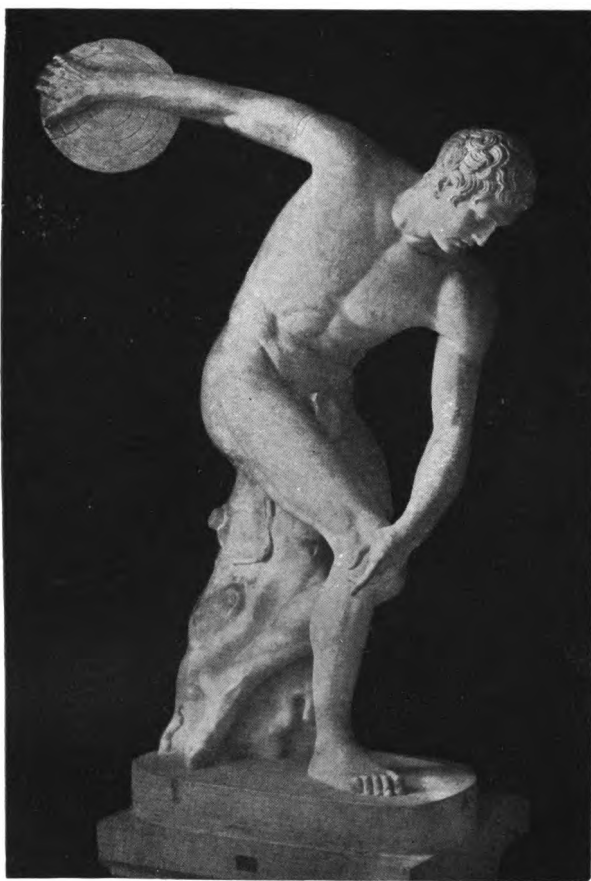
art. We notice first, that impressiveness is secured by size, — by mere bulk of material. The Egyptians were the race who built the Pyramids and the Sphinx, — who built that obelisk which we saw at the head of the Spanish Stairs and others which we have found in different parts of Rome. If we had time to examine Egyptian works of different epochs, we should see a growing ability to express ideas, but the Egyptian sculptors never succeeded in freeing themselves from a mannerism which shows itself in these expressionless faces and angular attitudes.

In the tenth room of the Egyptian Museum, we find a collection of Assyrian sculptures. Here are reliefs which show greater freedom and an effort at realistic historical representation. The storming of a city is pictured on one of these reliefs; on another a raft is shown crossing a river. These works are exceedingly crude and conventional, but they are another step in the development of ancient art.

We may pass by the Etruscan Museum, devoted to the beginnings of art in Italy, for Etruscan art had little influence upon the great world movement, and its only strength is seen

in the production of vases, ornaments, and domestic utensils.

Turning now to Greek art, and ignoring the few unsatisfactory fragments in the Vatican which show its earlier stages, we will examine the first great work of that epoch which produced models for all time. Here in the Hall of the Biga is an antique marble copy of the disk-thrower of Myron (No. 618), the original of which, in bronze, was probably destroyed during the troublous times that followed the disruption of the Alexandrian Empire. This beautiful statue well illustrates many of the characteristics of Greek sculpture. The subject is an athlete, perhaps contesting for a laurel wreath at the Olympian games, hurling the discus with such freedom and strength as had never before been portrayed in art. It is a subject that appealed strongly to the Greek imagination. The athlete was the hero; physical strength and physical perfection were the ideals for which the nation strove. Beauty was their religion, and the beautiful and the good were to them synonymous, but the beauty which they worshipped was physical, not moral. A thing was good



MYRON. — DISKOBOLOS

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because it was beautiful; not beautiful because it was good. Again, their mode of life and style of dress were such that the outlines of the human form were not concealed beneath tasteless clothing, nor distorted by changing fashions. The nude body was to them the natural body, and no race of artists has known it so thoroughly, or portrayed it so perfectly. Myron in his disk-thrower has here touched the key-note of all Greek art, though it remained for his greater contemporary, Pheidias, to put into it somewhat of the ideal.

Pheidias can best be studied in the fragments of the Parthenon frieze, which now adorn the British Museum, for unfortunately Rome possesses no original work of this master. The ancient bust from Otricoli, which we find in the Sala Rotonda, — another of the halls of the Vatican, — catalogued as No. 539, may suggest the Zeus which Pheidias produced in his famous statue at Olympia, though the treatment shows that it belonged to a later period, being more exaggerated and less restful than we should expect from the sculptor of the Elgin marbles. The grandest works of Pheidias, the colossal statue of Zeus at Olym-

pia, just referred to, and that of Athena in the Parthenon, the former sixty, the latter forty feet in height, were chryselephantine, — the body of ivory, the hair and draperies of gold. The Zeus of Olympia was probably his masterpiece, and in it the artist fixed for all time the type of the ruler of gods and men. The large, calm eyes, the thoughtful brow, the ambrosial locks, the somewhat sensuous lips, express the Greek idea of strength and benevolence. It was the highest conception of divinity possible to that age and people.

Another work of about the same period, attributed by some to Alkamenes, the most distinguished of the pupils of Pheidias, is the beautiful head of Hera, which we saw in the Boncompagni Museum, and which is commonly known as the Ludovisi Juno. It is the divine consort of Zeus, a wonderful creation, which grows more wonderful as one gazes upon it. There is not in all sculpture a head more noble than that, with its calm seriousness, its conscious strength, — in every line a goddess and a queen. "It is like a verse of Homer," was Goethe's exclamation as he looked upon it. This magnificent head is a fair representative



ALKAMENES. — HEAD OF HERA

THE MAGNET

of the early Attic school of sculpture, of which Pheidias was the soul and inspiration.

Let us turn now to the school of Argos, contemporary, but quite distinct from that of Athens. Polykleitos was the master spirit, once a fellow student of Pheidias, but later his rival. Polykleitos was a realist, — refined, but still a realist. He went back to Myron, and, like that elder sculptor, produced athletes and noble human figures, with more polish than did Myron, and perhaps with greater skill. To get an idea of his work we pass into the Braccio Nuovo of the Vatican, and discover a copy of the Doryphoros, or Spear-bearer, that celebrated work of Polykleitos called by the artists of his day *The Canon*, and used by them as the standard of correct anatomical proportion. But as we look at it, it seems hardly possible that the copy can accurately represent the original. It is heavier than we should expect, and lacks the delicacy of the best work of that period. A replica of this statue — and a better work — is in the museum at Naples; but better than either, as an example of the work of Polykleitos, is the *Diadumenos*, or youth binding his temples with the

token of victory, a statue which was until recently in the Farnese collection here in Rome, but which is now in the British Museum. An idea of it may be gained from a relief here in the Round Vestibule of the Belvedere (under No. 7). Polykleitos was the sculptor of beautiful youths and maidens, and within his sphere was unexcelled. When, however, he tried to portray the gods, he went beyond his depth. He attempted a colossal chryselephantine statue of Hera at Argos, to rival the Zeus of Pheidias, but it fell far short of his ambition. On the other hand, he made a better Amazon than Pheidias, and won a prize for it in competition. This well illustrates the difference between the two men and their respective schools.

We have now seen types of the first great period of Greek art, the Pheidian age, extending down to about the year 400 B. C. The second period marks the beginning of the decline. Skopas, Praxiteles, and Lysippos are its representatives, Skopas and Praxiteles following the work of Pheidias and the Attic school, Lysippos, on the other hand, following Polykleitos. We shall find in Rome good examples of the



SKOPAS. — NIOBE'S DAUGHTER

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work of these three men. Let us first observe this fleeing figure, catalogued as Number 176 in the Chiaramonti Museum of the Vatican. It is sadly mutilated, yet the rush of the draperies and the vigour of the action proclaim the hand of a master. It is one of the Niobe group, and a better piece of work than the replica which is at the Uffizi in Florence with the other members of the group. The present figure is one of Niobe's daughters, fleeing from the avenging darts of Apollo and Artemis. Whether the Niobe group is the work of Skopas, as generally supposed, or of Praxiteles, as some suspect, it is at least one of the finest examples of the sculpture of this age.

Better known than Skopas, but no greater, is the genius who has given his name to this second period, the exponent of physical beauty, Praxiteles. His marvellous Aphrodite, which he made for the Temple at Knidos and which people travelled miles to see, has unfortunately been lost to us. Critics who think they see in the Venus de Medici a copy of this antique work are probably very wide of the mark. Nor are the copies of works here in the Vatican and elsewhere, catalogued as the Venus of

Knidos, at all authentic. Perhaps the Venus of the Capitol approaches the type of it. But we have in the little Eros, pleasantly known as the "Genius of the Vatican," what is probably a copy of one of the master's most characteristic works. It is in the Gallery of Statues (Number 250), and is sometimes erroneously called Thanatos. There is a story that Praxiteles offered to present to Phryne any statue that she might choose. She wished to select what the sculptor himself considered his finest work, but not being able to learn from him his preference, resorted to a bit of native feminine diplomacy. Causing a report to be circulated that the temple was in flames and that all his statues were being destroyed, she remained calmly in the background and took notes while he rushed from his house, tearing his hair and exclaiming that if his Eros and his Faun should be destroyed he would lose his chance of immortality. When he reached the scene of the supposed conflagration, all was serene, and the next morning Phryne informed him that she had concluded to take the Eros.

His Faun was also a great favourite with the ancients. Out of more than thirty antique



PRAXITELES. — FAUN

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copies of it, that of the Capitol is undoubtedly the best. We have already seen it in the Capitoline Museum, and have admired its simple beauty. To refresh our memories, we may look for a moment at another copy here in the Gallery of Statues, on the other side of the hall (Number 406).

Hawthorne has made the Faun a part of literature. In the romance which he weaves about it he gives a most appreciative description of the statue, — so appreciative and so just a description, withal, that we need not go farther for criticism. He says: "The form is marvellously graceful, but has a fuller and more rounded outline, more flesh and less of heroic muscle, than the old sculptors were wont to assign to their types of masculine beauty. The character of the face corresponds with the figure; it is most agreeable in outline and feature, but rounded and somewhat voluptuously developed, especially about the throat and chin; the nose is almost straight, but very slightly curves inward, thereby acquiring an indescribable charm of geniality and humour. The mouth, with its full, yet delicate lips, seems so nearly to smile outright that it calls forth a

responsive smile. The whole statue, unlike anything else that ever was wrought in that severe material of marble, conveys the idea of an amiable and sensual creature, easy, mirthful, apt for jollity, yet not incapable of being touched by pathos. . . . Only a sculptor of the finest imagination, the most delicate taste, the sweetest feeling, and the rarest artistic skill — in a word, a sculptor and a poet, too — could have first dreamed of a Faun in this guise, and then have succeeded in imprisoning the sportive and frisky thing in marble. Neither man nor animal, and yet no monster, but a being in whom both races meet on friendly ground. . . . If the spectator broods long over the statue, he will be conscious of its spell; all the pleasantness of sylvan life, all the genial and happy characteristics of creatures that dwell in woods and fields, will seem to be mingled and kneaded into one substance along with the kindred qualities of the human soul. . . . The essence of all these was compressed long ago, and still exists within that discoloured marble surface of the Faun of Praxiteles."

Returning now to the Hall of the Biga,



ATTIC SCHOOL. — DISKOBOLOS

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where we saw the Diskobolos of Myron, we find another conception of a quoit-player, which belongs to the Attic school, and probably to this period of art (Number 615). A comparison of the two figures will indicate what Greek art had done in the half-century which lay between them. The later creation has lost somewhat of the vigour of the former, but has gained in refinement, and has acquired a certain poise and thoughtfulness which were unknown to Myron. The statue certainly reflects the intellectual life which in Greece during that period produced those masters of thought, Æschylus, Sophocles, Herodotus, Thucydides, Demosthenes, Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle.

If we would see this intellectual tendency still more plainly exhibited, we must recall the Sophocles which we saw in the Lateran Museum. Whether this is an actual portrait of the great dramatist is perhaps of no very great importance. It is at least a noble figure, representing the highest ideals of the intellectual life, — thought, dignity, power, exalted character. It is the type of manhood which made Greece what she was during the golden age of her history, and which gave to

Greek literature, Greek philosophy, and Greek scholarship the vital influence which they have held over the minds of men for more than twenty centuries. This is unquestionably one of the grandest portrait statues ever conceived. Its author is unknown. Critics who attribute it to Lysippos entirely miss its spirit, and fail to observe the vital distinction between the art of Athens and that of the Peloponnesus, — the one poetic and ideal, the other realistic.

Closely allied to the Sophocles in effect and feeling, though inferior to it in many respects, are the two noble portrait statues of Demosthenes (Number 62) and Euripides (Number 53) in the Braccio Nuovo. Here we have, also, strength and intellectual force. They are an echo of the Golden Age of Greek oratory and poetry.

Also in the Braccio Nuovo we find a most characteristic work of Lysippos in this Apoxyomenos, catalogued as Number 67, a Greek athlete, rubbing himself down with a strigil, comb, or some such instrument, after a contest in the games. The head is smaller than we should wish to see; there is no great mental power in this athletic youth. The upper arm



LYSIPPOS. — APOXYOMENOS

is not fully developed; evidently he is not a boxer. But observe the muscles of the legs and thighs. He can run like the wind. This figure might well be the portrait statue of one of the fleetest of the Greek runners of Lysippos's day. Compare this figure with the Sophocles, the Demosthenes, or the Euripides, and you will see the differences which distinguish the two schools of Greek art, and which divide all art, both then and now.

With Lysippos closes the second of the great periods of Greek art, the Praxitelean age, not so noble as the age of Pheidias, but distinguished for those graces which are usually a symptom of decay. Following this, came the epoch which we usually call, for convenience, the Hellenistic age, falling away still more noticeably from the higher ideals of Greek sculpture, and yet appealing strongly to the popular taste of our own times. One reason for the modern popularity of the art of this period lies in the fact that Greek sculpture here leaves the realm of merely perfect physical representation and attempts to portray mental conditions and emotions, such as are demanded by the more intense, more highly stimulated

modern taste. It leaves that atmosphere of calm repose which was delightful to the ancients. It strives for an effect. It is dramatic, and since dramatic sculpture is an anomaly, we call it theatrical.

Here is the Laokoön, enshrined in one of the four cabinets of the Court of the Belvedere. It is the first original that we have seen, all these older art treasures at Rome being antique copies of still more antique originals, which were lost before modern history began. In execution, the Laokoön is a most wonderful work. We need not trouble ourselves about the three Athenian sculptors who are said to have produced it, for the time has passed in Greece when the sculptor's personality is worth considering. He is no longer the popular idol of the nation, but the client working in the service of a wealthy patron or at a luxurious court. The Alexandrian Empire has crushed out the freedom of the Greek states, has destroyed individuality, has scattered the Greek artists, and added to Greek art an alloy of Orientalism, which extends its scope, but destroys its purity.

The Laokoön has a story to tell, — a thing



THE LAOKOÖN

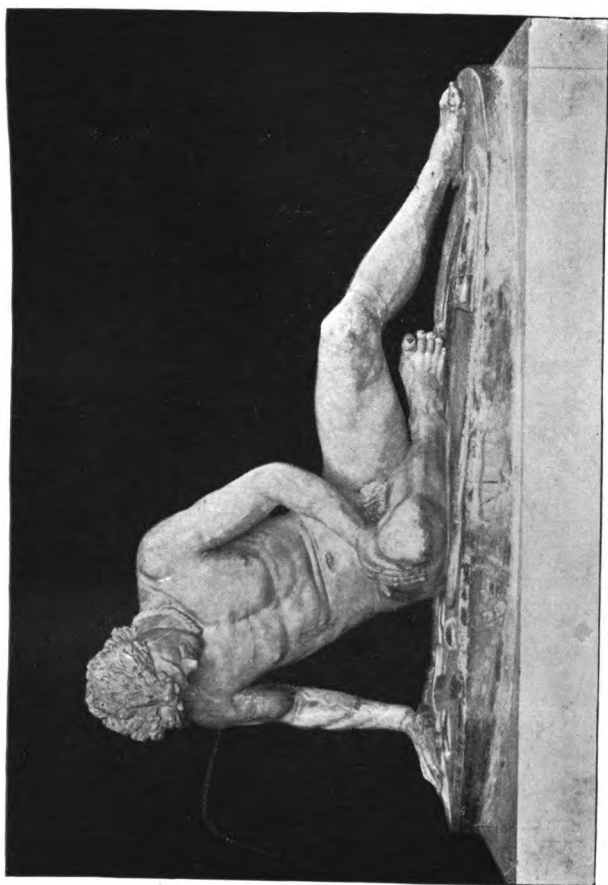
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quite foreign to the real sphere of sculpture, — yet here it is: the priest of Neptune and his two sons, the serpent sent by the angry god to punish them, the terrible struggle before the altar, the father receiving in his side the death wound, the younger son expiring in the toils of the monster, the elder soon to share the same fate. All is set forth with awful realism. Observe the spasmodic contraction of the abdominal muscles of the father, Laokoön, expressing the most intense physical pain. Observe the grasp of the right hand as he strives to tear the serpent from him. But what of the expression of the face? Lessing, in his essay on the Laokoön, finds a touch of the true artist's instinct even in a decadent period of art. If the face of the priest of Neptune showed the same degree of suffering as the attitude and the muscular expression, we should have a shrieking Laokoön, a horrible figure, alike inartistic and incapable of arousing sympathy. The subject may be beyond the sphere of art, yet it is most artistically handled. The scream is softened to a sigh, the distorted visage to an expression of intense yet submissive suffering, and the real

agony of that suffering is brought out in the lines of the body, so disposed as not to offend the taste, but only to deepen the effect. The Laokoön was the masterpiece of the School of Rhodes; let us now see what the School of Pergamon had to offer at the same period.

In the same room of the Capitoline Museum in which we saw the Faun of Praxiteles we well remember the Dying Gaul. Byron has made him a gladiator, and without any good authority has "butchered" him "to make a Roman holiday." The fact remains, however, that he is not a gladiator, but a Gallic warrior, — dying not in the arena, but upon the field of battle. Some critics would have him falling upon his sword to avoid capture, but that is perhaps putting into the scene what is not there. It is, at all events, a terribly realistic piece of work. We are in the presence of death, — the death of a barbarian, unsoftened by any philosophy or religious hope. The broad head, the coarse, bushy hair, the leathery skin, link him with the animal, and yet what a magnificent animal! How strong! how vigorous! And how pitiful it all is — with that gash under the right breast, and the life slowly

THE Dying Gaul



THE DYING GAUL

ebbing out! It will be seen that this, like the Laokoön, appeals to the feelings rather than to the æsthetic sense. It is emotional rather than beautiful.

We now turn to the cabinet next to that of the Laokoön, in the Court of the Belvedere, and see the third great work of the Hellenistic age, — the famous Apollo of the Belvedere. It is exceedingly difficult to judge this work correctly because of the disfiguring restoration of the hands. I trust that a fanatic will some day visit the Vatican with a concealed sledge-hammer, strike off these artificial inanities, and then deliver himself up to the fury of the Swiss guards. Try to imagine such an event as having occurred. The Apollo will then look to you much less theatrical. He has certainly wonderful grace and beauty, an admirable poise, a life and vivacity that have made him the beau-ideal of modern drawing-rooms and art clubs; yet, after all, there is about him a trace of artifice, — even without the hands. The German, Schnaase, rightly called this work the most *brilliant* piece of sculpture of ancient times, — but brilliancy is not an altogether desirable characteristic in sculpture, and the

dainty and charming Apollo falls far short of the ideals of true Greek art.

While this Hellenistic art was flourishing at Pergamon, at Rhodes, and at Athens, it was also carried into Egypt, and there unfavourably influenced by the native Egyptian sculpture. An example of this Græco-Egyptian or Alexandrian art is at hand in the Braccio Nuovo, where we saw the Apoxyomenos. Let us return and glance at it (Number 109). A cheery, half-playful, allegorical group shows us the Nile reclining in his bed, while sixteen small cherubs, corresponding to the sixteen stadia of the river's annual rise and fall, are clambering over him in attitudes more or less comic. It is not great art, and we should not expect to find in it more than it contains.

We are now ready to see what Greek art was doing at Rome. Some choose to call this manifestation of it Roman art, but it was not strictly Roman, being simply the work of Greek sculptors who came to Rome to find wealthy patrons and to minister to the newly awakened Roman æsthetic taste. The native art of Italy, — Etruscan art, so-called, — as we have already



THE APOLLO BELVEDERE

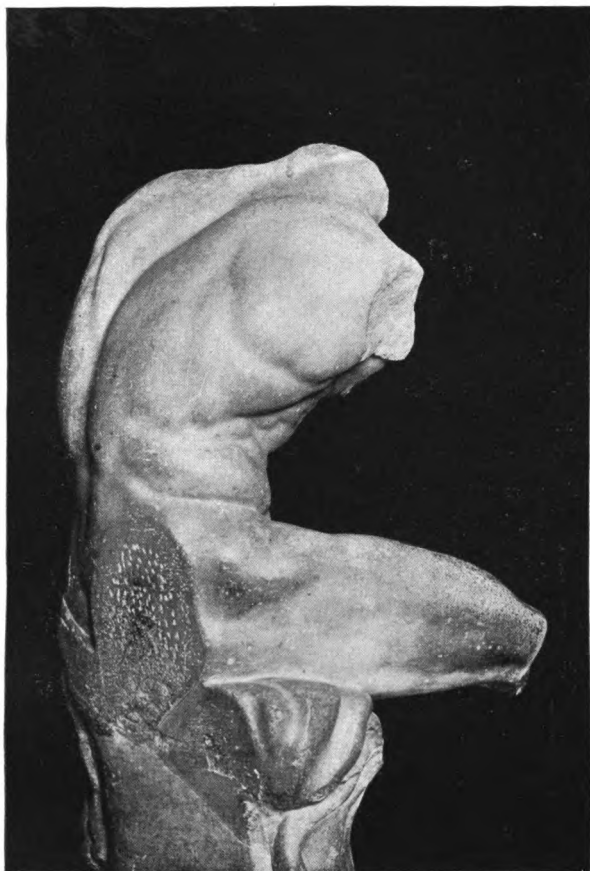
THE JOURNAL OF THE ROYAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE

remarked, had little or no influence upon the art of the world at large. It did not even influence to any extent the art of Rome. Etruscan art came from the same original sources as Greek art, — namely, from Assyria and Egypt, — but remained nearly stationary, accomplishing little except in the working of metals. The art of Rome was simply a continuation of the art of Greece.

To this Greek art for Roman consumption belongs the Crouching Venus, which we find here in the Cabinet of the Masks (Number 427), and also her more celebrated sister, the Venus de Medici, in the Tribune of the Uffizi at Florence. Both works are exquisitely modelled, yet, after all, they are not goddesses, but simply nude women, — very consciously nude, and emphasizing their nudity by attempting to conceal it. Compare with them mentally that wonderful Aphrodite of the Louvre, — the Venus of Melos, as she is generally called, — for by closing your eyes you can surely call up the divine, unconscious beauty of that masterpiece of an earlier and purer age. You will then have a realization of the degeneracy of this later Hellenistic art. Self-consciousness

runs through it all. Other Hellenistic works show the same characteristic. The Farnese Herakles at Naples is a very braggart in his strength, the Artemis of Versailles is proud of her swiftness, the Borghese Gladiator is playing to the galleries. There is a painful striving for effect, as if each were saying, "I am here to impress you. Behold me! for you will not see my like elsewhere."

The best work of this period was done in the reproduction of old Greek originals, which were, if not actually copied, at least varied but slightly. The famous Torso in the Atrio Quadrato of the Belvedere is one of these. Apollonius of Athens, or whatever his name may have been, did not give us anything new here. It is just as well that he did not. This Torso is an echo of something which was perhaps three centuries old, probably a Herakles, resting after his labours, possibly a copy of the colossal bronze Herakles of Lysippos at Tarentum, and we have but a fragment of the copy left. Battered, broken, discoloured, yet the eye of the artist sees in it a glimpse of the great art of the past. Observe the muscles of that back. Perhaps you say they are exag-



THE TORSO OF THE BELVEDERE

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gerated beyond nature, and so they are. The sculptor was not making a man, but a demigod, — the incarnation of physical strength, — and in this he has been quite within bounds. Compare this Torso with the clumsy Farnese Herakles at Naples and it will be seen at once that they do not belong in the same class. The conception of this greater work dates back to an earlier period, and our Apollonius was only a copyist. It will be interesting to trace a little later the influence of the Belvedere Torso upon Michelangelo, who often called it his master.

Another beautiful copy of an antique, made probably during this period, is the Hermes, or Antinoös, which occupies the third of the four cabinets of the Belvedere. It may perhaps not be necessary for us to disturb ourselves as to whether it represents the god or the beautiful youth who sacrificed himself for Hadrian. The weight of evidence seems now to be in favour of the god, but at all events it is one of the most beautiful statues in the Vatican. The full, rounded limbs are more graceful and less athletic than the ideal of Pheidias Greek art, but the figure reminds one strongly of the work of Polykleitos. Poussin

considered it the most perfectly proportioned of all the statues that have come down to us. We can see at once how nearly it approaches in this respect the Doryphoros of Polykleitos, known by the ancients as the standard of correct anatomical proportion.

The only originality displayed in this period — the only sculpture, indeed, that justifies the name *Roman* — is in the direction of portraiture. It was an age of the glorification of the individual. Hence we find a number of such statues as the Augustus in armour, which stands here in the Braccio Nuovo (Number 14), a really noble figure with a kingly bearing, and a face that was no doubt a reasonably accurate portrait, though the figure and pose are derived from some older Greek work.

In the sculpture of simple portrait busts, there arises little or no opportunity for imitation, and hence among these heads in the Chiaramonti Corridor, the Sala Rotonda, and the Hall of Busts, or, better still, in that magnificent collection of busts which we saw in the Capitoline Museum, is to be found the true Roman sculpture.



THE HERMES, OR ANTINOÛS, BELVEDERE

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At one time every Roman was compelled by law to set up in his house a statue of the reigning emperor. Hence we have here emperors in stone, bronze, marble, — good, bad, and indifferent, — in the greatest profusion. Every Roman of noble rank also desired that his own bust should be made by the popular sculptor of the day. Hence we find Roman knights, tribunes, pretorians, and much else, each with a marked individuality and lifelikeness. These old Romans in marble are after all not very widely different from the men of our own day; we see in them the same characteristics of mind and of disposition that are to be found in the crowds upon Broadway or State Street.

Here in the Sala Rotonda (Number 543) is the Emperor Hadrian, vigorous, businesslike, a wise ruler, yet vain and self-willed. The character which history gives him is exactly that which the sculptor has here shown. It is altogether a magnificent piece of portraiture. Here in the Hall of Busts (Number 273) is the young Augustus, the favourite of modern drawing-rooms, a handsome boyish face, having in it the elements of power, accustomed to authority, proud and full of the confidence of

youth. It represents exactly the grandnephew of Julius Cæsar before he became the ruler of the Roman world. Here are the busts of a Roman Senator and his wife (Number 388 Hall of Busts) taken from a tomb. They are exceedingly dignified and attractive. The Senator is not handsome, but his face is good and true, and we get from the pair a glimpse into the domestic life and feeling of a Roman family of the best type. Another bust of this period that is well worth seeing and remembering, though it is ideal rather than historic, is the dreamy, beautiful Antinoüs in the Sala Rotonda (Number 545), which stands near the bust of Hadrian.

Leaving the portrait busts, we have yet to consider one other form of sculpture, — that of historic relief as shown on arches, columns, and sarcophagi. To examine the arches and columns we shall want to return to the Forum, but being now in the Vatican let us see a few examples of mortuary decoration. First, we shall be interested in seeing the sort of sarcophagus which marked the early Roman period. That of L. Cornelius Scipio Barbatus, who was consul in B. C. 297, is to be found in

the Atrio Quadrato near the Torso of the Belvedere. It is plain, dignified, severe, — ornamented with Greek volutes and triglyphs and altogether a beautiful piece of work. The bust is not a part of it. Turn now, for contrast, to the Hall of the Greek Cross, and see the famous sarcophagus of red porphyry, which is supposed to have contained the remains of Helena, the mother of Constantine, and which represents the style which prevailed during the latter days of the Empire. It is better than most works of its kind, as might be expected from the rank of its occupant. It is, in short, the very best that could be done in the fourth century, A. D., at which time we may date the extinction of ancient art. These horsemen which are seen hovering in the air are undoubtedly copied from some older work. The disposition of the figures, however, is strictly original. The two rows of men and horses upon the left, the upper apparently walking upon the heads of the lower, the warriors on the right kneeling or falling beneath the horsemen, show that there was no feeling, no instinct of art left in these Roman coffin-makers of the age of Constantine. We shall not look

for any cheap Roman sarcophagi of this period. The coffin of the empress is sufficiently inartistic.

We have now reviewed briefly the rise and decline of ancient sculpture, and have examined typical examples of each period. Having in mind the characteristics which distinguish one age from another, it will interest you to spend a few hours — a few months would be better if one had the time — in strolling through these halls and corridors, filling in the outline which we have made, noting the characteristics of the works which we find around us, and putting into some systematic order the impressions which come to us out of this magnificent chaos of marble forms. It is to be hoped that the papal authorities will sometime classify and arrange the collection, for they could thus make it doubly useful to the student. In this final stroll through the sculpture-galleries you will see beauties which can be pointed out to you by no guide-book. Every work has in it something to teach you, and some which have no stars before them in your Baedeker will appeal to you with a force which proves that there is a personal element in art quite

independent of all rule. While examining the works which please you, you will wish to give more than passing notice to a few which we have not discussed in our outline, but which are of unusual artistic value.

In the Hall of the Biga you will find the noble statue of Phocian (Number 616) and the white marble chariot, or Biga, drawn by two spirited horses, which gives the room its name. In the Gallery of the Candelabra are the Boy with a Goose (194), Bacchus and Silenus (148), and Ganymede and the Eagle (118a). In the Sala Rotonda are the Barberini Hera (546) and the wonderfully draped statue of Nerva (548). You will also be interested in the Mastai Herakles, a colossal gilt bronze, possessing little artistic merit, but remarkable for the fact of its being an oracular statue. A hole is noticeable in the back of the head, through which a youth might pass, concealing himself within, and producing the utterances which made the statue famous. It belongs to the imperial period, and illustrates decadent art.

In the Gallery of the Statues are the well-known Apollo Sauroktonos, or Apollo watch-

ing a lizard, after Praxiteles (264), the Mourning Penelope (261), a fine Amazon (265), the Judgment of Paris (255), Posidippus and Menander (271 and 390), and the Sleeping Ariadne (414). In the Court of the Belvedere are the Molossian Hounds; in the Hall of Meleager is the beautiful statue from which the room is named. Turning to the Braccio Nuovo you will find a wealth of historic works, a Caryatid from the Erychtheium at Athens (5), a Wounded Amazon, perhaps after Polykleitos (44), Artemis and the Sleeping Endymion (50), Ganymede (92), Silenus and the infant Bacchus, copied from a Greek work not much later than Praxiteles (11), Juno Pentini (112), and Minerva Medica (114). These and many more will claim your attention, until you are ready to leave the Vatican and pursue your investigations of historic relief upon the monuments about the Forum.

We may stop on the way for luncheon, if you wish, at a little café upon the Corso, much frequented by the artist class of Rome; and thence proceed to the Arch of Titus. (See frontispiece, Vol. I.) This is, perhaps, on

the whole, the most satisfactory of all the Roman triumphal arches that remain to us, and is an example of the best historic relief that Rome produced. It is contemporary with the Roman portrait busts and statues which we examined in the Vatican. The two important reliefs upon this arch are on the inside walls, and represent the conquest of the Jews. We have seen them many times in passing, but may have never stopped to study them with care. One shows a portion of the emperor's triumphal procession, in which are borne the spoils of the Temple at Jerusalem, — the famous seven-branched candlestick, the table of the shewbread, and other holy relics, — which were seized by the conqueror, and brought to Rome. The work, though mutilated, is still crisp and clear, the arrangement admirable, the figures well-drawn and full of animation. On the opposite wall of the arch is shown another part of the procession, in which the emperor himself appears in his chariot, crowned by Victory, and preceded by Roman youths. This sculpture is not so well preserved as the work opposite, yet enough of it remains to show its truth and vigour.

Let us now step over into the Forum of Trajan and revisit Trajan's Column, which was erected some twenty-five years later than the Arch of Titus. These sculptures, winding themselves about the column in an unbroken band from base to summit, illustrate the campaigns of the emperor against the Dacians. The position of the work makes it difficult to see clearly any of the figures except those nearest the base, but in those we miss the freedom which characterized the sculptures on the Arch of Titus. There is a trace of stiffness in the figures, yet they are interesting because they show action. The men are *doing* something, — scaling the wall, or urging forward the horses, or rowing in the triremes, or fighting. There is historic reality and careful attention to detail.

A few minutes' walk takes us back to the Forum. Let us look now at the Arch of Septimius Severus and see how it compares with that of Titus. (See illustration, Vol. I., page 165.) There is nearly a century between the two in point of time, but a world of difference in point of art. The Arch of Septimius lacks the simple architectural beauty of the Arch

of Titus, and its reliefs are worse than its architecture. Like the other sculptures, which we have just seen, they are too high to be examined carefully, but a glance convinces us that we can see quite enough. Observe, over the side arch upon the right, those masses of human figures supported upon a multitude of spindle legs, looking like a gigantic banyan-tree. The animals, where introduced, are of the Noah's Ark type. The space is badly filled. The sculptor evidently began his work at the top, and, not following any definite plan, discovered as he neared the end that he should not have room enough for another line of such figures as he had been producing. Therefore he introduced a half-line of squat creatures, which seem to have been telescoped by the weight of the sculptures above. The whole effect of this decorative square is bad. The effect of the corresponding square over the left arch is better, because the sculptures have been for the most part worn away.

There remains another stage in the decay of ancient art, which we may see exemplified in the later sculptures of the Arch of Constantine. (See illustration, Vol. I., page 145.)

We have already spoken of this arch as composed of "things new and old." The older and better part consists of the medallions over the side arches and the reliefs and statues surrounding the attic. They were taken bodily from the ruined Arch of Trajan, and belong to a period of art two centuries earlier. The same vigorous, clean-cut work is noticeable upon Trajan's Column. We have now, however, come to the Arch of Constantine, not to see these really admirable sculptures, but to examine that portion of the decoration which was original with the workmen of Constantine's day. The desire of the age for elaborate decoration — in itself a sign of decay in art — led these later artisans to regard the Trajan reliefs as quite insufficient, and to piece them out with new designs. This frieze above the side arches is the result. The line of figures, all alike, resembling a row of posts, does not exhibit its real enormity at this distance. We must get up to them to see how really bad they are. The frieze upon the left represents some sort of assemblage in the Forum. It might be almost anything. The idiotic faces, large heads, grotesque figures, and absolute

rigidity of pose, as well as the dead-level uniformity about them, as if these Romans were all run in the same mould, — elbows turned at the same angle, knees in the same position, folds of the tunic falling in the same lines, — all show that the end of Roman art has been reached and that the Dark Ages are not far distant.

Having thus reviewed the history of ancient sculpture, the question arises: “What of painting during all these centuries?” There is little to tell and less to see. The old Greek painters are known only to us through the stories and epigrams of Greek writers. Zeuxis, whose painted fruit deceived the birds; Parrhasius, who tortured his slave to learn how to depict the death-agony; Apelles, who drew the marvellous line which baffled Protogenes; Protogenes himself, famous as an animal painter, — all doubtless produced great works in their day, but the perishable nature of the medium allowed but a few fragments to come down to us, and they afford us but a slight hint of the work that the greater Greek painters may have done.

We are almost as much in the dark regarding

Roman painting, though the art was probably practised before the advent of the Greek artists at Rome, being confined, for the most part, to portraiture and to mural decoration. Of the work of Greek decorative painters in Rome, we have several good examples. The arabesques found in the Golden House of Nero have already been mentioned as furnishing the model for Raphael's ornamental borders in the Loggie. Other good examples of the work of Greek painters of the first century A. D. are to be found in the wall-paintings of the House of Germanicus, among the ruins of the ancient Palace of the Cæsars. We have already visited this fine specimen of a Roman house. Let us again climb the Palatine, and return to it to examine one of its ancient frescoes.

This scene, probably representing Io, Argus, and Mercury, is broadly and freely handled; the figures are well-drawn, and we are told that when the house was first excavated some years ago, the colours were as fresh as when laid on, though exposure to the light and air has now somewhat faded them. The general effect of the picture is good,—we cannot really appreciate how good until we see some



FRESCO FROM THE HOUSE OF GERMANICUS

TO THE REPUBLIC

of the Byzantine paintings that succeeded it during the Middle Ages.

We have now seen quite enough for one day. Having followed the rise and fall of art among the ancients, we may be content to leave it to its long, mediæval torpor, and stroll back toward the Piazza di Spagna, idly watching the pictorial, ever-changing panorama of Roman life.

CHAPTER VI.

THE VATICAN AND OTHER GALLERIES: RENAISSANCE AND MODERN ART

IT is our last morning in Rome, and the thought gives to it an added touch of sweetness. We are awakened by the intonation of a street-crier drawling his wares, and by the singing of a linnet, which is almost bursting itself in emulation upon the rose-bush just under the open window. The fresh morning breeze, fragrant and dew-laden, floats into our chamber, and we realize anew that in Italy the early morning is the time to be abroad. After a hasty toilet and coffee, we are ready to saunter forth again and follow the course of art as it awakens under the impulse of Christianity.

The first efforts of Christian art appeared during the period when pagan art was declining, just before the Middle Ages. In the

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Lateran Museum we found several works from the Catacombs of St. Calixtus, which showed how the earliest Christian art was engrafted upon the pagan stock. You may remember the fragment of sculpture representing Christ as the Good Shepherd, a youthful figure, undoubtedly modelled after an antique Apollo, carrying a lamb upon his shoulders. This dates from about the third century A. D., and is a fair example of what a declining art can accomplish when revived by a deep religious impulse. It is nearly contemporary with the Arch of Severus, yet the most casual glance shows us how far superior it is. This Apollo type of Christ was a favourite among the early Christians, being repeated in a number of frescoes and upon several sarcophagi.

Turning now to the catacombs, call to mind, if you can, the figures on the walls of the Chapel of St. Cecilia. (See illustration, page 33.) On one side of the light shaft was part of a rough human figure; below it, the symbols of the cross and the lamb; then three figures in flowing robes, evidently copied from antique models and labelled with the names of three of the early brethren whose

bodies may have occupied the three niches just below. The same antique tendency, not so well expressed, was seen in the draped female figure upon the side wall, probably representing St. Cecilia, the patron of the place, and in the two figures below and to the right, whose identity is lost to us. But the head of Christ, standing next, offers something entirely different from all the rest. This marks the transition from the old art to the new. It is crude, but original, and sets a style which developed in the East as Byzantine art, and which was followed implicitly by painters for almost a thousand years.

In our rambles among the churches we discussed the Byzantine conception of Christ and saw the fifth-century mosaic in the apse of St. Paul's, as well as the seventh-century mosaics in the Baptistery of St. John. Those attenuated saints in the Baptistery, standing stiffly upright like a row of soldiers on dress parade, staring with round, expressionless eyes at nothing in particular, furnish an excellent example of the Byzantine paintings and mosaics which are to be seen in mediæval churches all over Europe.

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The first signs of art development after the Dark Ages appeared during the thirteenth century. Then it was that Nicholas the Pisan began to revive the decorative forms of old Greek sculpture, and Cimabue at Florence painted Madonnas whose eyes were not quite so staring, nor whose limbs so rigid, as those of his Byzantine models. Then it was that Giotto, the shepherd lad of Vespignano, one day drew a picture of his sheep upon a flat stone by the Tuscan roadside and attracted the notice of Cimabue, who adopted him.

We shall return this morning to St. Peter's and the Vatican. In the vestibule of the great church is a mosaic which fairly represents Giotto's work. This is the well-known *Navi-cella*, or Christ walking upon the sea. Judged by modern standards it is rather crude, yet how far superior to that row of wooden saints in the Baptistery of St. John! Here various degrees of joy and astonishment are expressed by attitudes of the body. The disciples in the ship are somewhat clumsy, it is true, but they are not standing rigid with their arms glued to their sides after the Byzantine manner. The lone fisherman in the corner, un-

concernedly angling in the midst of the storm, and the very corporeal prophets seated on unyielding banks of clouds may not be quite harmoniously beautiful, but there is a touch of nature in them which had not been expressed in the art of the Middle Ages.

After Giotto the next great name in Italian art is that of the monk of Fiesole, Fra Angelico, "the blessed." Let us now go up into the Vatican and see, in the frescoes adorning the Chapel of Nicholas the Fifth, a good example of his work. The walls are covered with scenes from the lives of St. Lawrence and St. Stephen, all painted by the artist-monk, and worthy of careful study. As we have not time to discuss them all, we may take as an example this fresco representing the Trial of St. Lawrence, for it illustrates at once the strength and the weakness of Fra Angelico's work. The figures are stiff, and there is a benevolent mildness in the faces of the emperor, soldiers, and attendants, not at all in harmony with the characters which those persons are supposed to have possessed, yet quite in harmony with the gentle character of this good monk, who did not know how to paint



FRA ANGELICO. — THE TRIAL OF ST. LAWRENCE

To my
Ancestors

the baser passions, but understood only what was pure and good. The strength of the picture lies in the face of St. Lawrence. No other artist has ever painted saints as Fra Angelico painted them. He knew how to portray a soul, and we can well believe the story that he prepared himself for every new work by fasting and prayer. The pecuniary return was nothing to him, since all money received for his paintings went into the treasury of his order. He even declined a bishopric because he thought he could do more good by giving all his time to art. Painting was to him a religious service, and he worked under a real inspiration.

While Fra Angelico was painting his frescoes of saints and angels, most of which were created in the seclusion of the monastery of San Marco at Florence, other great works were being accomplished in that Tuscan city. Ghiberti was working upon the magnificent bronze doors of the Baptistery, Donatello was making his bronze St. George, Lucca della Robbia was modelling his charming terra-cotta Madonnas and infants, Masaccio was decorating the Brancacci Chapel, Filippo Lippi was painting frescoes in convents and churches, and

away to the north in Flanders the Van Eycks, von der Weyden, and Memling were creating a new and quite independent art in oil.

Following now the line of painting rather than sculpture, we come to one of the greatest of pre-Raphaelites, Sandro Botticelli. Let us step into the Sistine Chapel here in the Vatican, and see what he did there. The walls of the chapel contain, on the one side, scenes from the life of Moses; on the other, scenes from the life of Christ. Botticelli contributed three frescoes which are somewhat confused and fanciful, but which will bear closer examination. One of these from the "History of Moses," which we shall now examine, contains events which occurred at different times and places. At the left, almost obliterated by age and dampness, is Moses slaying the Egyptian; in the centre, below, is Moses drawing water for Jethro's daughters; a little to the left is Moses and his people leaving Egypt; in the upper left-hand corner is Moses receiving the word of the Lord from the burning bush. It is an odd mingling of events, yet, when we examine the individual figures, we see what Botticelli contributed to art. The stiffness



BOTTICELLI. — MOSES AND JETHRO'S DAUGHTERS

To Will
Anderson

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seen in the work of Giotto and Angelico gives way here to a freer pose, — one that in its freedom becomes at times perhaps somewhat theatrical, but which is on the whole quite excellent. The figures are willowy, the hands long, the faces expressive; there is a certain æsthetic grace, quite different from anything that we have seen before, and of such beauty as to lead to the formation in modern times of a pre-Raphaelite school of artists, who go back to Botticelli and his contemporaries for their models. The slender maidens of Burne-Jones and Rossetti are but an echo of these figures which Botticelli conceived in the dawn of the Renaissance.

The next Italian painter in chronological sequence was the younger Lippi, Filippino, a son of Fra Filippo and a pupil of Botticelli. We saw in the Church of Santa Maria sopra Minerva a series of frescoes which fairly represent his work. One of the scenes was the Miracle of the Crucifix. The studied poses of St. Thomas and Averroës and the flying draperies of the latter figure showed us the influence of Botticelli.

Contemporary with Filippino Lippi, but

some eight years older, was Ghirlandaio, the teacher of Michelangelo. The son of a goldsmith and himself brought up to the goldsmith's trade, he was never quite able to get away from the influence of his early training. He delighted to paint fine ladies and gentlemen *a la mode*, and introduced them into his religious pictures without regard to time or subject. He, too, worked upon the decoration of the Sistine Chapel, and in this fresco which represents the calling of Peter and Andrew we find a crowd of Florentine worthies of the fifteenth century surrounding the central group of our Lord and his disciples. The anachronism offends our modern taste, yet it has been practised in religious paintings from that day until this, Von Uhde's modern German Christ and Apostles being quite familiar to us all. Ghirlandaio at least gives life to his pictures, and draws his figures well. With Botticelli and Filippino Lippi he formed a group which influenced greatly the succeeding age. Of the same school also were Signorelli, Roselli, and Verrocchio, the first two named having also contributed to the lives of Moses and of Christ in the Sistine Chapel. This fresco by Signo-

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relli, representing Moses and Zipporah going down into Egypt, resembles in many respects other work of the same period which we have seen. Its strength is in its drawing of the human figure.

All these artists whose works we have examined, from Giotto onward, are of the Florentine school. Being the greatest painters of their day, they were called to Rome to execute commissions for the Pope, yet their inspiration came from the Tuscan city by the Arno. It was not until a hundred years after Giotto that Rome had a distinct art of its own. Then a group of painters from Perugia and the mountain valleys of the upper Tiber began their work, influenced to some extent by the contemporary Florentine school, but showing more of the devotional and spiritual character of the earlier Florentines. Perugino was the chief apostle of this new Roman or Umbrian school, and though his fame rests largely upon the fact that he was Raphael's teacher, his own work is quite worthy of mention among the influences that contributed to the development of the art of the Renaissance. Here in the Sistine Chapel, among the frescoes of the

Life of Christ, we find an imaginary though somewhat realistic conception of the presentation to St. Peter of the keys of heaven and hell. The picture is full of the unconscious naïveté that we always find in early art. The small figures in the distance are quite comic in their way, yet when we turn to the faces of Christ and the Apostles we recognize much of sweetness and spirituality. Perugino has three other works in the Vatican which are worth noting, Three Saints, from a church in Perugia, shown in the first room of the picture-gallery, and a Resurrection and Madonna with Four Saints, in the third room.

While Perugino was painting at Perugia, and Botticelli and his contemporaries at Florence, Mantegna was doing independent work at Padua, and Giovanni Bellini and Carpaccio were establishing a name for the new Venetian school by painting Madonnas and charming little musical angels strumming upon the mandolin. Thus opened the sixteenth century in Italy, — a point which marks the height of the Renaissance, and introduces to us those four greatest of the world's painters, Leonardo da Vinci, Michelangelo, Raphael, and Titian.



SCHOOL OF LEONARDO DA VINCI — CHRIST
BESTOWING HIS BLESSING

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The pictures once attributed to Leonardo here in Rome have all been questioned. In the Borghese Casino we saw a collection of paintings executed by his pupils and followers, which give a faint echo of the characteristics of his school. The best of them is the conception of Christ Bestowing His Blessing, catalogued as Number 435. It has that mysterious expression of the eyes which one sees in the Mona Lisa of the Louvre, and having once seen can never forget. There is in this picture, too, an incidental point of some historic interest. The representation of the earth as a globe in Christ's hand was conceived and painted at a time when the rotundity of the earth was first being discussed, and when Columbus had but just returned from the West Indies.

The Saint Jerome in the first room of the picture-gallery here in the Vatican, which is attributed to Leonardo, may be the master's work, but it is, after all, only the foundation of a picture which was never completed. It gives no hint of the artist's peculiar genius. Much of the great Florentine's best work is lost to us. His clay model of the equestrian statue of Sforza, so greatly praised by his con-

temporaries, was used by the French soldiers for archery practice before Leonardo had finished it. The Last Supper, at Milan, so well known to us in modern reproductions, is a wreck, with nothing of the master's hand remaining but the composition. But Leonardo himself was greater than any of his works. A scholar, a statesman, an engineer, a poet, a musician, an architect, a sculptor, as well as a painter, he united in himself the most diverse talents, and was in his day preëminent in all. Yet he was never satisfied with his work, and destroyed much of it because it fell so far short of his ideals.

We come now to that giant among artists, Michelangelo. Down in St. Peter's we saw his Pietà, — Mary with the dead body of the Christ, — which was the first of his great works. The young man Buonarotti, then scarcely four and twenty, had been forced to flee from Florence on account of the downfall of his patron, Lorenzo de' Medici, and after some vicissitudes was invited by Cardinal San Giorgio to visit Rome. This Pietà was one of the fruits of his first visit. The expressive heads and the noble grouping proclaim it to be



MICHELANGELO. — CHRIST BEARING THE CROSS

to all
Americans

the work of a master, but it does not display those eccentricities of genius which marked, and to some extent marred, his later work. It is the only piece of sculpture that he ever inscribed with his name. The story runs, that while observing the statue one day, he overheard two bystanders disputing as to its authorship. To settle all doubts about it thereafter, he entered the church the following night with a torch and a chisel, and put his name upon the girdle of the Virgin.

Michelangelo's beautiful statue of Christ Bearing the Cross, which we saw in the Church of Santa Maria sopra Minerva, was produced some twenty years later. This is a noble figure, rather more athletic and of greater physical development than the usual conception of the Saviour, but a wholesome revolt against the effeminate Christs, which are so common in art. The face is grave and sad, but wonderfully strong; the attitude full of expression. It is not a Christ to pity, but to admire.

A characteristic example of Michelangelo's later work is the Moses, which we saw in the Church of San Pietro in Vincoli. It was intended as part of a gigantic monument which

the master had designed for Pope Julius the Second, but which that worthy pontiff feared to execute during his life, lest it should hasten his demise, and which, after his death, his successor thought it not worth while to complete. The Moses was to have been one of a number of colossal figures, the two Captives now in the Louvre and others in the Boboli Gardens being also parts of the same design. This stern figure of the Hebrew lawgiver is not at first glance at all attractive. The ropelike beard, the peculiar drapery upon the legs, the narrow brow, the protruding horns — a curious misconception of the Scriptural description — are quite repellant, yet after looking long upon the figure and studying it with a mind open to receive its influence, it comes at length to have a majesty such as few sculptures possess. This is the effect of all Michelangelo's work. Titan-like figures, with mighty limbs and exaggerated muscles, struggling or reposing after struggle, — we may criticize them in a hundred ways, but only a giant among men could conceive such creatures, and only an artist of heroic mould could execute them.

It was an accident that led this great man to



MICHELANGELO. — THE LAST JUDGMENT

To Mr. J. M. W. Brown
Esq. of the
City of London

;

lay aside the chisel and take up the brush. Julius the Second wished to complete the frescoes upon the Sistine Chapel, and determined that Michelangelo should do the work. The story of how it was done is most interesting. The master drew the designs, and employed certain Florentine painters to execute them, but disgusted with their feeble handling, he at length, in a fine burst of rage, blotted out their work, shut himself up in the chapel, and completed the task alone.

We now come to the crowning glory of the Sistine Chapel. I do not mean the confused, overcrowded Last Judgment, upon the end wall. It is true that this is called by some Michelangelo's greatest work, but it was executed in old age, and indicates to the majority of honest critics the decay of a great man's genius. It has strength, but lacks refinement. Mrs. Jameson said a true thing when she called the figure of the Saviour both profane and vulgar, — "a thick-set athlete who, with a gesture of sullen anger, is about to punish the wicked with his fist." The whole canvas is a nightmare of writhing naked bodies, wonderfully drawn, it is true, and expressing a con-

fused idea of terror, yet coarse and repellant. In the lower right-hand corner, among the damned, Michelangelo took great content in painting one of his critics, the Pope's master of ceremonies. The story of this is familiar to most readers; namely, that the master of ceremonies at once appealed to the Pope, but the Pope refused to intervene, saying that if Michelangelo had put the man only in purgatory there might have been some hope, but being in hell, even a Pope could not release him.

Let us turn from this confused composition, and look up at the ceiling, where, as I have already said, is some of the best of Michelangelo's work. The ceiling as a whole is perhaps at first sight rather overwhelming. To realize its true beauty we must study individual groups, and a just discussion of them would occupy a volume. We shall glance only at two of them. Let us select, first, the Creation of Adam, one of the greatest paintings in the world, in which the Almighty appears in the heavens surrounded by angels and cherubs, and with a touch of the divine hand brings into being the first man, a type of physical perfection made in the image of God. No finer

human form has ever been painted than that of Adam, no more majestic presence than that given to the Almighty. Michelangelo was, in fact, the only artist who could paint a conception of God.

The second work which we shall examine is one of the series of prophets and sibyls, who foretold the coming of the Christ. These majestic forms, twelve in number, surround the central spaces of the ceiling. It is hard to select one which is better than the rest, but this Delphic Sibyl seems to be a favourite. Prophecy is in her eyes, and an expression that removes her from the realm of the merely human. The mystic scroll within her hand is not needed to identify her.

We must put away the temptation to remain longer upon this work, for we have already seen enough to fix an impression of the character of Michelangelo's genius. He was essentially a sculptor, and all these figures which we have seen in the Sistine Chapel are sculpturesque rather than pictorial. Moreover, it is the sculpture not of a man, but of a giant.

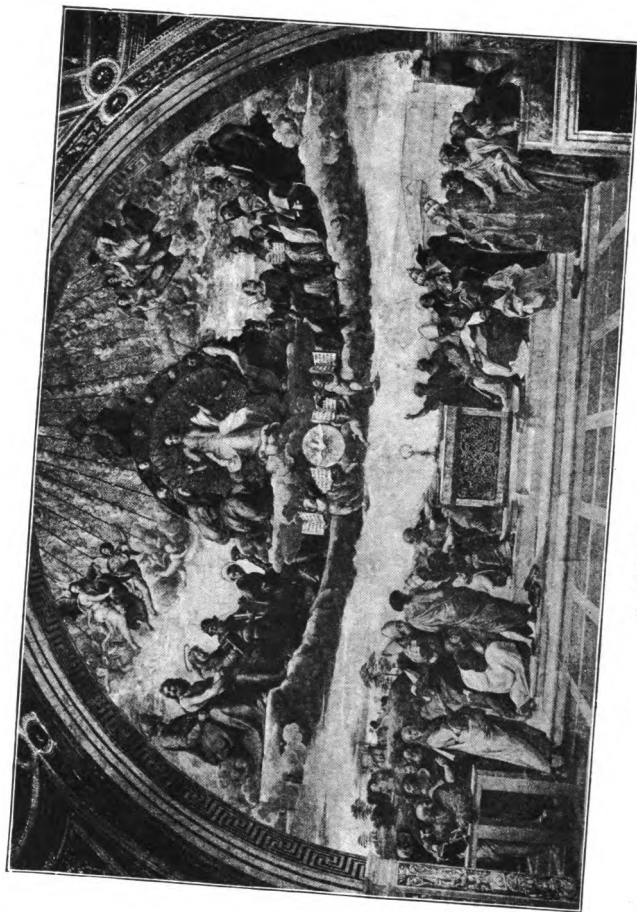
Leaving the chapel, we ascend a narrow staircase, pass through two rooms of modern

paintings, and enter at length the Stanze, those chambers made sacred by the genius of Michelangelo's great rival, Raphael. One can hardly conceive of two men more different in disposition and character than these two masters of the Renaissance; the one stern, morose, full of great thoughts, struggling with destiny; the other gentle, happy, spiritual, painting out of the fulness of a glad heart; the one of the night, the other of the morning. Raphael's work is the pleasanter to look upon, and his name calls up before us sweet-faced Madonnas, divine children, the brightness of nature, and, above all, the spirituality of a religious life. We have seen in the Borghese collection one of his earlier works, the Entombment. It is not really characteristic, and, though wonderfully drawn and exceedingly effective, is too sombre a subject for Raphael. His Madonnas are his best known works, and the 120 or more of them which are attributed to him show us an important side of his genius, though they do not show it all. It remains for the frescoed Stanze of the Vatican to exhibit to us the all-around strength of the greatest painter the world has ever known.

The first chamber, or Stanza dell' Incendio, we shall pass for the present, returning to it in the order in which it was painted. The second chamber, the Stanza della Segnatura, was Raphael's first work in the Vatican. Called to Rome by Julius the Second in 1508, at the age of twenty-five, he was commissioned to decorate this room, and pursued the task while Michelangelo was at work upon the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. Upon Raphael's ceiling in this Stanza are four symbolic figures, Poetry, Philosophy, Jurisprudence, and Theology. On the side wall beneath each, an illustrative picture, either historical or imaginary, shows us the characters who have been preëminent in these four departments of the intellectual life. As we stand in the doorway, we see upon our left Mount Parnassus under the figure of *Poetry*. Apollo plays a violin, surrounded by the Muses, whilst about them are grouped the world's great bards. Next, beneath the figure of *Philosophy*, comes the School of Athens. Plato and Aristotle occupy the centre; Socrates, a little to the left, is discoursing with a group of his disciples; Pythagoras and Archimedes, Diogenes the Cynic, and other great

scholars of antiquity occupy lower positions in the immediate foreground. No finer grouping could be conceived, and no more noble figures created. On the right wall of the chamber *Jurisprudence* is represented in two pictures, and finally, as we look back upon the wall through which we have entered, we come upon the Disputa, beneath the figure of *Theology*.

The scene of this symbolic painting covers both Heaven and Earth. Above, stands the Father Almighty, a grand patriarchal figure, holding the world in his hand and surrounded by angels. Note the graceful little cherub forms which make up the clouds, half-visible, half-concealed, surrounding the Father with an atmosphere of peace and joy. Just beneath is the Saviour with the Virgin and John the Baptist, and on either side the Prophets and Apostles. The Holy Spirit, represented by a dove, is at the feet of the Christ, and about them are four beautiful winged children, bearing the Scriptures. Distinct from this group in heaven are the earthly ministers of the Lord, the Fathers of the Church, bishops and teachers, surrounding the altar, absorbed in meditation or discussing the mysteries of the spirit-



RAPHAEL. — THE DISPUTA

To my Assembly

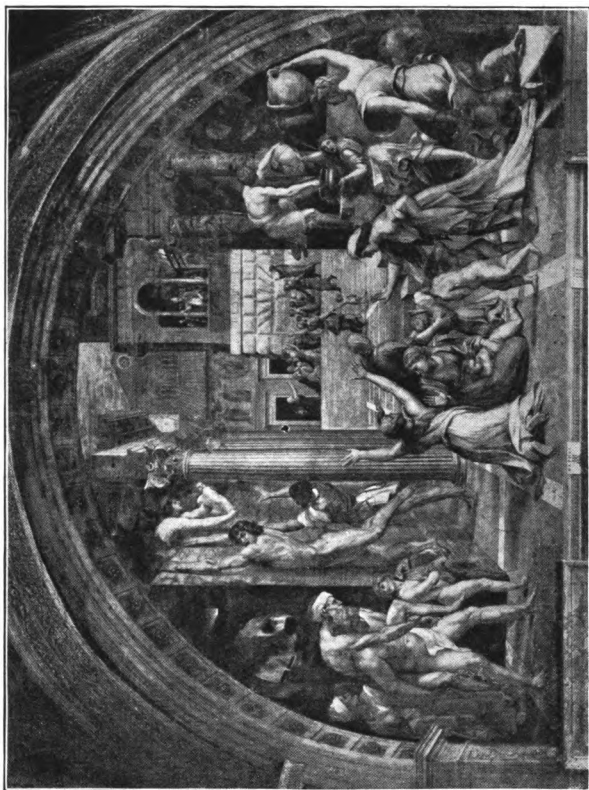
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ual life. Upon the left, a group of figures, who have become somewhat heated over a theological argument, are being directed by a sweet-faced disciple to the altar, as a place to lay aside all differences. In the distance, the practical side of religion is exemplified by the building of a church. The composition of this picture is admirable, and it well illustrates the possibilities of decorative painting. The work does not exist for itself, but as a means of decoration. Masses are carefully balanced, figures are arranged about a centre, even the door at the right, which cuts into the space and which would discourage an ordinary decorator, is made to occupy a part in the general scheme, and is balanced by a railing in the left-hand corner of the picture.

The next chamber, that of Heliodorus, is less symbolic. The pictures are historical or legendary, and are intended to illustrate the miraculous interpositions of Providence in various ages of the Church's history, at times when believers have been threatened by their enemies. We shall pass over the spirited representation of Heliodorus expelled from the Temple, which gives the chamber its name,

and shall find in this Deliverance of St. Peter from Prison a work which on the whole better pleases us, because of its simplicity, its exquisite drawing, and effective management of light and shade.

Let us now return to the first chamber, the Stanza dell' Incendio, which Raphael painted after completing the Heliodorus. The important picture here is the Fire in the Borgo. This, too, is historical. During the papacy of Leo the Fourth the Borgo was threatened with destruction, but through the intervention of the Pope, who is seen at a distant window blessing the panic-stricken multitude, the conflagration was stayed, and the city saved. If we wish to criticize this fresco there is abundant opportunity. Some of the figures present a strong suggestion of posing. Yet, as we have already observed, this is decorative painting, and the taste of Raphael's age did not demand the violent action and the intense realism that we ask to-day. Decorative painting never demands violent action. It is questionable whether any worthy kind of art demands it. We have touched upon this briefly in the discussion of the Laokoön. The really great thing



RAPHAEL.—THE FIRE IN THE BORGO

To Mr.
Barnard

in this picture is not the confusion nor the frightened women, but the drawing of the human form, the play of the muscles, the pose of heads and limbs. That hanging figure, which M. Taine criticizes as practising gymnastics upon the wall, is worth a hundred of your modern drawing-room pictures, merely as a specimen of perfect muscular development. And here we see the influence which Michelangelo exerted upon Raphael. Raphael never drew anything quite like this until he had seen the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel.

The fourth chamber, or Hall of Constantine, with its battle-picture of the Defeat of Maxentius at the Milvian Bridge, we shall not take the time to examine carefully, for, though larger and more ambitious than any of the others, the work was not done by Raphael himself, but by Giulio Romano and others of Raphael's pupils, from the master's designs. Passing on, then, we emerge into the Loggie, a corridor which was originally open upon one side, and looked down upon a courtyard. But the rains played such havoc with Raphael's arabesques upon the walls and pillars that glass windows were inserted. It was doubt-

less a wise provision, yet it gives the corridor somewhat the appearance of a conservatory or a winter promenade for invalids. "Raphael's Bible," so-called, a series of scenes from the Old and New Testaments, is upon the ceiling, designed by the master and painted by his pupils, but the pictures are so small and so high above us that a step-ladder is really necessary if we would get any satisfactory impression of them. Having no such convenience at hand we pass on, ascend a flight of stairs, and in the second room of the picture-gallery come upon two more of Raphael's works, the Madonna di Foligno and the Transfiguration, while to the right of them stands Domenichino's Last Communion of St. Jerome. These are all altar-pieces, painted upon canvas, and illustrate a style quite different from that which we have seen in the Stanze and the Loggie. Mounted as they are upon easels in this picture-gallery, with inferior paintings and a clumsy map of Rome for a background, they lose the effect of their original setting, — but let us imagine the altar, the dim aisles of the church, the atmosphere of holy calm, and we shall get a better idea of their meaning.

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The Foligno Madonna of Raphael, though not so thoroughly satisfactory as his Sistine Madonna at Dresden, is yet among the best of his various treatments of this subject. The Virgin has the same tender, spiritual face that we know so well from his other representations of it. The features of Raphael's Madonnas vary, but the character and expression never. The Christ-child is the same divine infant with the sweet unfathomable gaze; the saints beneath, John the Baptist, Francis, and Jerome, express the same piety seen in his other pictures in which saints are found. The donor of the picture, who appears in the lower right-hand corner, kneeling in the attitude of worship, was a necessary adjunct; Raphael would probably not have chosen thus to immortalize him, but being obliged to put him into the picture, did so in a way that has in no way detracted from its strength or feeling.

Turning now to the Transfiguration, we behold the last of Raphael's works. Whether or not we believe the story that it was painted in competition with Michelangelo's pupil, Del Piombo, and that Michelangelo himself painted part of Del Piombo's picture in order to defeat

Raphael, the fact remains that Raphael made here the greatest effort of his life, and the probability is strong that his labour upon it, at a time when he was already overwhelmed with work, brought on the fever that resulted in his death. He did not live to complete the picture, but painted the most important upper half, leaving the rest for his pupils to finish from his drawings. It is not one picture, but two, representing, above, the Transfiguration of Christ upon the mountain, and, below, the failure of the disciples in their effort to heal the demoniac boy during the absence of the Saviour. The two events are contemporaneous; the two scenes quite distinct and contrasted. The one shows us the raptures of heaven, the other the sufferings of earth; the one the triumph of faith, the other the failure caused by doubt. The lower half is not up to Raphael's standard, and is not at all comparable to the group above, which, suffused with light and colour, seems to float in a palpitating haze of glory. "And his face did shine as the sun, and his raiment was white as the light, and behold there appeared unto them Moses and Elias talking with him."



TITIAN — SACRED AND PROFANE LOVE

THE NEW SUNDAY

We may leave Raphael here. No other artist ever combined so harmoniously the elements that produce the highest art, — a skilful hand, a high poetic soul, a true heart, and an untiring devotion to his work. At thirty-seven years of age he laid down his brush, leaving a fame behind him that Michelangelo at ninety had not surpassed, and Titian at ninety-nine had come far short of equalling.

Titian must next claim our attention. This greatest of the Venetian school of painters should be studied at Venice if we would see him at his best. Yet we have here in Rome one work of his which is so thoroughly characteristic and so thoroughly admirable, that we may well be content to let it represent him in our brief glimpse of the world's great artists. It is the Sacred and Profane Love, or Love and Modesty, as some prefer to call it, which we saw in the Casino of the Villa Borghese. Neither the title nor the meaning of the picture need disturb us. We may enjoy its beauty without entering into a discussion as to the artistic purpose in painting it. Perhaps the artist had no purpose beyond giving us two beautiful forms in an idyllic landscape,

sensuous, tender, with that love-light in the eyes, which he was so fond of depicting.

Two works by Titian are to be found here in the Vatican, a Madonna and Saints, originally from the Frari at Venice, and a portrait of the Venetian doge Andrea Gritti. Both are in the third room of the picture-gallery. The Madonna and Saints was greatly admired by Goethe, and we find Mendelssohn describing it in one of his letters. At the bottom of the picture are six saints: St. Nicholas, clothed in episcopal robes, and gazing toward heaven; St. Peter, looking over his shoulder at a book; St. Catherine on the other side of the picture; St. Francis and St. Anthony of Padua a little farther behind, and St. Sebastian on the left. Above this group are the Virgin and Child, surrounded by angels, and over all the Holy Spirit, from which emanates a light that bathes the entire picture in splendour.

The portrait of Gritti shows us Titian's real greatness, for it was in portraiture that his peculiar genius lay. The Doge of Venice is here seen in a rich robe of brown. His face is an interesting study of character, strongly handled, and giving that impression of life and

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reality which marks all Titian's portraits. Titian was the prince of colourists, and a master of realistic art, but he lacked the spirituality of Raphael, the strength of Michelangelo, and the subtlety of Leonardo. Though classed in the quartette of the world's greatest artists, he was not the equal of the other three, and those who admire him most greatly, admire him for his technical skill,—not for those qualities of mind and sense which must be added to produce the highest art.

In the Sciarra Palace may be found another picture that was until quite recently attributed to Titian, and which is still known as "*La Bella di Tiziano*," though it is now conceded to be the work of Titian's Venetian compatriot, Palma Vecchio. It is worth careful examination, both because of its intrinsic merit and because it is an echo of Titian's manner, illustrating a style of female portraiture in which he and his school took great delight.

We should like to follow the work of the other Venetian colourists, who came after Titian,—namely, Tintoretto and Paolo Veronese, as well as of Giorgione, who was contemporary with him, but there is nothing in Rome

which worthily represents them. The Dream of St. Helena in the adjoining room — the fourth — of the picture-gallery will illustrate the manner of Paolo Veronese, and an idea of Tintoretto's strength may be gained from several canvases in the Palace of the Conservators, but none of them show these artists at their best. If we would rightly study the Venetians we must go to Venice.

Contemporary with these masters, but working independently at Ferrara, was Correggio. Here in the fourth room of the picture-gallery is his conception of Christ the Saviour seated in glory upon the clouds. It illustrates the leading characteristics of Correggio's painting. The colouring is superb, the figure full of grace and beauty, yet it is, perhaps, too consciously beautiful to give an impression of strength and majesty. Correggio seldom reached the greatness of a moral idea, in this respect being closely allied to Titian. Perhaps a better work of Correggio is the Danaë in the Borghese collection. You will recall the graceful, though not altogether beautiful, figure, and the famous Cupids sharpening their arrows.

We are now following art into another



DOMENICHINO — LAST COMMUNION OF ST. JEROME

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period of decadence. A very few examples will suffice to show the character of the epoch. The decline of the Florentine School, which occurred after Leonardo and Michelangelo, is marked by two well-known names, Andrea del Sarto and Volterra. Del Sarto, like Correggio, portrayed grace and beauty, but showed little power. His work was done for the most part in Florence. The only picture in Rome that fitly represents him is his Magdalen in the Casino Borghese (Tenth room, Number 328). Volterra painted only one picture that is at all celebrated, namely, The Descent from the Cross, in Trinità de' Monti. Some would have us believe that this is a great picture, but the honest observer is seldom impressed by it. It is cold, formal, and constructed upon academic models.

Returning to the room in which we saw Raphael's Transfiguration, we may now look for a moment at Domenichino's Last Communion of St. Jerome. The picture has dramatic power, but, like all decadent art, strives to compensate for a loss of spiritual strength by a greater realism and a more careful technique. The Last Communion of St. Jerome

is to Italian painting what the Laokoön is to Greek sculpture.

Another step downward is your Guido Reni. Let us go over to the Rospigliosi Palace and see his well-known ceiling-picture, the Aurora. It is his best work, and for Guido is very good indeed, — but Guido was not Raphael. The interest of the picture does not centre in Aurora, the leader of the group, but in the sun-god, Phœbus, who, surrounded by the Hours, is driving his steeds from the ocean up into the dome of heaven. The work is finely conceived, but contains in the attitudes and expressions of Aurora and the Hours a trace of artifice and a mannerism which make Guido's work easily recognizable and confine it within narrow bounds.

Then, there is Guido's "Beatrice." It is not Beatrice, — it is even doubtful whether it is Guido's, — but you remember looking at it when we were in the Barberini Palace. It is dull and muddy. If you speak your honest thoughts you will say you are disappointed in it. But if you are determined to have it impress you, you may look at it fixedly for a long time, until your head begins to swim,

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and you will then be able, perhaps, to recognize an uncanny look in the eyes indicative of suffering, remorse, fear, or anything else you choose. This picture, together with Guido's Aurora, Volterra's Descent from the Cross, and several other second-rate paintings, are placed by some would-be authority among the "Twelve Greatest Paintings in the World." I cannot understand why, — nor why indeed any one should be so foolhardy as to attempt to establish a list of twelve paintings which are to be regarded as better than all other paintings. This list has been widely advertised, but the most gratifying thing about it is that no one seems to pay much attention to it.

From the mannerism of Guido it is but a step to the sweet inanity of Sassoferrato and of Carlo Dolci, — Carlo the Sweet. Dolci is worthy of our attention only because he illustrates so well the degeneracy of his age. His much-copied Madonna, in the Farnesina, is no Madonna at all. It is a weak, pretty Italian girl, such a person as you would soon tire of, as you soon tire of seeing her picture upon your wall. The pretty infant in her arms is his mother's son, and will grow up to be very

like her. Compare these faces with the deep, thoughtful faces of the Sistine Madonna and Child, and you will agree that Dolci's lacks entirely the strength and mysticism so essential to a just conception of the subject.

The sculpture of the period of which we have just been speaking is well illustrated by a statue which we saw in the Casino Borghese. It is the Apollo and Daphne, by Bernini, who was the leading sculptor of his time, and in it are the same characteristics that we find in the painting of Guido and of Carlo Dolci. There is a certain grace and beauty, but that lovers' chase with its fluttering draperies is as far removed from the grandeur of Michelangelo's figures as it is from the calm, sweet dignity of the Attic Greek.

This is the sort of art that was being practised in Italy during the seventeenth century. The art of the North, which was slower in ripening, was also slower to decay. It reached its summit nearly a century later than the art of Italy, and its great masters, Rubens, Van Dyck, and Rembrandt, were all contemporary with Guido. Spain, too, produced her Velasquez, at about the same period, and France



CANOVA. — TOMB OF "THE LAST OF THE STUARTS"

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began a school of her own with Poussin and Claude Lorraine as its masters. Then follows more than a century and a half of mediocrity, and, aside from the artistic beginnings in England with Hogarth's realistic *genre* and Reynolds's and Gainsborough's portraits, we find nothing worthy until the beginning of the nineteenth century.

Among the papal tombs in St. Peter's we saw fairly representative work of the two sculptors who gave impetus to the modern Roman school, Canova and Thorwaldsen. Canova's Tomb of Clement the Thirteenth is poetic in conception, but is not as attractive on the whole as the sweetly simple Tomb of "the Last of the Stuarts," which Canova also executed. The latter is, in its way, a gem. It is satisfactory because the sculptor has kept within his range — a quite narrow range, be it said — and has not attempted the heroic as in his Perseus and his Boxers up there in the Vatican, which you may have seen in passing, but which it is not at all worth your while to examine.

Thorwaldsen, though a Dane by birth, was for so long a resident of Rome, and was associated so closely with the new art movement

here, that we should make a mistake in passing him by. The Tomb of Pius the Seventh in St. Peter's is hardly a fair example of his best work, but it illustrates his tendency, — namely, a return to classical form, if not to classical spirit. These figures are well and purely modelled, but there is a sentimentality about them which shows their relationship to the work of Canova. Thorwaldsen did his most noble work in the Lion of Lucerne.

Since Canova nothing has been done in Italian art at all worthy of mention. Would you see what the artists of to-day are turning out? Step into a studio on the Via Margutta and you may find, among other things, a model of a statue, which the sculptor made recently for exhibition in the United States, — an ideal conception of America, represented by a nude figure at the telephone in the poetic act of saying "Hello, Central!" That is about the grade of work which we may look for in Italy to-day. Do you ask after modern Italian painting? The themes which now engross the painters are a *contadina* putting on her shoe, a coquette smelling a nosegay, a languishing cavalier strumming a mandolin. Cabbages and

beer-mugs are portrayed with reasonable accuracy, but there is little meaning, or, if there is a meaning, it is a bad one. Here is your Spiridon with his Parisian La Follette. He is not content with the peasant life which his compatriots find in the Italian villages, but must draw his inspiration from the French demi-monde. Parisian influence is exercising a baneful influence upon modern Italian art, destroying what little originality remains to it and substituting French traditions and French models. Better the national flavour of Italy, even if it be confined to an insignificant style of genre painting, than an art which has neither naturalness nor innocence.

We may, if you wish, go through the National Gallery of Modern Art on the Via Nazionale, but why follow this sort of photographic painting in stuffy galleries when we can sit under a tree upon the Pincio in the glorious afternoon light of a Roman day and enjoy the same figures, with the added fascination of life and movement? What profit is there in an art in which the artist simply takes the place of the camera, with less of accuracy and no more of intelligence? These

modern painters can draw and colour well, but there is no hope for Italian art, nor for any other sort of art, until an artist is born with a soul, — an artist who sees more than other men, and whose heart is close to the heart of the Infinite. We need not be discouraged. Nature does not produce a Pheidias nor a Michelangelo in every century. There must be periods of rest and preparation, but when the time is ripe there will come another great master and another golden age, — it may not be during our lives, nor perhaps during the lives of our children, but it will be in due season.

To the Pincio, then! Let us leave art and go back to nature, for to-night is our last evening in Rome, and we must enjoy it to the full. Sit with me in the shadow of this grand old ilex by the side of the marble fountain and see the crowd drift by. Rome and her visitors are all abroad. A group of peasants in picturesque attire are chattering gaily, and jostling each other as they stroll along. Two priests, with broad black hats, walk smilingly behind them. Then follow a party of English tourists with important aspect, ever present monocles,

and suits of plaid. Next you see a soldier wearing the baggy trousers and metallic green-black plume that mark the warriors of modern Italy; then a company of German students, a flower-girl with her tray of fragrant blossoms, a highly starched nurse trying to restrain the too hilarious movements of her bright-eyed charge, a group of pilgrims, a beggar or two, a negro, and a Turk. All these, and more, pass in a panorama before your sight, while the music of a distant band floats up from the piazza, mingling with the murmur of the fountain and the hum of the passing crowd. Rome is still thoroughly cosmopolitan, — as much so as when she was mistress of the world.

The horizontal afternoon sunshine from over the Janiculum is getting into your eyes and blinding them a little. You think you see in this passing multitude an ancient Roman populace: The soldier expands into the burly form of a Roman legionary, the nurse is a Greek schoolmaster following a noisy group of Roman boys, the English tourists transform themselves into petty officials from the provinces. You now see such a crowd as used to

through the Roman thoroughfares nineteen centuries ago. A company of Scythian gladiators passes before you, an Egyptian merchant clothed in silken robes, a noble Roman matron in a litter carried by Gallic slaves, an Ethiopian, black as night and decked with barbaric jewelry, and — hark! Do you hear that blare of trumpets and shouting of the people? Here comes the emperor himself, in an ivory car borne on stalwart shoulders. Before him flutters a banner with the Roman insignia, crowned with the laurel wreath and garlanded with flowers; around him are the Pretorians; behind him and beside him press a throng of courtiers eager to get a word from his lips or a glance from his eye. . . . He passes, and the crowd goes with him.

Look out over the city at your feet. The Western sky is aflame, a bank of violet clouds hangs over the Janiculum, and the outlines of palaces and villas are wrapped in a quivering nebula of splendour. The roofs below us are of burnished gold, the domes of sapphire, the Tiber is a thread of silver. At this hour is the apotheosis of Rome. She arises, and, decked in her jewels, claims the homage of

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mankind. But such glory cannot endure long. While we gaze and marvel, the glow fades from the sky, the darkness closes around us, and, with a sigh which is not all sadness, but is sweet with memories, we say Farewell.

THE END.

THE BISHOPS AND POPES OF ROME

ARRANGED IN CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER WITH DATE OF
ELECTION

41 Peter. (?)	269 Felix I.
67 Linus.	275 Eutychianus.
68 Clement.	283 Gaius.
78 Anacletus.	296 Marcellinus.
100 Evarestus.	307 Marcellus I.
109 Alexander I.	309 Eusebius.
119 Sixtus I.	311 Miltiades.
129 Telesphorus.	314 Sylvester I.
139 Hyginus.	336 Mark I.
143 Pius I.	337 Julius I.
157 Amicetus.	352 Liberius.
168 Soter.	366 Damasus I.
177 Eleutherius.	384 Siricius.
193 Victor I.	398 Anastasius I.
202 Zephyrinus.	402 Innocent I.
219 Calixtus I.	417 Zosimus.
223 Urban I.	418 Boniface I.
230 Pontianus.	422 Celestine I.
235 Anteros.	432 Sixtus III.
236 Fabian.	440 Leo I. (The Great).
251 Cornelius.	461 Hilary.
252 Lucius I.	468 Simplicius.
253 Stephen I.	483 Felix II.
257 Sixtus II.	492 Gelasius.
259 Dionysius.	496 Anastasius II.

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498	Symmachus.	752	Stephen III.
514	Hormisdas.	757	Paul I.
523	John I.	768	Stephen IV.
526	Felix IV.	772	Adrian I.
530	Boniface II.	795	Leo III.
532	John II.	816	Stephen V.
535	Agapetus I.	817	Paschal I.
536	Silverius.	824	Eugenius II.
537	Vigilius.	827	Valentine.
555	Pelagius I.	827	Gregory IV.
560	John III.	844	Sergius II.
574	Benedict I.	847	Leo IV.
578	Pelagius II.	855	Benedict III.
590	Gregory I (the Great).	858	Nicholas I. (the Great).
604	Sabinianus.	867	Adrian II.
607	Boniface III.	872	John VIII.
608	Boniface IV.	882	Martin II.
615	Deusdedit.	884	Adrian III.
619	Boniface V.	885	Stephen VI.
625	Honorius I.	891	Formosus.
638	Severinus.	896	Boniface VI.
640	John IV.	896	Stephen VII.
642	Theodore I.	897	Romanus.
649	Martin I.	897	Theodore II.
654	Eugenius I.	898	John IX.
657	Vitalian.	900	Benedict IV.
672	Adeodatus.	903	Leo V.
676	Donus I.	903	Christopher.
678	Agatho.	904	Sergius III.
682	Leo II.	911	Anastasius.
684	Benedict II.	913	Lando.
685	John V.	914	John X.
686	Conon.	928	Leo VI.
687	Sergius I.	929	Stephen VIII.
701	John VI.	931	John XI.
705	John VII.	936	Leo VII.
708	Sisinus.	939	Stephen IX.
708	Constantine I.	941	Martin III.
715	Gregory II.	946	Agapetus II.
731	Gregory III.	955	John XII.
741	Zacharias.	963	Leo VIII.
752	Stephen II.	965	John XIII.

The Bishops and Popes of Rome 265

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|---------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 973 Benedict VI. | 1159 Alexander III. (Bandi- |
| 974 Benedict VII. | nelli). |
| 983 John XIV. | 1181 Lucius III. (Ubaldo). |
| 984 Boniface VII. (Fran- | 1185 Urban III. (Crivelli). |
| cone). | 1187 Gregory VIII. (di |
| 985 John XV. | Morra). |
| 996 Gregory V. (Bruno). | 1187 Clement III. (Scolari). |
| 999 Sylvester II. (Gerbert). | 1191 Celestin III. (Buboni). |
| 1003 John XVI. (Sico). | 1198 Innocent III. (Conti). |
| 1003 John XVII. (Fasanus). | 1216 Honorius III. (Savelli). |
| 1009 Sergius IV. (Bucca- | 1227 Gregory IX. (Conti). |
| porca). | 1241 Celestin IV. (Castigli- |
| 1012 Benedict VIII. (Theoph- | oni). |
| ylact). | 1243 Innocent IV. (Fieschi). |
| 1024 John XVIII. | 1254 Alexander IV. (Conti). |
| 1033 Benedict IX. | 1261 Urban IV. (Langlois). |
| 1045 Gregory VI. | 1265 Clement IV. (Foucauld). |
| 1046 Clement II. (Suidger). | 1271 Gregory X. (Visconti). |
| 1048 Damasus II. (Boppa). | 1276 Innocent V. (de Cam- |
| 1049 Leo IX. (Brunon). | pagny). |
| 1055 Victor II. (Gebhard). | 1276 Adrian V. (Fieschi). |
| 1057 Stephen X. | 1276 John XXI. (Giuliano). |
| 1059 Nicholas II. (Gerard). | 1277 Nicholas III. (Orsini). |
| 1061 Alexander II. (de Bagio). | 1281 Martin IV. (de Brion). |
| 1073 Gregory VII. (Hilde- | 1285 Honorius IV. (Savelli). |
| brand). | 1288 Nicholas IV. (Masci). |
| 1086 Victor III. (Epifani). | 1294 Celestin V. (Pietro da |
| 1088 Urban II. | Morrone). |
| 1099 Paschal II. (Renieri). | 1294 Boniface VIII. (Cae- |
| 1118 Gelasius (Caetani). | tani). |
| 1119 Calixtus II. (Guy). | 1303 Benedict XI. (Boccasini). |
| 1124 Honorius II. (de Fa- | 1305 Clement V. (de Got). |
| gnano). | 1316 John XXII. (Jacques |
| 1130 Innocent II. (Papa- | d'Euse). |
| reschi). | 1334 Benedict XII. (Jacques |
| 1143 Celestin II. (Guido di | Fournier). |
| Castello). | 1342 Clement VI. (Roger de |
| 1144 Lucius II. (Cacciananici). | Beaufort). |
| 1145 Eugenius III. (Paganelli). | 1352 Innocent VI. (Etienne |
| 1153 Anastasius IV. | d'Albert). |
| 1154 Adrian IV. (Brake- | 1362 Urban V. (Guillaume de |
| speare). | Grimoard). |

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| 1370 Gregory XI. (Roger de Beaufort). | 1590 Urban VII. (Castagno). |
| 1378 Urban VI. (Prignano). | 1590 Gregory XIV. (Sfrondati). |
| 1389 Boniface IX. (Pietro Tomacelli). | 1591 Innocent IX. (Facchinetti). |
| 1404 Innocent VII. (Migliorati). | 1592 Clement VIII. (Aldobrandini). |
| 1406 Gregory XII. (Angelo Correr). | 1604 Leo XI. (de' Medici). |
| 1409 Alexander V. (Petrus Phylargius). | 1604 Paul V. (Borghese). |
| 1410 John XXIII. (Baldassare Cossa). | 1621 Gregory XV. (Ludovisi). |
| 1417 Martin V. (Oddone Colonna). | 1623 Urban VIII. (Barberini). |
| 1431 Eugene IV. (Condolmiere). | 1644 Innocent X. (Pamfilj). |
| 1447 Nicholas V. (Parentucelli). | 1655 Alexander VII. (Chigi). |
| 1455 Calixtus III. (Borgia). | 1667 Clement IX. (Rospigliosi). |
| 1458 Pius II. (Piccolomini). | 1670 Clement X. (Altieri). |
| 1464 Paul II. (Barbo). | 1676 Innocent XI. (Odescalchi). |
| 1471 Sixtus IV. (della Rovere). | 1689 Alexander VIII. (Otto-
buoni). |
| 1484 Innocent VIII. (Cibo). | 1691 Innocent XII. (Pignatelli). |
| 1492 Alexander VI. (Borgia). | 1700 Clement XI. (Albani). |
| 1503 Pius III. (Piccolomini). | 1721 Innocent XIII. (Conti). |
| 1503 Julius II. (della Rovere). | 1724 Benedict XIII. (Orsini). |
| 1513 Leo X. (de' Medici). | 1730 Clement XII. (Corsini). |
| 1522 Adrian VI. (Boyers). | 1740 Benedict XIV. (Lamber-
tini). |
| 1523 Clement VII. (de' Medici). | 1758 Clement XIII. (Rez-
zonico). |
| 1534 Paul III. (Alessandro Farnese). | 1769 Clement XIV. (Ganganelli). |
| 1550 Julius III. (del Monte). | 1775 Pius VI. (Braschi). |
| 1555 Marcellus II. (Cervini). | 1800 Pius VII. (Chiaramonti). |
| 1555 Paul IV. (Carafa). | 1823 Leo XII. (della Genga). |
| 1559 Pius IV. (de' Medici). | 1829 Pius VIII. (Castiglioni). |
| 1566 Pius V. (Ghislieri). | 1831 Gregory XVI. (Cappel-
lari). |
| 1572 Gregory XIII. (Buon-
compagni). | 1846 Pius IX. (Mastai-Feretti). |
| 1585 Sixtus V. (Peretti). | 1878 Leo XIII. (Pecci). |
| | 1903 Pius X. (Sarto). |

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